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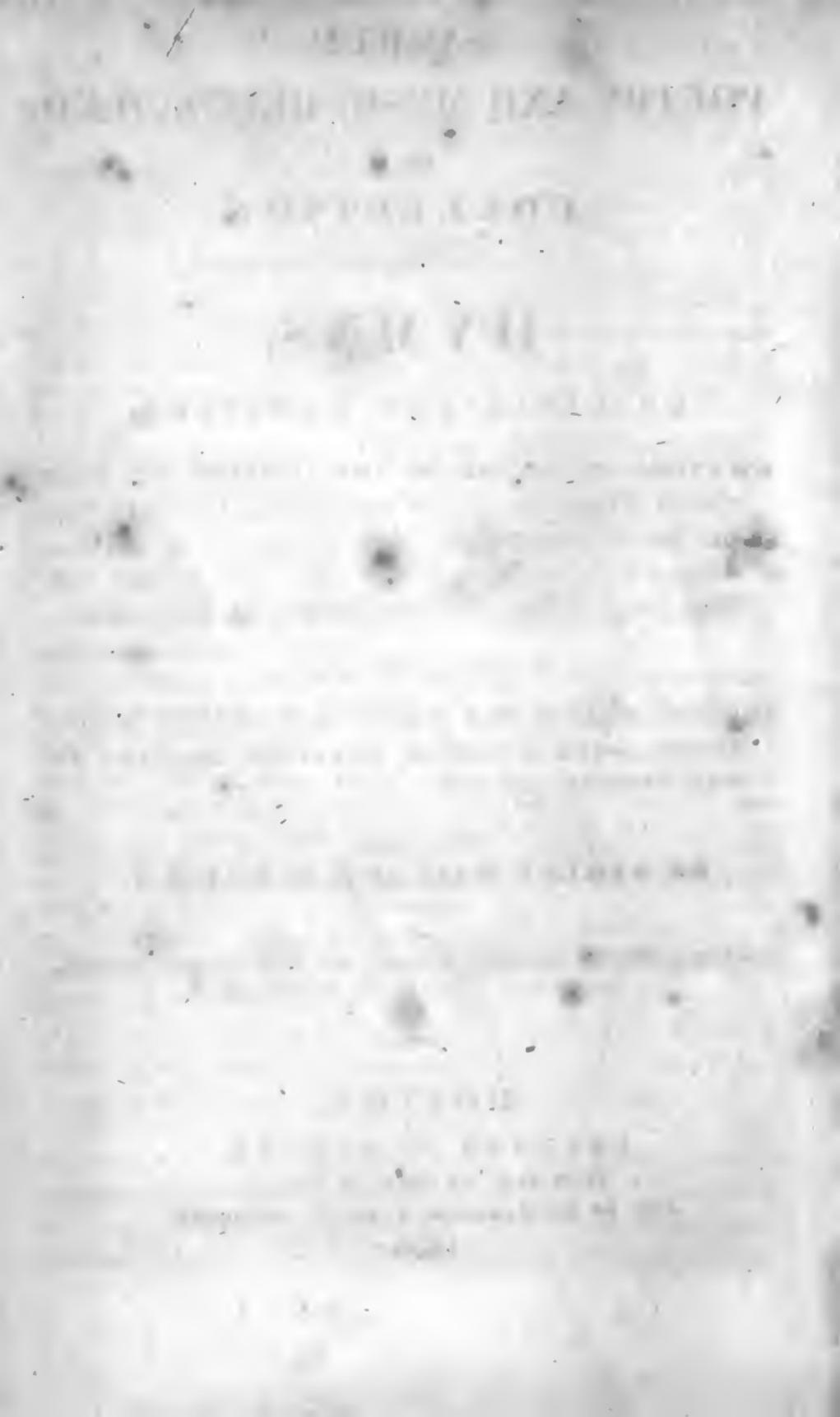
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SACRED
POETRY AND MUSIC RECONCILED;
OR A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
ORIGINAL AND COMPILED,

INTENDED TO SECURE, BY THE SIMPLEST AND MOST PRACTICABLE MEANS, AN INVARIABLE COINCIDENCE BETWEEN THE POETIC AND THE MUSICAL EMPHASIS, AND THUS TO COMBINE THE TWO POWERS FOR THE HIGH PURPOSE OF RELIGIOUS IMPRESSION;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SEVERAL CHANTS FOR HYMNS AND SELECT SCRIPTURES, WITH A SIMPLE NOTATION, ADAPTED TO THE GENERAL DESIGN.

BY SAMUEL WILLARD, D. D. A. A. S.

ADOPTED, WHILE IN MANUSCRIPT, BY THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN HINGHAM.

BOSTON,
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
SOLD ALSO BY GRAY & BOWEN,
AND BY RICHARDSON, LORD, & HOLBROOK.
1830.



DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS *to wit.*

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED that on the twenty seventh day of July, A. D. 1830, in the fifty fourth year of the Independence of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, SAMUEL WILLARD, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*:

'Sacred Poetry and Music reconciled ; or a collection of Hymns original and compiled, intended to secure, by the simplest and most practicable means, an invariable coincidence between the poetic and the musical emphases, and thus to combine the two powers for the high purpose of religious impression ; to which are added several chants for hymns and select Scriptures, with a simple notation, adapted to the general design. By SAMUEL WILLARD, D. D. A. A. S.—Adopted, while in manuscript, by the Third Congregational Society in Hingham.'

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled an 'act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned ;' and also to an act, entitled 'an act supplementary to an act, entitled an act, for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS. } *Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE design of the following collection of hymns was announced, and in some measure delineated in a communication, published in the Christian Disciple for March and April, 1821; and before the close of the following year, the work was prepared for the press. Considerations, which may have had too little, or too much influence on the mind of the author, have delayed the publication till this time. After several revisions, however, and some alterations, suggested by reflection, experiment, or the advice of friends, it is now offered to the public, and humbly solicits a candid and critical examination from every person of piety and musical taste. The most essential characteristic, the peculiar object of this collection, is that which is presented singly in the title page, though it is far from being the only improvement, that has been attempted. This object, as it is there stated, is ‘to secure, by the simplest and the most practicable means, an invariable coincidence between the poetic and the musical emphases, and thus to combine the two powers, for the high purpose of religious impression.’

The emphases in poetry, or those points, on which the rhetorical power is most effectually exerted, are fixed by the immutable laws of nature and reason, so long, at least, as the pronunciation of single words continues unaltered. In music also, the emphatical points are determined by laws, over which custom has no control; laws, which are founded in the very depths of nature. I do not say, that the poet, or the musical *composer* is not at liberty to vary these points in accommodation to his particular purpose. This may be done, and frequently must be done, in order to produce the greatest ef-

fect ; but the author of a hymn, or a tune, fixes the emphatical points beyond the power of change, without an essential change in the language, or the notes.

The emphases in poetry and those in music are effected by similar means, and are regulated by the same principles. For a particular statement and discussion of these principles, the reader is referred to the chapters on emphasis, inflection, and intonation in the Rhetoric and Elocution, I have lately published. Suffice it here to say, that emphasis, both in rhetoric and music, depends chiefly on the quantity of time, that is given to a syllable or note, the alternation of force and feebleness, the elevation of the tone, and the inflection, or change of tone on the same syllable. That these four things are unspeakably more essential to emphatic force, both in music and elocution, than mere loudness of voice, I think as clearly demonstrable from experiment, as any principle in natural philosophy.

As musical and poetic emphases are controlled by the same principles, and are identical in their very nature, as well as in their object, what can be more obvious, than that they ought to cooperate, instead of counteracting each other ? that the emphatic points of a hymn should be so arranged, as to render it possible for the musical emphases to act in union with them ? On a proposition so evident, I will not fill these pages with arguments, but merely refer the reader to experiment and to the preface of the Regular Hymns, to the review of those Hymns in the United States Literary Gazette for July, 1824, to the review in the Christian Examiner for July and August, 1824, and to a communication on the connexion between poetry and music, in the Christian Disciple for September and October, 1822.

The practice of psalmody to any considerable extent, in common choirs, renders it necessary in general, to repeat the same tune as many times, as there are stanzas to be sung. In order therefore, to combine the musical and the poetic forces, one of these two things must be provided ; either such a correspondence and similitude in all the successive stanzas, as would invariably coincide with the emphases of one and the same tune, or such a fluctuation in the length, the elevation, and the relation of notes, as would ac-

commode the tune to the irregularities of the hymn. It is hardly necessary to say, that the latter of these expedients could not be applied to any great number of hymns, so as to render it practicable in any but the most select choirs. The general plan of this collection, therefore, has been to secure an exact coincidence between the emphases of the first stanza, and those of every other stanza in the same hymn; to cast them all in the same mould; so that if the natural emphases of any tune correspond to those of one verse, they will be equally suited to those of every other verse. On this principle the original hymns are composed, and most of the selections are made and modelled.

Some of the selections, with few or no alterations, harmonized with my leading design, as stated above. Others have required considerable changes; and these changes have sometimes consisted in varying the phraseology, sometimes in omitting irregular verses, which might conveniently be spared, and sometimes by dividing long hymns, and arranging dissimilar verses, so as to form them into different hymns. The importance of the object, I conceive, would have justified considerable sacrifices of poetic grace; and still it is hoped, that the sacrifices, which have indeed been made, are few and small.

A considerable number of hymns, however, from different authors, are at once too beautiful to be readily relinquished, and too inflexible to be reduced to regular emphases. These, to the number of ten or fifteen, I have inserted, although it is impossible that they should ever be sung in common psalm tunes, without annihilating all their beauty and force. I speak of such hymns as the 13, 77, 259, 403, which are marked with a star as irregular, and for which of course I could name no tunes. The greatest irregularities, however, do not injure them for chants, which by division, combination, omission, protraction, or diminution of notes, enable us, with the aid of a simple notation, to accommodate the expression to any change of emphasis.

From the preceding remarks, it will appear, that the adaptation of tunes, out of which the selection is to be made, must require a more thorough examination, a more minute and comprehensive view, both of the hymn and of the several tunes, than any person

upon earth can have at a glance. Hence it has appeared convenient, if not indispensable, to name for each hymn one or more tunes. I hope, however, this will not be misunderstood. It is not intended, that no other tunes, than those which are named, shall ever be sung. The chorister is indeed requested to pay an inviolable regard to the emphasis and rhythm; but, if in any case he prefers a different tune, which corresponds in emphasis and expression with the tunes I have mentioned, I wish him to feel himself perfectly at liberty to follow his own taste or convenience. In this case, however, he should sit down at home, and, after repeated and thorough experiments, decide on the tune for every hymn, and write the name of it with a pencil in the blank, which is left for this purpose.

In adapting tunes to hymns, it is highly important to remember, that every note in every part has some influence on the emphases, and the general expression, contributing more or less to fit or unfit the tune for a particular hymn or stanza. As already observed, emphasis depends on the elevation, the length, the alternation, and mutual relations of notes. Other things being equal, single notes or slurs are emphatical in proportion to their length, and this effect is often increased by a pause after the emphatical note, even though the pause be taken from the time of the note itself.

In like manner, we may affirm that the comparative elevation or depression of a note has an essential influence on the emphatic force. To rise, for instance, in the base from the tonic to the upper dominant, is totally different in respect to emphasis from falling to the lower dominant. It is further to be observed, that two notes on the same syllable are generally more emphatical than one, and that in most instances, a falling slur is more expressive than a rising one. On these two last principles, the notes on the word *hide*, in the air of the tune of Hotham, are very expressive; but those on the words *my* and *Saviour* in the same line are the reverse of what they should be. Finally, alternation is a principle of emphasis. In poetry, an accent generally recurs with every second or third syllable, and when the voice has fallen into this train, it is somewhat difficult to avoid this accent. On this ground, it has become a law in music, that the first part of every measure or bar shall receive the accent. Hence, some

tune, whose lines all begin with accents, like those in Duke Street, China, Ellenthorpe, Oiland, or Owen's, is required for Hymn 53 or 373. The commencement of the lines would be enfeebled by such a tune as Monmouth or Enfield, and still more by Effingham, Winchester, or St Peter's, in which the second note of each has more than twice the force of the first; a force, which cannot be reduced to the feebleness of the second syllable. The first, second, and fourth lines of Park Street, the first and third of Rothwell, the first of Dunstan, and the third of Luton, are suited to hymns, like the ones named above, while the other lines of those tunes would pervert the emphases.

The best lines of eight syllables length, have natural pauses near the middle, that is, after the third, fourth, or fifth syllable, which a good reader always observes. When this natural pause comes between the fourth and fifth syllables, it is best suited by a pointed minim in common time, as in the first line of Brattle Street, the first and third of Leyden, or the third of Watchman or Silver Street. When the natural pause follows a word of more than one syllable, which is not accented on the last, it is best expressed by equal notes, or notes, that will be reduced to equality, when the time for the pause is deducted from the last, as in the second lines of Hymns 92, 96, and 108, intended for Psalm 97th. I add, that hymns containing many such long words as vanity, eternity, original, consecrated, &c, can never be set to tunes in triple time, constructed as they generally are, without rendering them lifeless and awkward.

The justice of the preceding remarks I think will appear, in proportion as they are examined and brought to the test of experiment. I would barely add, that the principles of emphasis sometimes counteract each other in the different parts of the same tune, and sometimes in the same part, in such a manner, as to render it doubtful whether the combined effect at a particular point should be considered emphatical, or unemphatical. Hence it may sometimes become a question, whether the adaptations in this book are the best, that might be made.

Another difficulty affecting this part of my design, has arisen

from the want of tunes corresponding in their rhythm to some of the hymns. For the third variety of Common Metre, for instance, like the 9th, 70th, and 90th hymns, I believe there is no tune in either of the collections most in use, and very few for some other varieties in the different metres. These defects however, will, it is hoped, be supplied in the next editions of the Handel and Haydn and of the Bridgewater collections. In many instances, a slight variation of two or three notes would accommodate to a particular rhythm a tune that is already familiar.

Though it has been my endeavor to make every hymn as regular, as possible, both in the emphases and the pauses, some irregularities are unavoidable, and, to meet these, it is necessary to provide a few simple indications for the accommodation of the music to the poetry, by lengthening, or shortening, dividing, or uniting notes. To signify the length of notes, required in different places, I have used vowels marked with the three numbers, 1, 2, and 4, which are in proportion one to another, as a semibreve, a minim, and a crotchet, or as a minim, a crotchet, and a quaver. When, therefore, a syllable has the figure 1 over it, as the word 'float,' in the second line of the fourth hymn, that syllable is intended to have the length of two beats. A syllable, marked with the figure 2, is to have one beat, and those, marked with 4, a half beat each. These numbers, it is believed, will soon become as simple guides to the most unskilful, as the notes themselves would be. Syllables, which are neither numbered nor pointed, are to be considered as having the length, which the tune would naturally give them. A point after a syllable, as for instance in the word 'awake' in the second line of the second hymn, adds to it one half of its former length, in exact correspondence with the points used in music. When the first three syllables of a line are marked with the number 2, it is to be understood, that that line begins with the falling beat, as in hymn ninth, the third line of every verse; while the first note of the music is omitted, and the second divided. In common time the first note is in such a case to be omitted, and the note or notes, which would otherwise come upon the third syllable, to be divided. As we have no numbered capitals, the first number is sometimes omitted, but this does not alter the mode of performance. By this notation, a meas-

ure or bar in common time may have a semibreve and a minim, and should be beat like triple time, as may be observed in the fifth hymn; while on the contrary a measure in triple time may be reduced to two minims or two crotchets, and should be beat like common time, as on the words ‘equal,’ ‘fixes,’ and ‘elements,’ in hymn 83. When one syllable is marked for one beat, and the following syllable completing the measure in common time is marked for a half beat, it is intended the time shall be completed by a pause between them. On the other hand, a point generally takes from the following syllable as much time as it adds to the preceding. In some instances the short accent is placed over a syllable, as in the word ‘can,’ in the second verse of hymn 89, to show indefinitely that the emphasis should be diminished.

Sometimes the minor importance of two syllables renders it desirable that they should divide the note, which would otherwise be given to the first. An example of this occurs in the last line of hymn 53. Where two words, therefore, are united by a hyphen, they are to be sung by the division of a note according to the proportions marked ; and in a case like that referred to, the third syllable will unite the two or more notes, which would otherwise be divided between the second and third syllables.

In some instances, two stanzas are intimately connected, and the connexion is signified by one of the shorter pauses and a brace, as in hymns 87 and 144. In singing such stanzas, no longer pause should be made between them, than is taken from the last note in the former verse.

A considerable number of hymns in this collection are in the anapestic measure, like the first, fourth, and eighteenth, containing in general three syllables for a measure or bar; while most of the tunes, which are named for them, have usually been sung in iambic verse, dividing each measure into two parts, the first a semibreve, or other notes equivalent to it, and the second a minim. If these hymns should be adopted in any society, where these tunes are not actually divided in the collections of music in use, the following rule will remove every difficulty in performing these or any other tunes of the kind, in the manner required ; viz.

Let every measure, intended for three syllables, be divided into three equal parts, by splitting semibreves, or removing slurs, and let every part be sounded on the same tone, it would otherwise be. Thus, for instance, in the tune of Froome, named for the first hymn, let the slur be removed from the crotchets in the first full measure of the first line; and let the minim in the first measure of the second line be performed like two crotchets. The only exceptions to this rule are those, which are signified by numbers or points in several hymns, and which may be observed, or not, as may be found convenient. When the first syllable in a measure has the number 1 over it, it is to fill two thirds of the bar, and for the two following syllables, marked with the number 4, the last third of the bar, is to be divided, as in hymn 4.

The beauty and force of music depend much on proper accents. Common psalm tunes, indeed, applied to irregular hymns, do not admit any regular accents, without the danger of becoming absurd and ridiculous; and hence it is very common to sing without accents, proceeding with a leaden movement, which is equally tiresome to the performer and the hearer. In instrumental music, however, it is much more frequent to observe a kind of undulation in the successive sounds, which contributes unspeakably to the intended effect. With the like undulations of sound regular psalmody may and should be performed. In lines, beginning like those in hymn 51, or 53, for instance, the first note should be struck with a full and firm tone, and then the voice should bound over the second and third in each line, with an elasticity, which merely touches upon them, resting, and taking another impulse on the fourth note. In like manner, all unemphatic syllables, whether long or short, should be sung.

All that has yet been said, however, will not effect the design of vocal music, without a more distinct articulation, than is generally heard. In many of our choirs, the words are totally smothered. So little attention is paid to pronunciation, that every sentiment is lost; so little indeed, that if a stanza be omitted, and the joint worshippers are not very attentive, they lose their place, and are not perhaps able to hear a single word, from which they might determine what verse the choir are pretending to sing.

To render vocal music deserving of the name, the language must be more distinctly pronounced, than it is in almost any choir. Where the voices are not overwhelmed by instruments, and the music is well adapted to the language, the articulations might and should be such, as will be readily understood without a book. This we require in a public speaker, and if we were accustomed to it in music, we should regard it as equally indispensable there.

I add, that, while we articulate distinctly, we should give to every letter the same sound in singing, that it has in polite conversation or good reading. On this principle, such words as *am*, *an*, *and*, *can*, *as*, *shall*, unless emphatical, should be pronounced as if written *um*, *un*, *und*, &c; and the particle *a*, as if written *ur*, as also the first syllable in words like, *again*, *afraſd*. This is the way we speak, and, if we would not appear awkward, or affected, we must sing in the same manner.

On the same principle, the pronunciation, frequently given to the particle *the*, is liable to serious objections. In speech, we pronounce the *e* in this word, precisely as we do the *i* in the word *this*, which is widely different from *thur*, *thuh*, *thau*. My objections to these modes of pronouncing the word, are, first, that they have the appearance of affectation; secondly, that they often make bad combinations with the following words; and thirdly, that they give more body to the particle, and of course render it too emphatical, and clog the graceful movement of the voice.

The Italian sound of *a*, which is sometimes heard in *amen*, should I think be discountenanced, as a kind of technical cant. If it were proper to sing Italian or Spanish in an English church, this pronunciation might be admitted. This however is questionable; and it is certain, that *armen* is not English.

The design of sacred music requires that the expression should vary in accommodation to all the varieties of *sentiments*; which in most of our hymns are very considerable. If there is any such thing as musical expression; or, in other words, if music is anything but a name, it is evident from the nature of things, that it must be equally various with the moral influence of thoughts; and it is no less absurd, to think of expressing different sentiments by the

same musical notes, performed in the same manner, than it would be, to express different thoughts by the same words. Since very few musical performers are duly attentive to those changes, it seems very important that they should be pointed out by some easy indications. With this view I have considered all religious sentiments as belonging to one or another of the seven following classes; viz. the serene, the cheerful, the animated, the grand or sublime, the solemn, the importunate, and the tender. Accordingly, I have endeavored to apply the proper characteristics to every hymn, agreeably to the subjoined scheme of notation.

<i>s</i>	serene.	<i>s</i>	solemn.
<i>S</i>	very serene.	<i>S</i>	very solemn.
<i>c</i>	cheerful.	<i>i</i>	importunate.
<i>a</i>	animated.	<i>I</i>	very importunate.
<i>A</i>	very animated	<i>t</i>	tender.
<i>g</i>	grand or sublime.	<i>T</i>	very tender.
<i>G</i>	very grand.	<i>m</i>	a medium or common expression.

Where no direction is given at the beginning of a hymn, that part is to be sung in the ordinary style of the tune that is named; and every direction is to be regarded as applying to all the succeeding verses, till another direction is given.

To render the preceding notation significant to all for whom it is designed, it is necessary to describe, as well as can be done on paper, the several modes of performance, it is intended to suggest.

The *serene* should, in general, be sung rather quick, with a small quantity of voice, and with the utmost gentleness in the manner of beginning and ending the notes, that is consistent with a distinct pronunciation.

Passages, which in this collection are marked as *cheerful*, should be sung a little faster and a little louder than the serene, in the mode which musicians would express by *Allegro*, *Poco*, *Piano*, and with a *sprightly*, but not a *vigorous* accent.

The *animated* requires a quick movement, a middling, or loud voice, according to the degree of joy or triumph expressed, strong accents, and great energy and distinctness of pronunciation.

The *grand* or *sublime* should be sung in a slow movement, with a full, round, and smooth voice, gradually swelled and diminished

on the notes, and with less energy of accent and pronunciation, than the animated requires.

The *solemn*, is to be sung in about the same time with the grand; with a full, but not a very loud voice; and with some degree of abruptness, in accent and intonation.

The *importunate* generally requires a moderate movement, a middling, or a loud voice, according to the degree of earnestness, and a strong, but yet a mellow and smooth accentuation.

The *tender* requires a slow movement, a small, smooth, and mellow voice, with a clear articulation.

In some instances these *general* directions may need the qualification of *particular* ones; and for this purpose we shall use the following;

<i>p</i>		<i>F</i>	
<i>pia</i>	soft.	<i>Fortissimo</i>	very loud.
<i>P</i>		<i>v</i>	
<i>Pianissimo</i>	very soft.	<i>vivace</i>	quick.
<i>f</i>		<i>V</i>	very quick.
<i>forte</i>	loud	<i>l</i>	slow.
		<i>lento</i>	

As I have not room in this place for illustrating many things suggested above, the reader, who needs any illustration, is referred to the introduction, prefixed to the Deerfield Collection of sacred music, second or third edition.

In the preceding remarks and directions, I have endeavored to furnish a system of expression, adapted to all the varieties of sentiment and rhythm, which have been found unavoidable in these hymns. If any part of the system should be supposed or even found impracticable in common choirs, that will be no reasonable objection to those parts, which are easy, and indispensable to the proper effect of all psalmody. For instance, if it should not be convenient to vary the length of notes in *all* the hymns, according to the directions, it might perhaps be done in some particular hymns, which might be distinguished from others by a slight mark with a pencil, so that all the choir should be preserved from any mistake in regard to the subject: or these variations may be wholly omitted. The same may be said of the other marks of expression. The anima-

ted passages, for example, may be performed quick ; the solemn, slow ; the serene, soft ; and the grand, loud ; without attempting anything more. I am fully aware, that everything proposed in this book, cannot be carried into immediate execution, any more than a person can become a scholar, at once, in every branch of learning ; and perhaps in common choirs, it will not be expedient, at first, to attempt anything more, than the distinct articulation and regular accent or undulation, spoken of in pages 12 and 13.

If there is any merit in the plan of accommodating the length of notes to the rhythm of the verse, I am bound in justice to acknowledge myself indebted, for some original hints on this subject, to Mr William Bull of Shelburne, author of ‘ Music adapted to Language,’ a book of no small value.

The second object in this publication has been to furnish a greater number of hymns on several important subjects, than has been provided in any book, that has come to my knowledge ; to fill indeed some places, which have been absolute blanks. For this purpose, I have been under the necessity of resorting to original composition ; and if any of these hymns should appear deficient in the spirit of poetry, I hope it will be observed, that some of the subjects, though of great practical importance, are not very poetic, and, for this very reason, they have been overlooked or neglected by those, who valued most their poetic fame.

It will be seen, I think, that this collection has been accommodated, in a good degree, to the sentiments and feelings of those, who contend, that all hymns should be direct addresses to the object of our worship. The principle, however, could not be adopted as universal, without rejecting some of our most beautiful hymns ; and I would inquire of those, who are most strenuous on this point, whether they would exclude all exercises from the house of God, which are not immediately devotional. If *lectures* and *sermons* are to be admitted, how do they prove that no *music* should be employed, which is not addressed immediately to the ear of the Most High ? Do they prove it from any injunctions of scripture ? I know not where to find such injunctions. Do they prove it from the example of inspired psalmists ? The very first psalm is against them, as also the 96th, 100th, 122d, 133d, 148th, and several others.

I respect the feelings of those who profess to have conscientious scruples on this point, but am persuaded they carry this principle too far. The design of *prayer*, as well as of preaching, and every other service of the church, is to make us devout; and such an application of poetry and music, as contributes most to this final effect, whether in a manner direct or indirect, immediate or remote, I must regard not only as good, but as the best, which the nature of things admits.

Another criticism, which has recently been urged with no little confidence and zeal, deserves consideration, as it involves the merit of almost every book of hymns, that has yet appeared. It is that, which denies the propriety of ever using the first person singular in the forms of social worship. As a general principle, we, our, and us, should, I think, be preferred to I, my, and me; but, in my apprehension, it is still more certain, that, by rejecting the singular number in all cases, we must either banish many of our most affecting hymns, or quench in a great measure their celestial fire. If there be any beauty or force in hymn 350, 384, or 386, I cannot imagine they would be improved by substituting the plural number for the singular. If, as I acknowledge, the plural pronouns are calculated to extend our views, and make our devotions more social, this advantage is in some measure balanced by the danger of drawing off our thoughts from ourselves. The observation is justified by the general history of mankind, that in all assemblies, whether civil or religious, we are apt to feel no great responsibility for the right performance of that, in which others have an equal concern with ourselves. In order to derive any benefit from the hymns employed in public worship, every person must apply the sentiments individually and directly to his own heart; and, so far, as an exchange of the singular forms for the plural would tend to prevent this, it must be a doubtful improvement.

Some of the hymns in this collection are not suited to the purposes of public worship. If any ask why these were admitted, I answer, that the church will never flourish, where it is not supported by the influence of the closet and the family, those nurseries of piety and every virtue. Hence it has appeared to me, that a book, intended chiefly for public worship, would be rendered more valuable, if it contained more hymns than usual, adapted to the daily de-

votions, private and domestic. It is desirable, that the scriptures should be read, and prayers offered every day in the family circle; and if this is not done, there is reason to believe, that a hymn, devoutly sung, by those, who are endowed with musical powers and feelings, would, with the blessing of heaven, have an important influence on the heart and the life.

Considerable changes, beside those required by my leading design, have been made in several hymns. Objectionable sentiments have been omitted, inaccurate figures corrected, and discordant words exchanged for those, which are more harmonious. It has likewise been an object with the compiler to reduce long hymns to such a length, as might conveniently be sung at once, and, as far as practicable, to have every hymn begin and close in the same opening. For these purposes stanzas have, in some instances, been omitted, which could otherwise have been retained.

In the minds of some, there are strong objections against altering the compositions of others, and I have myself made it a principle not to vary from the original without some urgent reason. On the other hand, however, I do not see why the productions of the pen should be more unalterable than mechanic inventions, or why the author of a hymn or a sermon should object to such an accommodation to improvements in taste, as would be necessary to save it from oblivion, and render it useful to successive generations.

The authors of the selected hymns, so far as they were known, are mentioned in the index, excepting three or four, which were communicated, and are marked with single letters.

Some of the metres are distinguished in this book into seven varieties, and are marked by the figures 1, 2, 3, &c. prefixed to the tunes, which are named. The first variety is pure iambic from the beginning to the end of every line. The second is precisely the same with the first, excepting a trochee in the beginning of the first line. With a little attention, the chorister will understand the other diversities, which, in the adaptation of tunes, are almost as important to be observed, as the difference of metre.

The tunes, named for these hymns, are mostly from the Bridge-water, the Handel and Haydn, and the American Psalmody collections; which are occasionally signified by the initial, B., H., or A., subjoined to the name of the tune.

H Y M N S.

MORNING SERVICE.

HYMN 1. S. M. A.

For Saturday evening, or Sunday morning.

- c 1 HAIL, sacred and soothing repose,
To languishing spirits how kind !
A respite from earthly amusements and woes !
A season of pleasure refined !
- s 2 How tranquil the late busy scene !
How silent each dissonant voice !
Our dwellings and altars how safe and serene,
Where nothing our worship annoys !
- m 3 Great Author of nature and grace,
Subdue our rude passions within ;
While, thoughtful and fervent thy glories we trace,
O, cleanse us from folly and sin.
- s 4 Collected be each roving thought,
Be sober each feeling and word ;
All nature to humble subjection be brought,
In sacrifice due to the Lord.
- a 5 Bright image of heavenly rest,
And type of that glorious day,
Where bliss and devotion shall fill every breast,
And pleasure shall never decay !

Froome, Mount Ephraim.

HYMN 2. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

a 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the slumbering day ;
 And mingling rays of truth and grace
 A brighter scene display.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

A 3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Whose beams unnumbered joys diffuse
 For nations yet unborn.

1 Christmas, Blandford.

HYMN 3. L. M.

Lord's day.

s 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another sacred day begun ;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
 Improve the day that God has blessed.

c 2 Let prayer this day, like incense rise,
a And fervent praise address the skies.
s Let every earthly care be stilled,
c And every thought with heaven be filled.

a 3 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away.
 The sabbath thus we love to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

1 St Paul's, Timsbury.

HYMN 4. C. M. A.

- a 1 GLAD tidings salute us in accents divine,
 That float in the breath of this morn.
 Glad tidings the heralds of mercy announce,
 Reviving the spirit forlorn.
- 2 Glad tidings, glad tidings resound from afar,
 Proclaiming the contrite forgiven.
- A Glad tidings, let voices unnumbered respond ;
 Glad tidings, glad tidings from heaven.
- Glad tidings ! the sun of salvation has risen,
 To cheer the dark world with his light.
 Glad tidings ! the portals of glory unfold,
 With visions t' enrapture the sight.
- Salem, St Martin's.

HYMN 5. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

- a 1 ONCE more this consecrated light
 Returns to bless our eyes.
 Once more our thoughts, from earth released,
 To higher subjects rise.
- 2 Our willing feet, O God, shall tread
 The path to Zion's hill.
 We'll bow before thy throne of grace,
 And learn thy holy will.
- 3 May every week our souls advance
 In that celestial road,
 Which leads through honor, peace, and joy,
 To thy supreme abode.

Blandford.

HYMN 6. C. M.

On the Sabbath.

- 1 How sweet, on this devoted day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven !
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven !
With filial confidence to say,
Father, who art in heaven.
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear,
From him, to whom 't is given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven !
- 4 Then, hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to heaven !

Clarendon.

HYMN 7. 7s. M.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **LORD**, from earthly toil and care
Grant us now a kind release ;
While we breathe a fervent prayer,
Cheer our minds with hope and peace.
- 2 Own us, **Lord**, as children dear ;
Father, deign to be our God ;
t Wipe away the contrite tear ;
c Make our hearts thy bright abode.

a 3 Angels now their anthems raise,
 Who in glory long have shone;
 Saints, made perfect, tune their lays,
 Clothed in light around thy throne.

4 Thus may we devote these hours ;
 Thus employ our mortal tongues ;
 Thus at last with nobler powers,
 We shall chant their blissful songs.

Rotterdam, Savannah.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

a 1 THIS blessed day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own.
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 Today he rose, and left the dead,
 And sin's dark empire fell:
 Today the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

3 We bless the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

s 4 Our Heavenly Father condescends
 To hear the voice of prayer ;
 Within this sacred place attends,
 To soothe the anxious care.

a 5 To him attune the highest strains,
 Which mortal tongues can raise.
 The highest heavens in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

1 Howards.

HYMN 9. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

- p* 1 SLEEP, sleep today, tormenting cares,
s Of earth and folly born !
 Ye shåll not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.
- 2 Six days are surely time enough,
 To feel your harsh contröl ;
 Ye shåll not violate this day,
 And still oppress the soul.
- 3 O, sleep forever, guilty thoughts !
 Let fires unholy die ;
- c* Thus måy we meet our God below,
 And dwell with him on high.

3 Edgecomb, Barby.

HYMN 10. L. M.

Christ, the Light of the World. John i, 9.

- A* 1 THE day appears ; the joyful day !
 The dreary hours are passed away :
 We 've seen the morning star arise,
 A lamp, to cheer the eastern skies.
- 2 The sun his brighter orb displays,
 Pours forth a flood of vivid rays,
 The lingering shade of night dispels,
 And o'er its sickly damp prevails.
- 3 All hail, the sun of righteousness !
 The beaming light of truth and grace !
 Ordained to bless a world of wo,
 And give a heaven to men below.

1 Brentford, Timsbury.

HYMN 11. C. P. M.

The Sabbath.

- 1 WHEN God from dust created man,
 Six days beheld the growing plan,
 Six days his power confessed ;
 The seventh in festal joy arrayed,
 The perfect works of God surveyed,
 Whose word pronounced it blessed.
- 2 To keep in mind that solemn day,
 His grateful sons their homage pay,
 Before the Eternal throne ;
 With hymns of praise and pious prayer,
 His everlasting rest declare,
 And joyful wait their own.
- 3 For not in vain by twilight here,
 With many a doubt and many a fear,
 Our pilgrim path we tread ;
 A little learn, a little do,
 Observe, discover, hope, pursue,
 Then sink among the dead.
- t 4 Beyond the dark and stormy bound,
 That guards the dull horizon round,
 c A lovelier vale extends ;
 Jehovah rules in mercy there ;
 And o'er his altar bright and fair,
 The morning star ascends.
- 5 O holy seat of love and peace !
 s The sounds of war and conflict cease
 Within thy quiet reign ;
 c And every flower of fairest hue,
 That once in favored Eden grew,
 Shall rise and bloom again.

Rapture, Clyde.

HYMN 12. C. P. M.

Public Worship, &c.

- c* 1 WE bless Jehovah's glorious name,
 Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
 With every morning's light.
*T*o him we tune the evening lay,
 Whose arm sustains us all the day,
 And guards us through the night.
- a* 2 The day that saw our Saviour rise,
 Shall dawn on our delighted eyes
 With pure and holy joy.
*T*o meet within the house of prayer,
 And pay our humble worship there,
 Shall be our sweet employ.
- t* 3 From painful doubts and fears released,
 We'll celebrate the dying feast
 Of our departed Lord ;
c And while his perfect love we view,
 His bright example we'll pursue,
 And meditate his word.

Rapture, Clyde.

*HYMN 13. L. M.

- c* 1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
 Thou, who hast every blessing given,
 Which sends the dreams of earth away
 And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest !
 May we improve thy calm repose,
 And in God's service truly blessed,
 Forget the world, its joys, and woes.

- 3 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
 Now fall, and dwell, as heavenly dew,
 And flowers of grace in freshness start,
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his sheltering throne.

HYMN 14. S. M.

Invitations to Public Worship.

- t* 1 Come to the house of prayer,
 O, thou afflicted, come ;
- c* The God of grace will meet thee there,
 Who makes that house his home.
- a* 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye, who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- c* 3 Hither ye aged, come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
- t* Your trembling tongues will soon be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- c* 4 Children, before his throne,
 Your cheerful voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown,
 Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Here we may hope to find,
 Relief from every wo ;
 The God, whose ways are good and kind,
 Will every gift bestow.

HYMN 15. S. P. M.

Delight in the house and worship of God.

- c 1 How pleased and blessed was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 ‘Come, seek your gracious God today! ’
- a Inspired with holy zeal,
 We ’ll haste to Zion’s hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 O Zion, happy place!
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round.
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.
- s 3 May peace attend thy gate,
 a And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest:
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

Dalston.

HYMN 16. S. M.

The same.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine ;
 And let my early cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find a place ;
 To see thy heavenly glories shine,
 And feel thy quickening grace.

3 For life without thy love,
Can no delight afford.
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 Thy kind, protecting power
My soul in safety keeps.
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

1 Shirland.

HYMN 17. L. M.

Delight in the worship of God.

- c 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- s 2 Blessed is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
Let all my powers in tune be found,
While earth and heaven with praise resound.
- a 3 So shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart ;
When raised above all mortal scenes,
To praise thy name in endless strains.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
Delights unknown to saints below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

2 Dunstan.

HYMN 18. C. M. A.

Lord, teach us to pray.

- c* 1 GREAT sovereign of nature, whom angels adore,
 To thee our oblations we bring ;
t Permit us thy tender regard to implore,
c Thy gracious acceptance to sing.
- t* 2 But how shall the children of frailty and dust
 Their glorious Creator address ?
Or how shall we cherish the hopes of the just,
 And freely our wishes express ?
- s* 3 In Jesus, our Saviour, we venture so near
 To God in his glorious array,
In him with acceptance we hope to appear,
 Nor tremble with guilty dismay.
- t* 4 While waiting thy mercy and grace to receive,
T Our sins we would humbly lament ;
t In tender forbearance our brethren forgive,
 Nor rashly their failures resent.
- c* 5 Forever dependent on goodness divine,
 For all the rich blessings we share,
May habits of kindness their influence combine,
 To give us the spirit of prayer.

St Martin's.

HYMN 19. L. M.

- c* 1 WE love the consecrated road,
 That leads to thy pavilion, Lord.
a With joy we visit thine abode,
 And seek the treasures of thy word.
- 2 O heavenly treasures ! glorious light !
 From ancient sages long concealed ;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
 And God's unchanging word revealed.

3 How happy those, whom God prepares
 To dwell within his holy place !
 To offer up their filial prayers,
 And taste the fruits of heavenly grace !

1 Timsbury, St Paul's.

HYMN 20. H. M.

House of prayer for all nations.

1 THOU God of all mankind,
 We bless that wondrous grace,
 Which could for Gentiles find
 Within thy courts a place.

How kind the care,
 Our God displays,
 For us to raise
 A house of prayer !

2 May all the nations throng,
 To worship in thy house ;
 Wilt thou attend the song,
 And hear their ardent vows,
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire,
 To join the choir,
 On Zion's hill.

Bethesda.

HYMN 21. L. M.

God in his holy temple.

S 1 Lo, God is here ! His name adore,
 And humbly bow before his face ;
 a Let all within us feel his power,
 Let all within us seek his grace.

- G* 2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing.
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- m* 3 Great source of being, God of grace,
Inspire our solemn praises still ;
And, while we stand before thy face,
Our humble, fervent prayer fulfil.

1 Stephen's.

HYMN 22. L. M.

The condescension of God. Psalm cxxxviii, 6.

- c* 1 How great thy mercy, King of kings !
How condescending all thy ways !
Thou deign'st to hear, when frailty sings ;
When dust and ashes lisp thy praise.
- g* 2 From heaven supreme, thy blissful throne,
Where light and glory veil thy face,
c Thy gracious eye looks kindly down ;
Thine arm protects our feeble race.
- 3 In temples, made by mortal hands,
The holy one vouchsafes to rest :
And, rich in mercy, condescends
To dwell in every humble breast.
- t* 4 From all presumption save us, Lord ;
i Let humble zeal each bosom fire ;
c Thy gracious visits still afford,
And still our cheerful hopes inspire.

Timsbury, Medway.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1** WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before his face?
Or how procure his kind regard,
Or win his pardoning grace?
- 2** Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these our earnest wish succeed,
And make our God our friend?
- 3** Let no such hopes our souls delude ;
Such pompous rites are vain ;
But God has shown us what is good,
And how his love to gain.
- 4** To every man his rights allow,
And proofs of kindness give :
To God, with humble reverence bow ;
To him devoted live.
- 5** Unspotted hands and hearts sincere,
He never will despise ;
And cheerful duty he 'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

1 Canterbury, Stephen's.

***HYMN 24.** L. M.

Acceptable worship.

- 1** THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
 The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
 Or fasts and penance reconcile
 Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
 Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
 To thee a nobler offering yields,
 Than fragrant groves, or fertile fields.
- 4 Love God and man ; this great command
 Doth on eternal pillars stand ;
 This did thine ancient prophets teach,
 This did the great Messiah preach.

HYMN 25. S. M. A.

Invocation.

- a* 1 AGAIN, with unmixed delight,
 We would enter thy temple, O Lord ;
 Thy wonders of wisdom, and goodness, and might,
 Thy wonders of love to record.
- s* 2 O, teach us how solemn the place,
 Where infinite purity dwells ;
- c* And still may we cherish that hope in thy grace,
 Which sinful misgiving repels.
- m* 3 Our bodies and spirits are thine,
 Though often devoted to sin ;
 From earthly affections our nature refine,
- c* And form us to virtue within.
- 4 This tribute of homage receive,
 And grant us thy favor and love,
 Our future temptations and wants to relieve,
 And fit us for glory above.

Sutton, Thessalia.

HYMN 26. L. M.

- 1 When, as returns this sacred day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God, who heareth prayer.

Green's Hundredth.

HYMN 27. C. M.

Invocation.

- 1 ETERNAL source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we pay our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Let heavenly grace conduct our souls
Through life's perplexing road
To pleasures, which forever flow,
At thy right hand, O God.

1 London, H. Dundee.

HYMN 28. L. M.

- 1 God in his temple let us meet,
 Low on our knees before him bend ;
 Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat,
 Here on his Sabbath we attend.
- 2 Come to thine house, thy resting place ;
 Come in thy power and mercy, Lord ;
 Shine through the veil ; we seek thy face ;
 Speak, and we 'll hear thy sovereign word.

Ellenthorpe.

HYMN 29. C. M.

Invocation.

- 1 LORD, in thy house we now appear,
 And bow the adoring knee ;
 Help us to come with hearts sincere,
 And raise our thoughts to thee.
- 2 O, let us see thy glory, Lord ;
 Reveal thy power and grace ;
 Teach us to read thy blessed word,
 And all thy truth embrace.
- 3 While we these rites and forms attend,
 Increase our faith and love,
 a Till from the earth our souls ascend,
 To dwell with thee above.

4 Devizes.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Invocation.

- 1 LORD, we approach thine altar now,
 Within thy holy temple bow ;
 Devoutly bring our sacrifice
 To him, who rules above the skies.

- 2 O, may we learn thy holy ways,
t Nor raise in vain the voice of praise ;
s Thy soul abhors the lying tongue,
 The lifeless prayer and thoughtless song.
- c* 3 Make us in all these rites sincere ;
s Inspire our hearts with solemn fear ;
 O, wash our hands from every sin,
 And purify our souls within.
- m* 4 While we revere thine holy day,
 And still our public honors pay,
 May all our days and weeks be thine,
 And every work and place divine.

2 Dunstan, Truro.

HYMN 31. S. M.

General Praise.

- g* 1 INFINITE God, to thee
 Honor and praise be given ;
 Nations and kingdoms shall adore
 The majesty of heaven.
- a* 2 O, let our spirits rise,
 Wafted on wings divine,
 Up to the region of the skies,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- c* 3 Sweet is thy service, Lord ;
 Joyful the songs we raise ;
 While by the influence of thy word,
 We soothe our fleeting days.
- 4 Mercy preserve our souls
 Free from the snares of death,
 Till at thy summons we at last
s Resign our peaceful breath.

4 Dover.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Invocation.

- i* 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art ;
 Impart thine own eternal fire,
 To warm each waiting heart.
- c* 2 Within these walls let holy praise,
 And love, and concord dwell ;
- t* Here give the troubled conscience peace,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow ;
 Thine every influence still be nigh,
 To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 Within thy cheering presence, Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 And thine unbounded grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

1 Dundee.

HYMN 33. 7S. M.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
 Round thine altar humbly bow.
 O, do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek our God in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
 Rich in mercy now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with heavenly grace ;
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Rotterdam.

HYMN 34. C. P. M.

General Praise.

- A* 1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name :
 Let heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
 While all the adoring throngs around
 His wondrous mercy sing ;
 Let every listening saint above,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the loudest string.
- G* 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,
 Ye thunders, speak his power.
- V* Behold, on lightning's rapid wings
 In triumph rides the King of kings ;
S The astonished worlds adore.
- F* 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunder of the skies ;
 Praise him who bids you roll.
- P* His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- A* 5 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
 Ye birds, that cheer the dawn of spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him, who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

- 6 Let man, in nobler powers arrayed,
 The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 A Diffuse your Maker's praise around,
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Rapture, Kew.

HYMN 35. 7s. M.

- a 1 GLORY be to God on high !
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man be given,
 Man, the well beloved of heaven.
 Glory be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;
 Endless thanks to God belong ;
 Hearts attuned to heavenly praise,
 Join the hymns your voices raise.
 Glory be, &c.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
 Frōm creation's utmost bound,
 Where the Godhead shines confessed,
 There be solemn praise addressed.
 Glory be, &c.

Turin.

HYMN 36. 7s. M.

- A 1 LOUD let herald spirits cry,
 Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
 Heaven and earth, obey the call ;
 Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

- 2 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
- 3 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.
- 4 Vales and mountains, burst in song ;
Rivers, roll with praise along ;
Trees, with waving branches, hail
God, who comes in every gale.
- 5 Birds, on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble round his temple door ;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.
- 6 Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges, own his righteous law ;
Princes, worship him with fear ;
Old and young, his name revere. Rotterdam.

HYMN 37. L. M.

- a 1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 And may our songs with solemn sound,
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

HYMN 38. C. M.

General Praise.

- a* 1 YE, that obey the immortal King,
 Attend his holy place ;
 Humbly revere his glorious power,
 And sing his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
 And send your souls on high ;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.
- 3 God in his mercy cheers our hearts,
 And claims our highest praise,
 While he exerts his sovereign power
 Through all the earth and seas.

4 Devizes.

HYMN 39. L. M. A.

General Praise.

- a* 1 O come, all ye sons of Adam, and raise
 A song to your God : how lovely his praise !
 Adore him, who reigns in his glory above,
 And fills the wide earth with the tokens of love.
- m* 2 His breath is your life ; your reason a ray,
 Effused from his light, to guide all your way ;
 He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,
 And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.
- 3 Dash down your false gods of silver and stone ;
 Jehovah is God, him worship alone ;
 His prophet, his Son, his salvation receive ;
 Flee, flee from perdition ; obey him and live.

4 O Father of men ! in mercy command
 The gospel to shine throughout every land ;
 That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
 Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.
 Castle Street.

HYMN 40. H. M.

- 1 ANOTHER sabbath, Lord,
 Our favored eyes have seen ;
 Let every heart record
 Thy grace, with hopes serene.
 Eternal rest
 Thy Son reveals,
 And dying seals
 The rich bequest.
- 2 This day he rose again,
 In light and glory clad ;
 Let doubting spirits then,
 Let contrite souls be glad.
 The joys of heaven,
 Forever sure,
 To spirits pure
 Are freely given.
- 3 These sacred courts we love,
 Where humble prayer and praise
 To brighter scenes above
 Our aspirations raise.
 Lord, grant us still
 Thy quickening power ;
 Till life is o'er,
 Our prayers fulfil.

1 Shaftsbury, Bethesda.

HYMN 41. L. M. A.

General Praise.

- a 1 O praise ye the Lord ; prepare your glad voice
 His praise in the great assembly to sing ;
 In God, their Creator, let all men rejoice,
 And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,
 In loud swelling strains his praises express,
 Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
 Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
 To God, whose defence and plenty supplies ;
 Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
 Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung
 In loftier strains, now publish his praise :
 We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue,
 Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

St Michael's.

HYMN 42. 8s. & 7s. M.

General Praise.

- a 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him ;
 Praise him, angels, clothed in light.
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of night.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

3 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name. Worthing.

HYMN 43. 8s. & 7s. M.

General Praise.

a 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous Source of every joy ;
g Him, whose hand upholds all nature ;
s Him, whose word could all destroy !

a 2 Saints, with pious zeal attending,
 Now the grateful tribute raise ;
 Solemn songs, to heaven ascending,
 Join the universal praise.

c 3 Lo, the eternal page before us
 All his wondrous love displays ;
 Full of wisdom to restore us ;
 Worthy theme of endless praise.

A 4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the song of glory raise ;
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

Worthing.

HYMN 44. L. M.

Universal praise.

1 FROM all, that dwell below the skies,
 To God let joyful anthems rise ;
 The great Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Forever sure thy mercy, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Old Hundred.

HYMN 45. L. M.

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- t* 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins, which we forsake :
And let us still thy kindness share,
As fellow men of our's partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore ;
For thine 's the kingdom, thine the power ;
Be thine the glory evermore.

2 Marietta, H. Medford, B.

HYMN 46. L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, accept our vows
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
i To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- m* 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, can reach the place ;
No groans shall interrupt the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
 No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;
 But every doubt and fear shall cease,
 And perfect love give perfect peace.

1 Monmouth.

HYMN 47. 7s. M.

- 1 HEAR our prayers in Jesus' name,
 Gracious God, accept our praise ;
 All our wandering steps reclaim,
 Guide our feet in wisdom's ways.
- 2 Lord, dismiss us now in peace,
 Write thy word in every heart ;
 All our best desires increase ;
i Light, and life, and joy impart.
- t* 3 Soon our days on earth must end ;
 This perhaps may be our last ;
i O, may we thy voice attend,
 Ere this day of grace be past.

Naples.

HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 GUIDE us, O Lord, in all our ways,
 To keep thy statutes still.
 O, wilt thou grant us light and grace,
 To know and do thy will.
- 2 Make us to walk in thy commands,
 That pure, delightful road ;
 Nor let our head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against our God.

4 Braintree.

HYMN 49. 8s. & 7s. M.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
t Pilgrims through this barren land ;
 We are weak, but thou art mighty ;
m All our hopes on thee depend ;
 Bread from heaven grant us, till we want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence reviving waters flow ;
g Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
m Lead us all our journey through.
 Strong deliverer, still be thou our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
t Bid our anxious fears subside ;
g Thou, whose arm is our salvation,
s Land us safe on Canaan's side.
a Songs of praises we will ever give to thee.

Tamworth.

HYMN 50. C. M.

- 1 HAPPY, O Lord, the pure in heart,
 To virtue formed within !
 Whō frōm thy counsels ne'er depart,
 But fly from every sin.
- 2 Great is their peace, who love thy law ;
 How firm their souls abide !
 Nōr cān å bold temptation draw
 Their steady feet aside.
- 3 Then shall our hearts o'erflow with joy,
 Refined from guilt and shame,
 Whēn it bēcomes our chief employ
 To glorify thy name.

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 **LORD**, on the table of the heart,
 Deeply inscribe thy word ;
 O, may we practise thy commands,
 While we confess thee, Lord.

t 2 Hear us in Jesus, and forgive ;

m All our requests fulfil.

Though from thy temple we retire,
 Grant us thy presence still.

3 While we are passing through the world,
 Cheer us with hope divine ;
 s Till with composure we at length,
 Life and its joys resign.

5 Rochester.

HYMN 52. C. M.

1 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 Let earthly thrones in reverence bow
 To thy majestic sway.

a 2 The apostles' glorious company,
 And prophets clothed with light,
 With all the martyrs' noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.

3 The holy church, throughout the world,
 O Lord, confesseth thee ;

g That thou the eternal Father art,
 Of boundless majesty.

1 St Ann's.

HYMN 53. L. M.

Humble prayer and holy perseverance.

- 1 Now, we have heard thy holy word,
 Grant us a father's blessing, Lord ;
 Deep in our hearts thy truth impress :
T Pardon the sins our lips confess.
- t* 2 Teach us how oft we 've gone astray,
 Wandered from wisdom's happy way.
 O may thy love our souls reclaim,
 Strengthening our faith in Jesus' name.
- 3 Father on high, thy will enforce ;
 Guide us in all our future course ;
 Help us to look at things unseen ;
 Scatter the clouds, that come between.
- A* 4 O may the hopes of endless life
 Prompt us t' endure a holy strife ;
 Still may we press with ardor on,
 Till-in thy strength the prize be won.

6 Ellenthorpe, Duke Street, Orland.

HYMN 54. C. M.

- 1 O God, by whose paternal hand
 Thy people all are fed ;
 Whō, thrōugh this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led :
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace :
 Gōd ūr fathers, be the God
 Of our succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

s Protect us, Lord, in every scene,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

3 Barby.

HYMN 55. H. M.

a 1 O, happy souls, that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O, happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise him still,
 And happy they,
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

2 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat,
 When God, our king,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

1 Swithin.

HYMN 56. c. m.

- 1 ON humble souls, eternal God,
 With rays of mercy shine :
 O, let thy favor crown our days,
 And their whole course be thine.
- 2 With thee let every week begin ;
 With thee each day be spent ;
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 3 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
 Till all our labors cease ;
 And thus prepare our weary souls
 For everlasting peace.

1 Blandford.

HYMN 57. c. m.

a 1 RICH are the blessings we enjoy,
 God of the heavenly host ;
 Praises unceasing should employ
 All the best powers we boast.

m 2 Early instructed by thy word,
 Early thy name we knew ;
 Called to the service of the Lord,
 Known and enjoyed by few.

3 O, may we profit by thy grace,
 Daily our gifts improve ;
 Never grow weary in our race,
 Till we shall rest above.

5 Rochester.

HYMN 58. C. M.

Close of the Evening Service.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past ;
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 O may the Lord, who claims our praise,
Our sacred rites attend ;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end.
- 3 And, as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve ;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

Dedham.

HYMN 59. L. M. A.

- a 1 THE church is a school of wisdom divine,
Where lessons of truth and virtue are given ;
Where every thing awful and winning combine,
To solace our spirits, and fit them for heaven.
- 2 The Lord is our guide, our teacher, and friend ;
His precepts are all benignant and pure ;
Divine attestations each doctrine attend,
His promise is ever infallibly sure.
- 3 Disciples of Christ should daily improve
In all that is good, and noble, and wise,
Who soon must be summoned from earth to
remove,
And join the communion of saints in the skies.

Lyons, St Michael's.

HYMN 60. L. M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Proclaim the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest
From north to south, from east to west ;
Above the heavens his power is known ;
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God ? So great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky,
And yet with cōndēscending grace
Regards the sons of mortal race.
- 4 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Proclaim the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Truro, Dunstan.

HYMN 61. S. M. A.

- 1 THEE, Father in heaven, we adore ;
Our spirits rejoice in thy reign.
To thée bē áscriptions of glory and power,
For ever and ever. Amen.
- 2 Thy wondrous salvation be sung
In regions remote and unknown ;
Let praises unceasing from many a tongue
Ascend and encircle thy throne.
- 3 Thee, Father in heaven, we adore ;
Let all men exult in thy reign ;
To thée bē áscriptions of glory and power,
For ever and ever. Amen.

Sutton.

HYMN 62. 7s.

Sabbath evening.

- 1 SACRED day, for ever blessed !
Day of all our days the best !
Welcome hours of praise and prayer,
Free from toil, fatigue, and care.
- 2 Happy, happy, happy, Lord,
Those, who read or hear thy word !
Happy those, who dwell with thee,
Who thy grace and glory see !
- 3 We once more have heard thy voice ;
Lord, in thee our souls rejoice ;
Borne by faith to worlds on high,
Called to reign above the sky.
- 4 Though this day of rest we close,
Still on thee our hearts repose ;
Guide and guard us all our days ;
O, may all our lives be praise.

Eddyfield, Savannah.

HYMN 63. C. M.

- a 1 WITH pleasing wonder, Lord, we view
Thy rich unbounded grace ;
Much is bestowed, and much reserved
For those, who seek thy face.
- 2 Thy mercy hides their numerous sins,
And forms them for the sky ;
Crown's their short lives with present joys,
And lifts their hopes on high.
- 3 For them rich treasures, yet unknown,
Are stored in worlds to come.
Peaceful and pleasant is their way,
And happy, Lord, their home.

4 Since time's too short, O gracious God,
 To utter all thy praise,
 Loud to the honor of thy name,
 Eternal hymns we'll raise.

3 Blandford.

HYMN 64. H. M.

- 1 To heaven we lift our eyes,
 From God is all our aid ;
 The God, who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made.
 Eternal power,
 To thee we fly,
 Whose grace is nigh
 In every hour.
- 2 Our feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, our guard and guide,
 Attends our humble prayers.
 Thy watchful eyes,
 Which never sleep,
 Thy children keep,
 When dangers rise.
- 3 Hast thou not given thy word,
 To save our souls from death ?
 And we can trust thee, Lord,
 To keep our mortal breath.
 We'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till thou on high
 Shalt call us home.

Swithin, Bethesda.

HYMN 65. L. M.

- c 1 THESE outward forms of praise and prayer
 The love and grace of God declare ;
 While every instituted rite
 Matures the soul for realms of light.
- 2 His mercy every house attends,
 Whence pure devotion's flame ascends,
 And ever lends a gracious ear,
 Where churches pray with hearts sincere.
- a 3 To men of pure and pious hearts,
 All real good their God imparts ;
 With grace he crowns them here below,
 And endless glory will bestow.
- 4 His blessing yields a large increase
 Of wisdom, joy, and sacred peace ;
 While ripening holiness and love,
 Prepare our souls for joys above.

1 Clinton, Portugal.

HYMN 66. C. M.

Absence from public worship lamented.

- c 1 WITHIN thy temple once, O God,
 How sweetly passed my days ;
 Prayer my divine employment then,
 And all my pleasure, praise.
- t 2 But now I'm lost to every joy,
 Because detained from thee ;
 Those golden moments ne'er return,
 Or ne'er return to me.
- 3 Yet, O my soul, why thus depressed ?
 And whence the falling tear ?
- c The God of Zion still is nigh,
 The humble prayer to hear.

Windsor.

HYMM 67. C. M.

- A** 1 ALL nature sings aloud of thee,
 Great Source of life and light ;
 The earth and skies, in concert joined,
 Th' enraptured ear invite.
- 2 The brilliant orbs of heaven proclaim
 Thy boundless power and skill ;
 While night and day, in endless rounds,
 Thy grand designs fulfil.
- S** 3 The mighty winds and thunders, Lord,
 Thy dreadful praise resound,
 When storms convulse the watery deep,
 And ruins strew the ground.
- s** 4 In softer notes the genial shower
 And smiling calm declare
 The love and grace of Him, who deigns
 To make the earth his care.
- c** 5 The sportive flock, the stately herd,
 Their different voices raise ;
 And birds, that wing the fragrant air,
 Unite to chant his praise.
- a** 6 Ye sons of men, your powers exert,
 T' improve their humble songs :
A To God, the source of all our joys,
 Our highest praise belongs.

1 Swanwick.

HYMN 68. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
 To God the song of triumph raise ;
 g Adorned with majesty divine,
 What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !

G 2 Light forms thy robe ; and round thy head
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;
Around thee, ranged in awful state,
Dark silent storms attentive wait.

3 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
c And showers descend on furrowed lands ;
They water every hill and plain,
And life in various forms sustain.

G 4 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all controlling sway ;
But while thy terrors round us stand,
c We see a Father's bounteous hand.

1 Old Hundred.

HYMN 69. L. M.

- a** 1 BEHOLD the sun, serenely bright,
O'er nature's wide extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 2 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around.
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
With songs of joy and peace resound.
- 3 By cooling streams and softening showers,
The vegetable race are fed ;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's constant bounty spread.
- 4 Ye curious minds, that roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the agency of God ;
His wondrous power and love adore.

Aldridge, Timsbury.

HYMN 70. c. m.

- a* 1 ETERNAL WISDOM ! thee we praise ;
 Thee all thy creatures sing :
 Lord, with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high arches ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky,
 Our wondering eyes behold ;
 Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 There dost thou make the globes of light
 Their endless circles run ;
 There the pale planets rule the night,
 And day obeys the sun.
- g* 4 The rolling mountains of the deep
 Observe thy strong command ;
 Oceans and seas their limits keep,
 Nor dare invade the land.
- 5 Unbounded power and equal skill
 Pervade the worlds abroad ;
- A* All our best thoughts with rapture fill,
 And speak the builder, God.

3 Barby.

* HYMN 71. L. M.

- 1 GOD of the rolling orbs above,
 Thy name is written clearly bright
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
 Or evening's golden shower of light.
 For every fire that fronts the sun,
 And every spark that walks alone
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

2 God of the world, the hour must come,
 And nature's self to dust return ;
 Her crumbling altars must decay ;
 Her incense fires shall cease to burn :
 But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
 For hearts grow holier, as they trace
 The beauty of the world below.

HYMN 72. C. M.

- a 1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good !
 To thee our songs we raise ;
 Thy various works on every side
 Invite our souls to praise.
- 2 (At morning, noon, and evening mild,
 Fresh wonders strike our view ;
 And while we gaze, our hearts exult
 With transports ever new.)
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star,
 Which gilds the gloom of night ;
 And decks the smiling face of morn
 With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
 With countless beauties shine ;
- s The silent grove, the deepening shade
 Proclaim thy power divine.
- a 5 Lord, while in all thy wondrous works,
 Thy varied love we see,
 May every contemplation lead
 Our grateful hearts to thee.

1 St Johns,

HYMN 73. C. M.

- a 1 **GREAT** First of beings, mighty Lord,
 We praise thy glorious name ;
 Produced by thy creating word,
 Arose this wondrous frame.
- 2 By thee, through fields of azure, roll
 Unnumbered worlds above ;
 Thy mighty hand sustains the whole ;
 Each creature shares thy love.
- 3 By thee the earth its product yields,
 And countless myriads live ;
 And trees and plants that grace the fields,
 Their richest treasures give.
- 4 To thee, all-gracious Power, we bow,
 And wōuld ourselves resign ;
 Accept the praise, accept the vow,
 And make us wholly thine.

1 Clarendon, Christmas.

HYMN 74. L. M. A.

- g 1 How rich are the wonders all regions display !
 What beauty and grandeur embellish the skies !
 Let reason contemplate these wonders, and say,
 Who gave them existence? or whence did they rise?
- 2 Thou sun, the bright regent and fountain of day,
 Whence all thine effulgence, so constant and free ?
 Who kindled thy splendors? who launches each ray
 That gilds, or enlivens the earth, or the sea ?
- G 3 Ye planets so ponderous, revolving on high,
 In orbits stupendous and ever the same,
 Who governs your courses, while swifter ye fly,
 Than whirlwinds, or lightning's ethereal flame ?

- 4 The vast constellations, a numberless train,
 Diffused through all regions, where thought ever
 roved !
 What energy formed them? what power can sustain?
 Are all self-existent, self-poised, and self-moved?
- m* 5 Is nature then peopled with millions of gods ?
g No ; these are all creatures of one great supreme;
 Whom reason in holy amazement applauds,
 While nature, enraptured, pays homage to Him.
 Castle Street.

HYMN 75. C. P. M.

- a* 1 O God, the heaven's well ordered frame
 Declares thy great and glorious name,
 And there thy wonders shine ;
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The awful shade and cheerful light
 Their constant lectures read.
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 Nor sound nor language need.
- 3 To every land they teach thy name,
 From age to age thy praise proclaim ;
 Let all attend their voice ;
 And, while thy glories shine abroad,
 Let men adore their Maker, God ;
 In thy blessed power rejoice.

Columbia, Clyde.

HYMN 76. L. M. A.

- a* 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name;
 His mercies record, his bounties proclaim ;
 To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.
- 2 Though hid from our sight, God sits on his throne,
 Yet here by his works their author is known ;
 The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
 And heaven views its image reflected below.
- g* 3 Those agents of power, fire, water, and sky,
 Attest the dread might of God the Most High ;
 Who rides on the whirlwind, while clouds veil his
 form,
- c* Who smiles in the sunbeam, or frowns in the
 storm.
- a* 4 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
 God governs the earth, with gracious design :
 O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
 Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.
- 5 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
- t* Who falling through sin, by grace is renewed ;
- a* To God his Creator, let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

Lyon's, St Clement's.

*HYMN 77. L. M.

The voice of God in his works.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars, which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What, though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
- 6 In reasons ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Chant

HYMN 78. L. M.

- c 1 THEE, Lord, we praise, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are mere reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beams, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almōst think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so rādiānt, Lord, are thine.

3 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes,
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

Eaton, Morning Hymn.

HYMN 79. C. M.

g 1 How shall we praise the eternal God,
 That infinite unknown ?
 Who can ascend his high abode,
 Or venture near his throne ?

s 2 He in his awful glory dwells,
 Concealed in dazzling light ;
 While his all-searching eye reveals
 The darkest scenes of night.

3 Speak we of strength ? his arm is strong,
 Whom deeds of might employ ;

g Infinite years his life prolong,
 A life of endless joy.

s 4 Justice and judgment he maintains
 In all his dread decrees.

g Firm as a rock his truth remains,
 To guard his promises.

t 5 Now to my soul, immortal King,
 Speak some forgiving word ;

A Then 't will be double joy to sing
 Thy solemn praises, Lord.

HYMN 80. L. M.

- a* 1 INFINITE God, thy glorious name
 Let earth and heaven with joy proclaim ;
 Angels and men, Join in the strain,
 Chanting aloud the rapturous theme.
- g* 2 God over all, thy sovereign sway
 The sun, and moon, and stars obey.
 Strong is thy hand ; Sure thy command ;
 Millions of worlds thy power display.
- 3 Wisdom belongs to thee alone,
 To whom our every thought is known.
- m* Holy and just, Thou art our trust ;
a Mercy for ever gilds thy throne.
- 4 Infinite God, thy gracious name
 Let earth and heaven with joy proclaim ;
 Angels and men, Join in the strain,
 Chanting aloud the rapturous theme.

7 Blendon.

HYMN 81. C. M.

- a* 1 THE glories, Lord, thy works proclaim,
 Our pious wonder raise ;
 Thy word still more reveals thy name,
 And more exalts thy praise.
- 2 The numerous worlds thy hands have made,
 Thy power almighty teach ;
 The plans thy forming wisdom laid,
 Through endless ages reach.
- 3 Thy righteousness maintains its throne,
 Though mountains sink to dust ;
 Thy judgments, though a deep unknown,
 Are always wise and just.

- 4 Thy mercies far beyond the round
 Of earth and heaven extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
 Where time and nature end.
- 5 May love divine our souls excite,
 To keep thy holy ways ;
- A* And all our noblest powers unite,
 To celebrate thy praise.

1 Christmas, Howards.

HYMN 82. C. M.

- g* 1 **T**HY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.
- a* 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its unexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power.
- 3 How just and true are all thy ways !
 Thy goodness how divine !
In all thy works immortal rays
 Of power and mercy shine.
- 4 Thy praise, O God, delightful theme,
 Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
- g* Let all creation bless thy name
 In one eternal song.

1 St Ann's.

HYMN 83. L. M.

- a* 1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays,
 Attempt the great Creator's praise :
- g* But who an équål song can frame ?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme ?

- G* 2 He sits enthroned amid the spheres,
 And robes of light and glory wears ;
 While boundless wîsdôm, power, and grace,
 Command our awe, invite our praise.
- 3 'T is he, who bids the tempest rise,
 And rolls the thunder through the skies ;
 His voice the élémens obey ;
 O'er worlds unknown extends his sway.
- a* 4 In every work and way divine,
 Omnipotence and wisdom shine ;
 And goodness fixës still the end,
 To which they all unvarying tend.
- 5 His power we trace on every side ;
 May heavenly wisdom be our guide ;
 And while we live, and when we die,
 May his almighty love be nigh.

1 Proctor, Brentford.

HYMN 84. c. m.

- G* 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
 What feeble dust are we !
 Let all thy noblest creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
 To thee there 's nothing old appears.
 Great God, there 's nothing new.
- t* 3 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares ;
- g* While thine eternal thoughts move on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

G 4 Great, God how infinite art thou !

t What feeble dust are we !

m Let men and angels humbly bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

1 Nottingham, St Ann's.

HYMN 85. c. m.

A 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise the eternal God.

G 2 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity 's his dwelling place,
And ever is his time.

m 3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
And years are quickly passed,

G He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

s 4 Sun, moon, and stars shall fade away,
And darkness veil the skies ;

G But God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

Kendall.

HYMN 86. s. m.

t 1 THE earth may perish, Lord,
The mountains be dissolved ;
The sun and moon their lustre lose,
In death's dark shades involved :

G 2 But thou shalt still endure,
From age to age the same ;
Immensity thy dwelling place,
And Life thy glorious name.

3 Thy power can ne'er decay ;
 Thy wisdom never fail ;
 Thy mighty arm shall triumph still,
 Whatever foes assail.

t 4 In all our changes, Lord,
 In thee we still would trust ;
 Let mercy guard us, while we live,
 And keep our slumbering dust.

1 Shirland, St Thomas'.

HYMN 87. C. M.

1 Thou didst, O mighty God, exist,
 Ere time began its race ;
 Before the ample elements
 Filled up the void of space.

4 Before the bright, harmonious spheres
 Their constant round begun ;
 Before the shining roads of heaven
 Were measured by the sun ; }

5 Ere men adored, or angels knew,
 Or praised thy glorious name,
 Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life,
 Thy glory was the same. }

6 And when the sun shall cease to shine,
 And earth and heaven shall quake,
 When all the starry orbs on high
 Their ancient course forsake ; }

7 Forever permanent and fixed,
 From agitation free,
 Unchanged in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be. }

St Ann's

HYMN 88. L. M.

- s 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- G 3 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent ! What lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
In this unbounded theme is lost.
- s 4 May thoughts, like these, possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

1 Old Hundred.

HYMN 89. C. M.

- s 1 God is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our eyes,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear :
The formal hypocrites are known,
Whate'er disguise they wear.
- 4 Search us, O God, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere ;
That we may stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

1 Dedham, Nazareth, B.

HYMN 90. C. M.

s 1 OMNISCIENT God, thy searching eye
 Can pierce the shades of night ;
 All our most secret actions lie
 Unveiled before thy sight.

S 2 There 's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor thoughtless word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
 Against the judgment day.

3 Before thy throne, O God, we lie,
 And still for mercy look ;

i O from our follies turn thine eye,
 And blot them from thy book.

3 Barby, Newton.

HYMN 91. L. M.

S 1 THY boundless presence, heavenly King,
 Thy dread omniscience, Lord, we sing.
 Vouchsafe to hear our humble lays,
 And tune the trembling voice to praise.

2 In every scene thy works appear ;
 To every creature thou art near.
 While earth proclaims a present God,
 The highest heavens are thine abode.

3 Although from mortal view concealed,
 To thee our ways are all revealed ;
 Thine eye can pierce the shades of night,
 And bring the dark intent to light.

4 Omniscient Judge of quick and dead,
 May thoughts like these awake our dread.
 From every sin preserve us free,
 And give us peace and hope in thee.

c 1 Portugal, Monmouth.

HYMN 92. L. M.

- 1 Now to the Lord, our God, we raise
 Anthems of glory, shouts of praise ;
 Wisdom, and truth, and power unknown,
 With beams of light invest his throne.
- 2 Wisdom arrayed the worlds on high,
 Balanced the planets, spread the sky ;
 Taught them to move in endless rounds,
 And gave revolving years their bounds.
- 3 Wisdom designed my living frame,
 Moulded and fashioned all I am ;
 Made me to see, and hear, and move,
 And speak, and think, and fear, and love.
- t* 4 Prone as we are to go astray,
c Wisdom unerring guides our way ;
a Points to a world of endless joys,
 And still the hand and soul employs.
- 5 Lord, thou art God, the only wise ;
 O, may thy wonders charm our eyes :
 Help us to learn and do thy will,
 Secure in thee from every ill.

5 Psalm 97.

HYMN 93. S. M.

- a* 1 SOURCE of all life and light,
 To thee our praise we pay.
 Our souls admire thy glory, Lord,
 Which heaven and earth display.

g 2 Thou art the King of kings,
Of lords the sovereign Lord.
The sons of light, in choral songs,
Thy wondrous deeds record.

3 All thy perfections, Lord,
Conspire to make thee blessed ;
Complete within thyself alone,
Of every joy possessed.

a 4 O, may our souls expand,
With sympathetic joy ;
The thought of thine unbounded bliss,
Our happiest hours employ.

2 Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 94. C. M. A.

a 1 ALMIGHTY Creator, we honor thy name,
A name at once awful and dear.
While angels exulting thy wonders proclaim,
s They mingle their raptures with fear.

2 With awful emotion thy grandeur we trace
In storms, with dark thunders arrayed.

s Thou hushest their raging commotions to peace,
g By lightnings and whirlwinds obeyed.

t 3 Ensure us, kind Father, thy guardian care,
And soothe the alarms of our breast.

O suffer us never to sink in despair,
With guilty foreboding oppressed.

c 4 With cordial submission to all thy commands,
We'll rise above every dismay :
Committing our spirits in faith to thy hands,
We'll banish all terrors away.

Wareham.

HYMN 95. L. M. A.

- a* 1 Give glory to God in the highest ; give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord.
All wise are his councils, all perfect his ways,
In - thē beauty of holiness worship the Lord.
- 2 At - thē voice of the Lord the cedars are bowed,
And tōwers frōm their bāse intō ruin are hurled,
The voice of the Lord frōm thē dark-bosomed
cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.
- 3 The voice of the Lord thrōugh thē calm of the
wood
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves.
The Lord sitteth king on the turbulent flood ;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.
- 4 The Lord is the strength of his people ; the Lord
Gives health to his people, and peace evermore.
Then thrōng tō his temple, his glory record,
- s* But, O, when he speaketh, in silence adore.

Castle Street, All Saints.

HYMN 96. L. M.

- a* 1 Great is the Lord, his name adore,
Angels and sp̄rits round his throne.
Wide he extends his sovereign power,
And claims our praise, as God alone.
- G* 2 Mountains and rocks dissolve with fear,
Rivers and oceāns stand with awe,
While the dread voice of God they hear,
Who gives to hills and floods their law.
- c* 3 O may we fear and love thee too,
Cheerful submission ever pay ;
- a* All thy commands with zeal pursue,
And find delight in wisdom's way.

Psalm 97.

HYMN 97. C. M.

s 1 THE eternal God in thunder speaks,
And rends the vaulted sky.

Lightnings amid the awful gloom
Declare Jehovah nigh.

2 The howling winds, the beating rain,
The seas' tumultuous roar,
These in tremendous concert joined,
Proclaim his boundless power.

c 3 Yet, Lord, in thine almighty arm
Secure thy servants trust ;
While in the fearful storms of life
Thy love protects the just.

3 Newton, Barby.

HYMN 98. H. M.

g 1 THE great Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty.

His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 Can this almighty King
Of glory descend ?
And will he write his name
Our Father, God, and Friend ?

a We love his name ; we love his word ;
Join all our powers, and praise the Lord.

1 Swithin, Portsmouth.

HYMN 99. C. M.

- 1** CELESTIAL King, our spirits lie
 O'erawed beneath thy feet ;
 And wish, and cast a longing eye,
 To reach thy lofty seat.
- g 2** In thee what endless wonders meet !
 What various glories shine !
 The dazzling rays too fiercely beat
 On our bewildered mind.
- 3** Angelic choirs with rapture vie,
 Thy praise, O God, to sound ;
 And powers, dominions, thrones on high,
 Adore with awe profound.
- t 4** Let mortal powers, in view of thee,
 With deep prostration fall ;
 So much akin to nothing we,
 And thou the eternal All !
- c 5** But while with all the heart and soul,
 Thy glories we adore,
 This thought shall every fear control,
 That God requires no more.

1 Medfield, Mathers.

HYMN 100. L. M.

- G 1** MYSTERIOUS Power, thy glorious name
 Transcends the loftiest song we frame.
 In vain our narrow minds pretend
 The First and Last to comprehend.

- 2 Without beginning, always God !
 Unnumbered worlds thy grand abode !
 A God allknowing, little known
 By men, or angels round thy throne.
- 3 Creative power ! unbounded bliss !
 Thy nature all a bright abyss !
 Beyond all change thy wondrous ways !
 What tongue can utter all thy praise ?
- c 4 Yet, Lord, we know thy truth and love,
 And hope to dwell with thee above ;
 And there in humble rapture sing
 Eternal thanks to God, our King.
- Old Hundred.

HYMN 101. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, in vain our narrow view
 Attempts to look thy nature through.
 Our laboring powers with reverence own,
 Thy glories never cān be known.
- g 2 In vain the sērāph's mighty thought,
 Who countless years his God has sought,
 Such wondrous height or depth would find,
 Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- s 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
 Enough for mōrtāl man to know ;
- a While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
 Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- A 4 May every soul with rapture trace
 Thy wondrous works of power and grace ;
 Explore thy sacred name, and still
 Press on to know and do thy will.

Nantwich, Proctor.

HYMN 102. L. M.

g 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the great and glorious God,
Extending far beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve inferior rounds ; }

m 2 All lands have heard thy distant fame,
And men have learned to lisp thy name ;
g But still thy glories, Parent Mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind. }

m 3 The Lord 's in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our hymns, our words be few.
A sacred r̄everēnce checks our songs,
And silent praise becomes our tongues.

1 Effingham, Pilesgrove.

HYMN 103. c. M.

g 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain.
The universal Lord ;

t Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

c 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
In all the earth, through all the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

a 3 His power and love extend abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
And those who humbly seek their God,
Are ever near his throne.

1 Christmas, Nottingham.

HYMN 104. L. M.

- t** 1 THY favors, Lord, surprise our souls ;
 Will God, our Maker, dwell with us ?
 What canst thou find beneath the poles,
 To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
- G** 2 From heaven supreme, his glorious throne,
 Where angels tune their sweetest songs,
 God in his love and grace comes down,
 And bows to hear our feeble tongues.
- t** 3 Great God, what poor returns we pay
 For love so rich and great, as thine !
t Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
a But thy compassion's all divine.

3 Luton.

HYMN 105. L. M.

- a** 1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
g And views the circling worlds afar,
a Let everlasting praises rise,
 And tell how large his bounties are.
- g** 2 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
 And bow to see what angels do,
m On men below he casts his eyes,
 And bends his footsteps downward too.
- 3 He will direct all mortal things,
 And over-rule our mean affairs ;
 On humble souls the King of kings
 Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- A** 4 O could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to thy grace,
 Above the heavens our songs should rise,
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.

2 Truro, Marietta.

HYMN 106. L. M.

- 1 **LORD**, thou art just in all thy ways ;
 Thy truth demands a hymn of praise.
t Though man, frail man, oppose thy will,
c The sons of light obey thee still.
- 2 All things to thee their being owe,
 Thy hands our various powers bestow ;
 And all by pērfect right are thine ;
 'T is thine to rule with power divine.
- 3 Holy are all thy precepts, **Lord**,
 While grace provides a large reward
 For all who walk in virtue's ways,
 And live, as well as speak thy praise.

Medfield, Dunstan.

HYMN 107. C. M.

- 1 How wondrous, **Lord**, are all thy works
 Of power, and love, and grace !
 Thou King of saints, almighty **Lord**,
 How just and true thy ways !
- 2 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
S Or bow before thy throne ?
 Thy judgments speak thy holiness
 Through all the nations known.

Kendall, Mear.

HYMN 108. L. M.

The faithfulness of God.

- c* 1 **THOU**, who hast formed our feeble dust,
 Faithful Creātōr, thee we 'll trust.
 Still, as thy work, we hope to share
 Thy kind regard and tender care.

- 2 Homage to thee, O God, we bring,
Faithful Protēctōr, guardian King.
While we obey thy sovereign will,
Our hearts shall fear no threatening ill.
- 3 Firmly on thee our hope relies,
Father most fāithfūl, good, and wise.
O, may we show a filial mind,
To every deed of love inclined.
- a* 4 Angels and men thy truth record ;
Firm is thy prōmise, sure thy word.
Safely on thee, O God, we rest,
Of peace and heavenly joy possessed.

5 Psalm 97.

HYMN 109. H. M.

- a* 1 THE promises we sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke.
- g* They stand secure
And steadfast still ;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.
- 2 Their harmony shall sound
Through our attentive ears,
- S* When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres.
'Mid all the shock
Of that dread scene,
- S* We stand serene,
m Thy word our rock.

Bethesda, Shaftesbury.

HYMN 110. C. M.

- c* 1 How blessed are all thy servants, Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
g Their help omnipotence.
- c* 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 By thy protecting care,
 They pass unhurt through burning climes,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
 Makes every region please.
 The hoary frozen hills it warms,
 And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord,
 Thy mercy sets us free ;
 While we, in humble, fervent prayer,
 Repose our hope in thee.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;
 Still render thanks for mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And O, may death, when death shall come,
 Unite our souls to thee.

1 Dundee, London, H.

HYMN 111. C. M.

- a* 1 JEHOVAH God, thy gracious power
 On every hand we see ;
 O, then, may every favored hour
 Direct our thoughts to thee.

- 2 Thy power pervades the watery deeps,
And overspreads the skies.
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps ;
Thy goodness never dies.
- 3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Unceasing flow from thee.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend,
In every age, in every clime,
Our kind and constant Friend.

St James, Clarendon.

HYMN 112. L. M.

- c 1 God of all grace, accept our praise .
Thy power sustains, thy goodness cheers ;
Unvarying mercy guides our ways,
And love in every scene appears.
- 2 Ready thy powerful aid to lend
In every need, in each distress,
t Thou art the mourning widow's friend ;
Thine arm protects the fatherless.
- c 3 Those who in foreign exile roam,
Partake of thy protection too ;
a And ransomed captives, hastening home,
The joys of freedom there renew.
- c 4 Always thy favor let us share,
And thankfully its aids improve ;
On earth enjoy thy tender care,
In heaven thine everlasting love.

2 Dunstan.

HYMN 113. C. M.

- c* 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- t* 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed,
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou givest the mourner rest.
- c* 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
 And guides our giddy youth.
 How just and kind are all his ways !
 His every word is truth.
- t* 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry.
- c* To succor those who do his will,
 His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His love and kindness ne'er remove
 From men of hearts sincere.
 He saves the souls, whose humble love
 Is joined with holy fear.

St Johns.

HYMN 114. C. P. M.

- a* 1 O God, thy boundless love we praise ;
 How bright on high its glories blaze !
 How sweetly bloom below !
 It streams from thine eternal throne ;
 Through heaven its joys forever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil.
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 But in thy word we see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven.
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 4 Then let the love that makes us blessed,
With cheerful praise inspire our breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all our thoughts and passions tend
To thee, our Father, God, and Friend,
Our souls' eternal good.

Rapture, Kew.

HYMN 115. L. M.

- a* 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name forever bless ;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- t* 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life relieves,
a By him with grace and mercy crowned.
- f* 3 As high as heaven its arch extends
p Above this little spot of clay,
f So much his boundless love transcends
The best obedience we can pay.

St James, Nottingham.

HYMN 116. c. m.

- a* 1 Thy goodness, Lord, a joyful theme,
Demands our grateful songs.
Let love divine our hearts inspire,
And harmonize our tongues.
- c* 2 Thy goodness smiles in every dawn,
And gilds the evening sky.
In every scene of joy and grief
The God of grace is nigh.
- 3 Ten thousand eyes are fixed on thee,
Nor hope nor wish in vain.
Ten thousand tribes of happy things
Thy bounteous hands sustain.
- 4 But chiefly man, ungrateful man,
Thy tender mercy shares :
His daily wants thy love supplies,
And lightens all his cares.
- i* 5 O grant us, Lord, a heart to feel,
How good and kind thou art ;
And still our woes and wants relieve,
And every grace impart.

Eustis, Swanwick.

HYMN 117. c. m.

- A* 1 **LORD**, thou art good : all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind.
Thy bounty through creation flows
Full, free, and unconfin'd.
- 2 Whate'er our eyes behold proclaims
Thine infinite good will ;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

- 3 It fills the wide extended main,
 And heaven, which spreads more wide ;
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Thy love has been diffused abroad
 Through years and ages past ;
 And still that love, most gracious God,
 To endless years shall last.
- 5 High admiration let it raise,
 And strong affection move ;
 Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
 And fill our hearts with love.

1 Christmas, Clarendon.

HYMN 118. C. M.

- a* 1 THY wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear ;
 But most thy praise should man record,
 Man, thy distinguished care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew,
 That breath thy power maintains.
- t* Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Yet nobler gifts demand his praise,
 Of reason's light possessed ;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blessed.

Christmas, Winter.

HYMN 119. L. M.

Divine forbearance.

- t* 1 DIVINE forbearance claims our song ;
 Almighty God, assist our tongue,
 While mingled tones of grief and joy
 Our tenderest, noblest powers employ.
- c* 2 Our dawning life thy mercy cheers,
 And shines through all our growing years ;
t And though we oft oppose thy will,
c That mercy spares and guards us still.
- 3 The path of life thy word reveals ;
 Thy grace the contrite spirit heals ;
t But ah, how few thy truth embrace !
 How many slight thy pardoning grace !
- 4 And yet thy tender patience waits,
 And oft thy word of grace repeats ;
i With kind remonstrance urgent still,
 To captivate the wayward will.
- 5 May grace like this our minds affect,
 And overcome our cold neglect ;
 Our feet from sinful paths reclaim,
c And tune our lips to sing thy name.

1 Monmouth, Medway.

HYMN 120. S. M.

The blessedness of God.

- a* 1 SOURCE of all life and light,
 To thee our praise we pay.
 Our souls admire thy glory, Lord,
 Which heaven and earth display.

- g* 2 Thou art the King of kings,
Of lords the sovereign Lord ;
The sons of light, in choral songs,
Thy royal deeds record.
- 3 All thy perfections, Lord,
Conspire to make thee blessed ;
Complete within thyself alone,
Of every joy possessed.
- a* 4 O may our souls expand
With sympathetic joy ;
The grateful theme of bliss divine
Our happiest thoughts employ.

2 Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 121. L. M.

The universal providence of God.

- 1 THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim.
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, on whom his bounteous hand
Bestows the fruits of every land.
- 3 Nor yet to human kind alone
Is his paternal goodness shown :
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.
- 4 Not even a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death.
He hears the råvëns when they call,
The Father, God, and Friend of all.

Clinton, Brentford.

HYMN 122. L. M.

- a* 1 To thee, my heart, eternal King,
Would now its thankful tribute bring ;
To thee its h̄umblē homage raise
In songs of ardent, tuneful praise.
- 2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, in worlds above ;
But still in h̄oly writ I trace
Thy brighter glories, richer grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths are given !
There Jēsūs shows the way to heaven.
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- s* 4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the laboring conscience peace ;
A Exalts our grātefūl feelings high,
And points to joys above the sky.
- 5 For love like this, may every tongue
In jōyfūl notes, thy praise prolong ;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till earth and time shall be no more.

1 Clinton, Aldridge.

HYMN 123. C. P. M.

- a* 1 GREAT Source of good, thy works of might
Mine eyes survey with pure delight ;
Thy name is all divine.
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.

- 2 Immensely high thy glories rise,
 They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
 And sacred pleasures yield ;
 A scene of bliss without a bound,
 Where perfect peace and joy are found,
 And every want is filled.
- 3 To thee my warm affections move ;
 s With humble awe, and filial love,
 Before thy feet I fall.
- A I pant for nought beneath the skies ;
 To thee my ardent wishes rise,
 O my eternal All.

1 Rapture, Clyde.

HYMN 124. C. M.

- m 1 LORD, may thy counsels guide our feet
 Through this dark wilderness ;
 Thine hand conduct us near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.
- i 2 Were we in heaven, without our God,
 No pleasure would it be ;
 And while this earth is our abode,
 We long for none but thee.
- t 3 Lo, the transgressors, that remove
 From thy protection, die.
 Not all the idol gods they love,
 Can save them when they cry.
- a 4 But to draw near to thee, O God,
 Shall be our sweet employ.
 Our tongues shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world our joy.
- 2 Nazareth. B. Broomsgrove. H.

HYMN 125. C. M.

- 1** O God, our life, our joy, and hope,
 Our everlasting all,
 We 've none but thee in heaven above,
 Nor on this earthly ball.
- 2** To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
 And health, and safe abode ;
 For gifts like these, we render thanks,
 But they are not our God.
- 3** How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
 The fruits of earth, or sea !
 Or what's our safety, health, or friends,
 If once compared with thee ?
- 4** Could we command the spacious world,
 And call the stars our own,
t Without thy grace, without thyself,
 We still were poor ; undone.
- m 5** Though others stretch their arms like seas,
 That grasp in all the shore,
 Let us behold thy blissful face,
 And we desire no more.

1 Howards, London.

HYMN 126. C. M.

- a 1** O God, to thee our souls aspire ;
 Dispel the shades of night.
 Enlarge and fill each pure desire
 With infinite delight.

- 2 Immortal joy thy lips impart ;
 Heaven dawns in every ray.
 One glimpse of thee will cheer the heart,
 And turn our night to day.
- m* 3 Not all the good, which earth bestows,
 Can fill the craving mind.
- t* Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Should boundless wealth increase our store,
 Can wealth our cares beguile ?
 We should be wretched still, and poor,
 c Without thy blissful smile.

1 Covington, St Johns.

HYMN 127. S. M.

- a* 1 On thee, great Source of life,
 Our souls exult to wait ;
 And far from scenes of mirth and strife,
 s Enjoy a peaceful state.
- a* 2 Thy smiles are all our joy ;
t Thy frowns our only fear.
 c Thy comforts, Lord, without alloy,
 Our drooping spirits cheer.
- 3 Thy creatures all are good,
 If used without abuse.
 We render thanks for daily food,
 Nor any gift refuse.
- a* 4 But still on thee alone
 Our final wishes rest :
 Within our hearts erect thy throne,
 And make us truly blessed.

Elysium, Mount Ephraim.

HYMN 128. L. M. A.

- a 1 THE Lord is our Father, our Guardian, and Friend,
 The Author of being, and Fountain of joy.
 His favors each morning, each moment, descend,
 And cordial thanksgiving our tongues shall employ.
- 2 The Lord is our Father ; he graciously dwells
 With those who delight in his worship below.
 His presence all gloomy foreboding dispels,
 And mingles a pleasure with danger and wo.
- 3 The Lord is our Father ; his wisdom directs
 Our footsteps to virtue, and safety, and peace.
 He views with compassion our many defects,
 And fits us for mansions of glory and bliss.
- 4 The Lord is our Father ; to him we 'll devote
 Our warmest affections, our homage, and trust ;
 In pleasure and sorrow his glory promote,
 s Till nature, exhausted, shall slumber in dust.

Winchester, Hinton.

HYMN 129. C. M. A.

- a 1 THE Lord is our Maker, our Sovereign, and King ;
 His praise our best powers shall employ.
 To him as our tribute, our homage we bring ;
 His name is our reverence and joy.
- 2 The Lord is our Father ; his bounty supplies
 The wants of all creatures below ;
 He'll hear our petitions, and never despise
 The accents of sorrow and wo.

- c 3 The Lord is our Saviour ; his mercy extends
To all who redemption embrace.
He kindly receives them, as children and friends,
a And crowns them with glory and grace.
- 4 To God, our Creator, Redeemer, and Lord,
The praise of all nature belongs.
His wonders of goodness our lips shall record,
While angels unite in our songs.

Wareham.

HYMN 130. S. M.

- 1 LORD, thou art God alone,
O'er earth and heaven supreme :
No other God to share thy throne
Can urge a rival claim.
- 2 Thou art the only wise,
The only just and true.
To thee alone through earth and skies
Divine regard is due.
- 3 Father in heaven, we bow
Before thy glorious seat.
In all thy works how great art thou !
In thee what wonders meet !
- 4 Keep us, almighty Lord,
From idol worship free.
Within our breasts thy name record,
Devoted all to thee.
- 5 Publish thy name abroad,
And teach the world thy ways :
May Pagans soon confess our God,
And join to sing thy praise.

2 Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 131. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
His name alone your praise employ.
- 2 Thy power, O God, without our aid,
Gave life to clay, and formed us men.
When in the paths of death we strayed,
Thy word recalled our souls again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
To heaven supreme our voices raise ;
While the glad earth, with countless tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 All worlds shall bow at thy command ;
Eternity display thy love.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Luton.

*HYMN 132. 10s. & 11s. M.

- 1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing ;
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim ;
Let every tongue be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 His goodness never ends ; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes displayed.
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their Father's God.
The deathless soul, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

3 Burst into praise, my soul ; all nature join ;
 Angels and men in harmony combine.
 While human years are measured by the sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness in perpetual showers descending,
 Exalt in songs, with rapture never-ending.

HYMN 133. S. M.

- a* 1 LET every creature join,
 To praise the eternal God.
 Ye heavenly hosts the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
 And moon, with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Display your Maker's praise.
- 3 Ye vapors, when you rise,
 Or fall in showers or snow,
g Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.
- 4 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.
- a* 5 By all his works above
 His honors be expressed ;
 But saints, that taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

1 Peckham. Beveridge.

HYMN 134. L. M.

- 1 Thee, mighty God, our wondering souls,
Thee, all our conscious powers adore ;
Whose high command the world controls,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 2 Thine essence fills this breathing frame ;
It glows in every vital part ;
Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
And feeds with life the beating heart.
- 3 To thee, from whom our being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven we know,
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee our grateful strains shall flow.

1 Nantwich, Proctor.

HYMN 135. H. M.

- A* 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.
- 2 The shining worlds on high
In glorious order stand ;
Or traverse round the sky,
By his supreme command.
g He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

3 He moved their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils,
 While time and nature last.

a In different ways,
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous name,
 And speak his praise.

g 4 Ye vapors, hail and snow,
 Praise ye the Almighty Lord ;
 And stormy winds that blow,
 To execute his word.

When lightnings shine,
 Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore
 His hand divine.

1 Portsmouth, B. Bethesda.

HYMN 136. L. M.

1 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
 And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

2 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns.
 That band remotest nations joins,
 And o'er each wave his goodness shines.

3 Yet there's a brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns unbounded love ;
 Where God his gracious power reveals,
 And all the scene with rapture fills.

4 Thither, O Lord, our spirits soar ;
 In faith, and hope, and joy adore.
 The theme demands an angel's lay,
 Demands an everlasting day.

2 All Saints, Green's Hundredth.

HYMN 137. C. M.

- a* 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Thy glory, Lord, alone ;
 It gives a light to every age ;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The Eternal Fountain still supplies
 The gracious light and heat.
 The truths on distant nations rise ;
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let endless thanks, O God, be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 With steadfast zeal may we pursue
 The paths of truth and love ;
 Till glory break upon our view
 In brighter worlds above.

1 Christmas, St James, Saco.

HYMN 138. S. M.

- a* 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way.
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- A* 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 Irradiates the darkest tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- m* 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

4 Our gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 Permit us not to read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

1 Hudson, Sutton.

HYMN 139. c. m.

a 1 LORD, in thy sure, prophetic word
 What endless glory shines !
 Forever be thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Unfailing treasures find ;
 Surpassing all that earth can grant,
 To enrich the craving mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast.
 Sublimer sweets, than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Fountains of consolation rise,
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

5 O may thy Gospel ever be
 Our study day and night ;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.

2 Ashley, Braintree.

HYMN 140. L. M.

- a 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Has made his heavenly counsel known.
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our mind, to cheer our hearts.
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Anger and pride his power controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls.
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 Near to my heart, and near my eye,
May this blessed volume ever lie ;
To life's last hour my thoughts employ,
And fit my soul for heavenly joy.

2 Dunstan, Marietta.

HYMN 141. S. M.

- 1 How shall we, Lord, secure our hearts,
And guard our lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the long and dreary night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Beaming with everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

2 Braintree, Broomsgrove, H.

HYMN 142. S. M.

- a* 1 LORD, we revere thy word,
Where all thy glory shines.
Daily we trace with wondering eyes
Those bright celestial lines.
- 2 Treasures of heavenly truth
That precious book contains ;
Nor shall the slightest promise fail,
While earth or heaven remains.
- 3 Teach us the value, Lord,
Of grace and truth like thine.
Freely we 'll part with earthly things,
For treasures so divine.

3 Fairfield.

HYMN 143. C. M.

- a* 1 O, how we love thy holy law !
'T is daily our delight ;
And thence our meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 This is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
And he alone is truly wise,
Who makes this pearl his own.
- 3 Here a pure stream of water flows,
To quench our thirst for sin ;
And here the tree of knowledge grows ;
No danger lurks within.
- 4 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

2 Ashley, Nazareth.

HYMN 144. 7s. M.

- t* 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 - Come, and make my paths thy choice :
 I will guide thee safely home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn ;
 Long hast roamed the barren waste ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise : }
 }
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 Who for guilt and folly mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care.
 Who the stings of guilt can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 c Peace that ever shall endure ;
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Savannah. Norwich.

HYMN 145. C. M.

- c* 1 COME, saith the Lord, all ye that mourn,
 With guilt and fear oppressed ;
 Resign to me the willing heart,
 And I will give you rest.

2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me,
 A meek and lowly mind ;
 And thus your weary, troubled souls
 Repose and peace shall find.

3 ‘Gentle and soft are all my bands ;
 The burden, I impose,
 Shall ease the heart, which groaned before,
 Beneath a load of woes.

2 Braintree, Chesterfield.

HYMN 146. L. M.

a 1 HARK ! ’t is a kind, alluring sound :
 ’T is Jesus’ welcome voice we hear :
 In him the God of mercy calls ;
 Let all the tribes of men give ear.

t 2 ‘Come unto me, ye sons of toil ;
 On me your heavy burdens cast.

m Effectual aid my arm shall give,
 Till all your weary days are past.

t 3 ‘Children of sorrow, hither come,
 Who pass the lonely night in tears.

m My watchful eye shall guard you well,
 And solace all your woes and fears.

t 4 ‘Hither, ye sons of want, approach,
 Ye hungry, thirsty, naked poor.

c For you a rich repast is spread,
 And every kind relief is sure.

t 5 ‘Sinners, with contrite spirits, come ;
 Forsake your wandering ways and live.
 Your keen remorse my grace shall soothe,
 My hands immortal blessings give.’

2 Marietta, Medford.

HYMN 147. L. M. A.

- a* 1 A voice from the desert most welcome proclaims,
 The Lord is advancing ; prepare ye the way.
 The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- g* 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering
 to heaven,
- m* And be the low valley exalted on high ;
 The rough and the crooked be level and smooth,
- a* For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illume ;
 The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God.
 The rose and the myrtle their beauties display ;
 The olive of peace spreads her branches abroad.

Hinton. Portuguese Hymn.

HYMN 148. C. M.

- a* 1 BEHOLD the great Messiah comes,
 The Saviour promised long.
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire.
 Power, wisdom, zeal, and fervent love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental sight ;
 And o'er the eye, which never saw,
 To pour celestial light.

t 4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
a And brings immortal treasures down,
 To enrich the humble poor.

5 He comes, to set the prisoners free,
 In cruel bondage held ;
g The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

A 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

Christmas.

HYMN 149. C. M.

A 1 BEHOLD, he comes ; the Saviour comes ;
 The prophet, long desired.
 Let every heart his welcome sing,
 With holy raptures fired.

m 2 He comes t' unlock the prison doors,
 And loose our mental chains ;
 He comes to spread redeeming light,
 Through error's dark domains.

3 He comes, to set our spirits free
 From every earthly charm.

F To break the power of sin, he comes,
 And death and hell disarm.

m 4 He comes, to bring our souls to rest,
 To bring us home to God.

A Let every heart his welcome sing,
 And sound his praise abroad.

HYMN 150. H. M.

a 1 HARK ! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear !
On each soft breeze it floats,
And fills the ravished ear.

Thē tūneful shell,
Thē góldén lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine.
See how from heaven they bend
In choral songs to join.

Fear not, say they ;
Great joy we bring ;
Your Saviour King
Is born today.

3 He comes, from error's night
Your wandering souls to save.
To realms of bliss and light,
He lifts you from the grave.

This glorious morn,
(Let all attend,)
Your matchless Friend,
Your Saviour 's born.

Weymouth.

HYMN 151. C. M.

a 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come,
The long predicted King.
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 Never again let sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground :
 He comes, to make his blessings flow
 To earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Thus doth the Lord display his grace,
 And make the nations prove
 His glorious truth and righteousness,
 His everlasting love.

Braintree.

HYMN 152. S. M.

- c 1 THE shades of ancient night
 t Begin to flee away.
 Behold, a cheering dawn appears,
 The dawn of perfect day.
- 2 'To us a child is born ;
 To us a Son is given.'
 The Prince of life and peace arrives,
 The Ambassador of heaven.
- a 3 To celebrate his birth,
 Angelic choirs combine.
 With joy they tune their golden harps
 To music all divine.
- A 4 Let mortal tongues conspire,
 To echo back the song ;
 In fervent praise to God most high,
 Their grateful strains prolong.
- s 5 The voice of war be hushed,
 And every discord cease.
 Let all the tribes of men unite
 In works of love and peace.

1 Hudson, Elysium.

HYMN 153. C. M.

- c* 1 **A**rrayed in robes of power and grace,
 The son of God appears ;
 He comes, to heal our mortal wo,
 And wipe away our tears.
- 2 He comes, to shed a heavenly light
 O'er nature's darkest gloom.
- g* In him th' Almighty Father speaks,
 And wakes the slumbering tomb.
- 3 **H**e gives the word, and muteness sings ;
 The blind his wonders see.
 The iron bands of sin he breaks,
 And sets the prisoner free.
- 4 The veteran hosts of grim disease
 His mighty power confess ;
 And furious storms, at his rebuke,
 At once are hushed to peace.
- s* 5 Such wondrous signs conspired to prove
 The welcome news he brought.
 Let every heart with joy receive
 The eternal truths he taught.

Swanwick, Covington.

HYMN 154. L. P. M.

- 1 **S**AGES of ancient lettered times,
 In every age, and different climes,
 For wisdom famed among mankind,
 Withdraw your thinly scattered rays ;
 A brighter light the gloom allays,
 Which long involved the human mind.

- 2 Lo, the blessed age, ordained of old,
 By seers succeeding seers foretold,
 Was now with solemn pomp unsealed.
 A light divine, Messiah came,
 In his almighty Father's name,
 And immortality revealed.
- t* 3 Filled with his Father's strength, he taught ;
 The dumb in rapture speak their thought ;
 The lame his healing wonders show ;
 The rayless eyeballs drink the light ;
 Death yields his spoils to Jesus' might,
 And smiles light up the face of wo.
- 4 Lord, in the name of Christ, to thee
 Shall bow in reverence every knee ;
 From every mouth thy praises flow.
 Thy precepts all are mild and just ;
 Thy promise, still, our hope and trust,
 Will pardon, peace, and heaven bestow.

2 Newcourt.

HYMN 155. 7s. M.

- a* 1 SEE the man of grief transformed ;
 See, what glory veils his face ;
 Clothed in majesty divine,
 Armed with power and winning grace.
- g* 2 See the gates of heaven unfold ;
 See the mystic form descend :
 Hear the voice of God proclaim,
 All ye sons of men attend.
- m* 3 'This is my beloved Son,
 Sent to execute my word.
 Hear his sure prophetic voice ;
 Sons of men, confess him Lord.'

HYMN 156. C. M.

- a* 1 SEE from on high a light divine
 On Jesus' head descend ;
 And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
 That bids us all attend.
- 2 'This is my well beloved Son,'
 Proclaimed the voice divine :
 'Hear him,' his heavenly Father said,
 'For all his words are mine.'
- 3 With a commission, thus confirmed,
 The great Messiah came ;
 And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
 In God his Father's name.
- 4 Well he described the path of peace,
 That leads to bliss on high ;
 Where all his faithful followers here
 Shall live, no more to die.
- 5 O, may we then, who own him Lord,
 And his loved name profess,
 By all our words and actions prove,
 That we his mind possess.

2 Ashley, Braintree.

HYMN 157. L. M.

- a* 1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love
 Do Jesus' high commission prove !
 The well beloved of God proclaim,
 And glorify his Father's name !
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,
 He pours the bright celestial ray ;
 And deafened ears, by him unbound,
 Catch all the harmony of sound.

- 3 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers.
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 4 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?
Canst thou behold thy prophet's power,
And not the God he served, adore ?

I Timsbury, Fawcett.

HYMN 158. • L. M.

- t* 1 BENIGHTED on the troubled main,
s While stormy terrors clothe the sky,
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And nought but dark despair is nigh :
- c* 2 When, lo ! a gem of peerless light,
With radiant splendor, shines afar ;
And through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the bright, the morning star.
- 3 No more in peril doth he roam,
For night and danger now are far ;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the bright, the morning star.
- t* 4 And thus, when heavier billows roll,
When waves of sorrow, grief, and sin
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within ; }
c 5 'T is Jesus, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar.
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And shines the bright, the morning star. }

HYMN 159. s. m.

- 1 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness :
But meekness, patience, truth, and love
Compose his princely dress.
- 2 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 3 Blessed Saviour, light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts ;
May we receive its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts.
- a 4 With such a light, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way.
The path which Christ hath marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

1 St Thomas, Hudson.

HYMN 160. c. m.

- a 1 We praise the bounteous Source of good,
That gives the blind their sight ;
And scatters round their wondering eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace
Through all the heavenly road.

- 3 The rugged ground and crooked way
 He renders smooth and straight ;
 And strengthens every feeble knee,
 To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path I sing his praise,
 Till I the mount ascend,
 Where toils and storms are known no more,
 And anthems never end.

1 Winter, Christmas.

HYMN 161. L. M.

- a 1 GREAT Source of being, God of love,
 Thou waterest all the world above ;
 And all the joys, we mortals know,
 From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
 From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
 Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,
 And pours its limpid streams around.
- 3 The limpid stream, by him supplied,
 Becomes a river deep and wide.
 Through desert realms its windings play,
 And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Along its banks, in order fair,
 The blooming trees of life appear ;
 Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
 And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
 Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
 Diffusing health, and peace, and joy,
 The bliss of heaven without alloy.

1 Fawcett, Hague.

HYMN 162. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the great Physician stands,
 Whose skill is ever sure :
 And loud he calls to dying men,
 And free he offers cure.

t 2 And shall we hear his gracious voice,
 While sore diseased we lie ?
 Or shall we, Lord, his grace despise,
 And trifle till we die ?

m 3 Let Jesus speak the healing word,
 And inward vigor give ;
 Then raised by energy divine,
 Shall helpless mortals live.

c 4 With cheerful pace our trembling feet
 In thy blessed path shall run,
 Till Zion's healthful hill we gain,
 There no complaint is known.

1 Medfield, Stephen's.

HYMN 163. S. M.

c 1 GROSS darkness shall no more
 Enslave the trembling soul ;
 Before the cheering rays of truth,
 Its gloomy vapors roll.

2 From Aaron's costly rites,
 Lo ! David's greater son
 The ceremonial law revokes,
 And publishes his own.

3 His hand removes the veil,
 Which hid the mercy seat ;
 And leads the child of penitence
 Before his Father's feet.

c 4 From each debasing vice
 He frees the troubled mind ;
 And such as bear his gentle yoke,
 True liberty shall find.

a 5 But, O, triumphant thought !
 He calms the fear of death ;
 We view the Saviour's bursting tomb,
 s And meekly yield our breath.

1 Shirland, Utica. H.

HYMN 164. C. M.

c 1 BEHOLD, in that terrestrial form,
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 And wide diffuse celestial love,
 Was his divine employ.

s 3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 All meek and mild he stood ;
 s His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
 But still he sought their good.

a 4 His bright example be our guide,
 His image may we bear :
 O, may we tread his holy steps,
 His joy and glory share.

1 London, St John's.

HYMN 165. L. M.

- 1** THE Lord his sovereign will declares,
And gives a law for every thought :
In every scene his holy Son
Exemplified the rules he taught.
- 2** His heart o'erflowed with sacred love
To God his Father, ever blessed.
His hours in prayer he oft employed,
While nature claimed her nightly rest.
- 3** Unerring zeal his soul inflamed,
T' accomplish all his Father's will ;
In all the griefs and pains he bore,
Resigned and persevering still.
- a 4** May we imbibe his spirit, Lord,
His pattern ever keep in view ;
In all the various scenes we tread,
His footsteps we would still pursue.

1 Portugal, Fawcett.

HYMN 166. L. M.

- 1** See, how he loved ! exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell.
- c** My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2** See, how he loved ! who never shrank
From toil, and danger, pain or death ;
- t** Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- t 3** See, how he loved ! who died for man,
Who labored thus, and thus endured,
To execute the gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man secured.

m 4 Can we, unmoved, such love survey?

a O may our hearts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show.

1 Monmouth, Medway.

HYMN 167. S. M.

a 1 O, what amazing love,
The God of heaven displays !
Let every heart and every tongue
Be tuned to hymns of praise.

c 2 Clothed in a robe of grace,
His well beloved appears ;
The words of peace and truth reveals,
And wipes away our tears.

t 3 Great were his toils and pains,
And great the griefs he bore ;

c But all his toils, and griefs, and pains
Are now forever o'er.

t 4 Though our Redeemer fell
Beneath the stroke of death,

c His mortal form revived again,
By God's inspiring breath.

a 5 Lo, he ascends on high,
Arrayed in glorious might.

To him the saints their honors pay,
And all the sons of light.

6 So may our spirits rise
Above all earthly things ;

And soar aloft to realms of bliss,
On life's immortal wings.

2 Watchman, Silver street.

HYMN 168. 7s. M.

Easter, or Sabbath morning.

- g* 1 ANGELS roll the stone away !
Death, yield up thy mighty prey.
a See him rise, and leave the tomb,
Robed in life's immortal bloom.
- A* 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song ;
Let the notes be sweet and strong :
Hail the son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new born.
- 3 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres.
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 4 Every note with rapture swell,
Loud your Saviour's triumph tell.
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished King ?

Saxony.

HYMN 169. L. M.

Easter, or Sabbath morning.

- a* 1 Lo, the Messiâh leaves the dead ;
Behold him now ascended high.
g The powers of hell are captive led,
That dared his sovereign power defy.
- A* 2 There his triûmphâl chariot waits,
And angels chant their solemn lay.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors give way.

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene.
He bursts the bands of death and night,
And heaven receives the conqueror in.
- 4 Who is this King of glory ? who ?
The Christ, with God's own power possessed ;
And made our King and Saviour too ;
The name of God be ever blessed.

All Saints.

HYMN 170. 7s. M.

Easter, or Sabbath morning.

- t* 1 TENDER spirits, sigh no more ;
Wipe the falling tear away :
c Lo, the night of death is o'er ;
Christ, the Lord, is risen today.
- g* 2 Armed with all the power of heaven,
Jesus wakes, and leaves the tomb.
Yes, the prison doors are riven ;
Every mortal foe o'ercome.
- 3 Hail the rising son of God !
Hail him, angels, clothed in light.
Sons of men, his name applaud ;
All his wondrous deeds recite.
- T* 4 Once for sinful man he bled,
Died, to save the world from wo.
a Glory now adorns his head ;
Gifts divine his hands bestow.
- 5 So shall every saint arise ;
Quit the dark and silent tomb ;
Live and reign above the skies,
Clothed in life's immortal bloom.

Rotterdam, Savannah.

HYMN 171. L. M. A.

- 1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors, that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness, that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high ;
'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.'
- 2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift then your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

Morning Hymn.

HYMN 172. C. M.

- c 1 Ye humble souls, who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- t 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do.
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- a 3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonored head ;
 And through unnumbered years he reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like this, shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord
 Through all his shining way.

1 Medfield, Dundee.

HYMN 173. H. M.

- a 1 YE bright, immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Assist our feeble song,
 To make the Saviour known.
 On earth ye knew
 His wondrous grace ;
 His radiant face
 In heaven ye view.
- A 2 When all arrayed in light,
 The shining Conqueror rode,
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And waved around
 Your joyful wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.
- 3 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise.
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same ;
 Perform thy part.

HYMN 174. s. m.

a 1 CROWNED by the hand of God,
 The great Messiah reigns.
 The power, which gave all nature birth,
 His regal state maintains.

g 2 Long shall his throne endure,
 And wide his power extend ;
 O'er sea and land his empire spread,
 Till time itself shall end.

a 3 Won by his heavenly grace,
 May we our homage pay ;
 With hope, and joy, and trembling care
 His high commands obey.

2 Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 175. c. m.

a 1 ALL hail the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son :
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !

m 2 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

c 3 Before him on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go ;
 And righteousness in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom ne'er to end.

6 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove.
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is Love.

St Philips, 1st. part.

HYMN 176. L. M.

a 1 Jēsūs shāll reign, where'er the sun
 Dōth his sūccessive journies run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Blēssings abound, where'er he reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blessed.

3 Whēre hē displays his healing power,
 The sting of death is known no more.
 He rules the world with gentle sway,
 But makes the stubborn soul obey.

4 Chīldrēn ḥf God, your honors bring
 To Christ, the Lord's anointed King :
 Let angels tune their lyres again,
 And earth respond the joyful strain.

2 All Saints.

HYMN 177. L. M.

- 1** As gentle rain on thirsty ground,
The gospel sheds its influence round.
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on languid hills.
- 2** The withered virtues bloom again,
To cheer the drooping hearts of men.
We breathe a pure and fragrant air,
And all the scene is fresh and fair.
- 3** The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of night, the shades of death,
Rejoice to see its dawning light,
And deserts hail the cheerful sight.
- 4** The great Redeemer's throne shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand,
Till all the earth thy name adore,
And vice and misery be no more.

I Fawcett, Clinton.

HYMN 178. S. M.

- a 1** BEHOLD the desert bloom
With beauty all divine.
The radiant orb of gospel light
Makes every region shine.
- 2** We see the verdant mead,
Where brambles lately grew :
The richest fruits succeed the thorn,
And all the scene is new.
- s 3** We see the beast of prey
No longer thirst for blood.
- s** The wolf and lamb, in sweet accord,
Enjoy their grassy food.

a 4 Such blessed prospects, Lord,
 In every land we see ;
 Where'er the christian spirit breathes,
 And nations bow to thee.

1 St Thomas, Elysium.

HYMN 179. H. M.

1 WHERE pointed brambles grew,
 Entwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, forever new,
 The painted fields adorn.

The blushing rose,
 And lily there,
 In union fair,
 Their sweets disclose.

2 The beasts, that range the plain,
 Their savage chase give o'er ;

t No more they rend the slain,
 And thirst for blood no more ;

c But infant hands
 Fierce tigers stroke,
 And lions yoke
 In flowery bands.

m 3 O when, almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise,
 To verify thy word,
 And bless our wondering eyes ?

A That earth may raise,
 With all its tongues,
 United songs
 Of ardent praise.

1 Swithin, Shaftsbury.

HYMN 180. C. M.

- c* 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And breaks each fatal snare ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
s And softens every care..
- s* 2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
a And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds each pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
 The healing balm to give ;
c That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- a* 4 It brings celestial worlds to view,
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;
 And bids us seek our portion there,
 Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
 Till this frail body dies ;
A And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 To endless glory rise.

1 Christmas, Eustis.

HYMN 181. S. M.

- 1 FAITH is our only guide
 Through life's bewildering maze.
 On all the paths the christian treads,
 She pours her cheering rays.

- s* 2 Clouds of the deepest shade
May bound our mortal view ;
g But faith can rend the clouds away,
c Or gild their sable hue.
- s* 3 Dangers may gather round,
In hostile ranks arrayed ;
g But faith disarms her mightiest foes
By God's almighty aid.
- s* 4 Through the dark vale of death
c She lines our way with light ;
 Conducts us safe to realms of day,
Where faith is changed to sight.

2 Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 182. L. M.

- c* 1 FAITH is a fount of life divine,
Whence streams of pure affection flow,
To make the wastes of nature shine,
And give a grace to things below.
- s* 2 Vain are our boasts, our faith is vain,
If fruits of kindness languish still ;
If envy, pride, or malice reign,
Or selfish views engross our zeal.
- c* 3 Prompted by evāngelic faith,
Our feet the paths of truth pursue ;
Devotion breathes in every breath,
And peace and love our souls indue.
- 4 God of our lives, our faith increase,
Enlarge our views, our hopes refine ;
From sinful joys our hearts release,
And make our pleasures all divine.

2 Dunstan, Marietta.

HYMN 183. C. M.

- a* 1 How happy they, whose wishes climb
 To worlds above the sky !
 For all the joys of earth and time
 They never breathe a sigh.
- m* 2 They know that all these glittering things
 Must yield to sure decay ;
 And see, on time's extended wings,
 How swift they flee away.
- g* 3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
 A beam of sacred light
 Directs their view ; their prospects rise,
 All permanent and bright.
- a* 4 Their hopes still fixed on joys to come,
 Those blissful scenes on high,
 Shall flourish still in endless bloom,
 When time and nature die.

St Johns, Covington.

HYMN 184. L. M.

- a* 1 Praise to the Lord of boundless might,
 With uncreated glories bright ;
 All praise to him, whose sovereign will
 The darkest scenes of life fulfil.
- c* 2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
 Sweet words, on which his children live.
 His promise stands for ever sure,
 While sun, or moon, or stars endure.
- t* 3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
 Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
 The comforts, that our Maker gives.

i 4 O, for a strong and lasting faith,
 To credit what the Almighty saith !
 To embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own !

G 5 Then, should the hills and mountains quake,
 And all the wheels of nature break,
 Our steady souls shall fear no more,
 Than solid rocks, when billows roar.

Green's Hundredth.

HYMN 185. C. M.

- a* 1 What wondrous scenes our faith presents,
 Beyond the bounds of sight !
 It breaks through all the clouds of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
 By God's almighty word.
 Abraham, to unknown countries led,
 By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
 Not built by mortal hands ;
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heavenly building stands.

1 New York, Swanwick.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Faith without works dead.

- s* 1 As body, when the soul has fled,
 As barren trees, decayed and dead,
 Is faith a hopeless, lifeless thing,
 If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- c* 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
t One tear drop, shed on mercy's shrine,
m Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
 Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- c* 3 To those alone, who do his word,
 Propitious is the righteous Lord :
t He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
 And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.
- m* 4 In true and genuine faith we trace
 The source of every christian grace.
 Within the pious breast it plays,
 A living fount of joy and praise.

1 Portugal, Medway, H.

HYMN 187. S. M.

Faith in God and Christ.

- 1 LORD, we believe in thee ;
 Thee, as our God, we own.
 Soothed by thy mercy, we repose
 Beneath thy gracious throne.
- 2 Jesus, thine only son,
 Clothed in his Father's grace,
 Came to redeem us from our sins,
 And bring us near thy face.

3 While he proclaimed thy will,
 Great were the signs he wrought.
 Each of the wonders he performed,
 Confirmed the truths he taught.

4 Lord, with unwavering faith,
 May we receive his word ;
 Him may we reverence, as thy son,
 And all his love record.

5 - Him, as our sovereign King,
 Saviour and Guide divine,
 O, may we honor and obey,
 Whose glory, Lord, is thine.

4 Dover. Lisbon, H.

HYMN 188. L. M.

Faith in the scriptures.

- a 1 THE Bible, Lord, demands our faith,
 Where beams of grace and wisdom shine.
 Ten thousand precious truths unite,
 To prove its origin divine.
- 2 How much that sacred book transcends
 The best results of human art !
 What bright displays of heavenly things,
 T' improve the life and cheer the heart !
- 3 Inspired by thee, the prophets spake,
 Apostles taught by thy behest ;
 And while thy Son reveals thy word,
 What mighty works thy word attest !
- 4 Here, Lord, we fix our wondering eyes,
 And dwell on each instructive page.
 May every truth command our faith,
 And more and more our hearts engage.

Old Hundred, Timsbury.

HYMN 189. L. M.

Faith confirmed by prophecy.

- 1 'T is thine alone, omniscient God,
 'T explore the realms of boundless night ;
 To look through endless years to come,
 And bring futurity to light.
- 2 The known events of distant time
 In thy prophetic word we trace.
 Let reason scan the volume o'er,
 And faith the hand of God confess.
- 3 What wisdom, Lord, this book unfolds !
 What wonders mark each opening page !
 Thy word, which heaven and earth confirm,
 Stands unimpaired from age to age.

Nantwich, Proctor.

HYMN 190. 7s. M.

- t* 1 God of mercy, God of love,
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;
 Grant us still thy love and grace,
 Thou, to whom all grace belongs.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time mispent ;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless still for blessings lent ; }
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires, }
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain ; }

- 4 These and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own.
 Low before thy feet we bow,
 Seeking pardon frōm thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of love,
 Hear our sad repentant songs.
 O, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom all grace belongs.

Norwich, H.

HYMN 191. C. M.

Backsliding and repentance.

- t* 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has roved from thee, my Lord !
 How oft my erring thoughts depart
 From thy unerring word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy cries, ‘ return ’ ;
 At thy command, I come ;
 My vile ingratitude I mourn,
 O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And all my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live,
 To speak thy wondrous love ?
- a* 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious ! how divine !
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine !
- A* 5 Thy pardoning love, forever free,
 With rapture I adore.
 I yield my feeble powers to thee,
 And long to love thee more.

1 Grafton, Elgin.

HYMN 192. L. M.

- t* 1 In deep affliction, Lord, we lie ;
To thee we breathe a fervent sigh.
i Our sins and follies, O, forgive,
And let the contrite sinner live.
2 The gloomy night involves the day ;
Our wonted joys are passed away.
Reveal thy love and pity, Lord,
And let us hear thy pardoning word.
a 3 We see, we see a heavenly light ;
The day unfolds divinely bright.
c Eternal mercy hears our prayer,
And makes us still its tender care.

1 Middlebury, Limehouse.

HYMN 193. C. M.

- t* 1 O God of salvation, in mercy attend
The voice of contrition and wo.
While a suppliant knee at thy footstool we bend,
Thy pardon and favor bestow.
2 And may we, kind Father, still hope in thy grace ?
And may we still seek thee in prayer ?
With the heirs of thy love wilt thou give us a place,
And grant us thy presence to share ?
3 Unworthy, unholy, and sinful we are,
Forgetful of mercies received :
From the paths of thy children we 've wandered
afar,
And often thy patience have grieved.
t 4 O grant us repentance for every misdeed,
And help us our ways to amend.
With the grace of thy spirit supply us in need,
In every temptation defend.

Buckingham, Burford.

HYMN 194. C. M.

- t* 1 O thou, whose mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye : }
 2 See, low before thy throne, }
 We, wretched wanderers, mourn.
 Hast thou not bid us seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said ' return ' ?
 3 On our benighted hearts
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 Thy healing voice, O God, imparts
 A taste of joys divine.

St Bride's, Dunbar.

HYMN 195. L. M.

- i* 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 And let us, guilty mortals, live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not the contrite trust in thee ?
t 2 Our sins, though great, may not surpass
 The proper bounds of saving grace.
 Great God, thy pardoning love bestow,
 And calm our fears of future wo.
 3 A broken heart, O God, our King,
 Is all the sacrifice we bring.
 The God of grace will not despise
 A contrite heart for sacrifice.
 4 O save us, trembling sinners, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some kind promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

Middlebury, Kirke.

HYMN 196. C. M.

- s 1 Should'st thou, great God, our souls arraign,
 And bring our sins to light,
 Whō could thē scrutiny sustain,
 Or stand before thy sight ?
- s 2 Yet Lord, that we may hope to meet
 Our final judge in peace,
 Mērcy årrays the judgment seat
 In beams of heavenly grace.
- i 3 We wait for thy salvation, Lord,
 Thy pard'ning grace implore.
 Spēak tō oûr hearts some cheering word,
 And bid us weep no more.
- 4 As guards, that pass a weary night,
 With ever watchful eyes,
 Cåtch thē fîrst beams of dawning light,
 That paint the eastern skies ; }
- 5 So wait our souls to see thy grace,
 And more intent than they,
 A Meet thē first openings öf thy face,
 And find a brighter day. }

3 Newton.

HYMN 197. C. M.

- 1 To thee, O God, we raise our eyes,
 In penitential tears ;
 Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.

- 2 Now life from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts revives.
 O, may we ne'er again offend
 The God, who thus forgives.
- 3 Thy grace hath caused celestial hope
 To shine serenely bright,
 And shed her soft and cheering beams
 O'er sorrow's darkest night.
- 4 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
 And bless the friendly ray,
 Which ushers in the smiling morn
 Of everlasting day.

1 Medfield, Blandford.

HYMN 198. S. M.

- 1 THE traveller, lost in night,
 Breathes many a longing sigh,
 a And marks the welcome dawn of light,
 A With rapture in his eye.
- c 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day,
 Which weary sinners find ;
 While mercy's bright reviving ray
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- t 3 To slaves oppressed with chains,
 c How kind, how dear the friend,
 Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear that friend divine,
 Who rescues captive souls ;
 Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
 And all its power controls.

1 Shirland, Hudson.

HYMN 199. C. M.

Deliverance and preservation from sin implored.

- t* 1 Lord, in thy mercy condescend,
Our suppliant voice to hear.
'T is thine, and thine alone, to soothe
The penitential tear.
- 2 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway ;
The power of vice control ;
Restore bright reason's ray divine,
To purify the soul.
- 3 Lord, from all error turn our feet,
That we no more may stray ;
And guide our steps direct and safe,
In virtue's peaceful way.
- 4 Let us no more, with wilful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend ;
Preserve our hearts from guilt and fear,
And be our constant Friend.

Braintree, Broomsgrove, H.

HYMN 200. L. M.

- 1 Our weakness, Lord, and wants we feel ;
Thine all sufficient grace reveal :
Conduct us safe in wisdom's way,
And ne'er permit our feet to stray.
- 2 Unclose our eyes to read thy word,
The word of life and comfort, Lord.
Through every page diffuse thy light,
To guide our understanding right.

- t 3 Temptations still beset us round,
 To ensnare our feet, our hearts to wound.
 Protect us then from every harm,
 And every threatening foe disarm.
- m 4 In all the various paths we tread,
 s Be sin and folly all our dread ;
 c Thy service, Lord, our chief employ ;
 Thy gracious smiles our highest joy.
- 5 Confirm our faith, our hope inspire,
 And fill our souls with living fire.
 Assist us, Lord, in life and death
 To yield to thee our every breath.

Portugal, Hague.

HYMN 201. S. M.

Peace and comfort for the penitent.

- c 1 How sweet the friendly voice,
 That speaks of life and peace !
 That bids the penitent rejoice,
 And sin and sorrow cease !
- a 2 No balm on earth like this,
 Can cheer the contrite heart.
 No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
 Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Still merciful and kind,
 Thy mercy, Lord, reveal.
- s The broken heart thy love can bind,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- m 4 In mercy, Lord, restore
 Our anxious hearts to rest,
 And let our steps be drawn no more
 From paths, which thou hast blessed.

Hudson, Elysium.

St

HYMN 202. S. M. A.

- a* 1 OUR Father, all gracious and kind,
 Thy goodness we thankfully own ;
 The various enjoyments, that fall to our lot,
 Descend from thy merciful throne.
- 2 Our warmest affections are due
 For blessings so constant and free :
 Inspire us with ardent devotion and love,
 And raise our best feelings to thee.
- 3 Thy mercies forever endure ;
 All creatures partake in thy love ;
 All ages and nations, all beings below,
 And all the blessed spirits above.
- 4 Thy favors, on others bestowed,
 Awaken the joy of our hearts.
 A view of thy goodness so widely diffused,
 The purest enjoyment imparts.
- 5 The more we experience thy love,
 The more we behold of thy grace,
 The more may our outward obedience to thee
 Our inward affections express.

Sutton, Thessalia.

HYMN 203. C. M.

- c* 1 THE Lord with pleasure views his saints,
 And calls them all his own ;
 And low he bows to their complaints,
 And pities every groan.
- t* 2 In all the joys they here possess,
 He takes a tender part ;
 And when they rise to heavenly bliss,
 Complacence fills his heart.

- 3 O God, are all our pleasures thine,
Our comforts thy delight?
- A* Then let thy happiness divine
Our liveliest joys excite.
- a* 4 They most in all thy bliss shall share,
Whose hearts can love thee most.
O could we vie in ardor here,
With all the angelic host!

1 Clarendon, London.

HYMN 204. L. M.

- a* 1 Yes, we will lōve theē, blessed God;
To thee our first regard belongs.
Thou hast diffused thy love abroad;
That love demands our cordial songs.
- 2 Yes, we will lōve theē, blessed God,
Thy kind regard to us requite;
Often resort to thine abode,
And make thy name our chief delight.
- A* 3 Yes, we will lōve theē, blessed God,
With all our mind, and heart, and soul.
t Though we may feel thy chastening rod,
We 'll still rejoice in thy control.
- 4 Yes, we will lōve theē, blessed God,
Our life, our hope, our only friend.
O, may we run the heavenly road,
And find in thee a blissful end.

4 Rothwell. Saybrook. A.

HYMN 205. c. m.

- s 1 THOUGH every grace our speech adorned,
 That flows from every tongue ;
 Though we could rise to loftier strains,
 Than ever angels sung ; }

 2 Although with prophecy inspired,
 We made all mysteries plain ;
 Devoid of love to God and man,
 These gifts were all in vain. }

 3 Though we dispense, with liberal hand,
 Our goods, to feed the poor,
 Or though with ardent zeal for truth,
 A martyr's fate endure ; }

 4 Nay, though our faith, with boundless power,
 E'en mountains could remove,
 'T were all in vain, should we be found,
 Unhallowed still by love. }

1 Clarendon, Irish.

HYMN 206. s. m.

- c 1 O God, our heavenly King,
 To thee our all we owe.
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 From whence our blessings flow.

 a 2 Thou ever good and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 Our hearts to grateful love.

3 Lord, what can we impart,
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
t The gift, alas, how poor !

a 4 O, let thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine ;
Let all our powers to thee aspire,
And all our days be thine.

Hudson, St Thomas.

HYMN 207. L. M.

- a* 1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the orb of day.
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain ;
Which o'er the hills, and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
t Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Abuse thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- m* 4 O, may not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook thy kind and constant care ;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, and ask in prayer.
- a* 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When our whole hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all.

4 Rothwell, Warrington.

HYMN 208. L. P. M.

- a 1** GIVE to the Lord in cheerful songs
 The praise, that to his name belongs,
 Whose goodness still unceasing flows.
 Repeat his name with grateful mind,
 Who, ever good and ever kind,
 Nor change nor variation knows.
- 2** Sovereign alone of earth and sky,
 On thee for every hour's supply,
 Thy various creatures all depend.
 Man, whom thy light has given to know
 The source, whence all his blessings flow,
 Beholds in God his kindest friend.
- 3** Still we our notes will higher raise,
 To celebrate in ardent praise
 Eternal life, through Jesus given.
 Thy gracious messenger he came,
 (Forever blessed be thy name,)
 And pointed out the way to heaven.

Newcourt.

HYMN 209. C. M.

- a 1** GREAT God, to thee our joyful tongues
 United thanks would raise :
 Inspire our hearts, and tune the songs,
 Which celebrate thy praise.
- 2** From thine almighty forming hand
 We drew our vital powers :
 Our time revolves at thy command,
 In all its circling hours.

3 Thy power, our ev'ry present guard,
From every ill defends :
While numerous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

4 Beneath thy kind protecting wings
How sweet is our repose !
Each day renews the copious springs,
From whence our comfort flows.

Christmas, Tolland.

HYMN 210. c. m.

a 1 INDULGENT Father, how divine !
How bright thy glories are !
Through nature's ample round they shine,
And loud thy praise declare.

2 And still with more affecting grace
Thy saving mercy smiles,
In my divine Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles.

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath :
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

a 5 But O, how blessed my song shall rise,
s When freed from feeble clay,
A And all thy glories meet mine eyes
In one eternal day !

Blandford, Eustis.

HYMN 211. L. M.

a 1 **GREAT** Source of life, through all our days
 Our thankful tongues shall sound thy praise ;
 The song shall wake with dawning light,
 And entertain the silent night.

t 2 When anxious cares would break our rest,
 And grief would tear our throbbing breast,
a Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur, calm the sigh.

t 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all the powers of language fail,
a Joy through our feeble eyes shall break,
 And mean those thanks, we cannot speak.

4 But when the final conflict's o'er,
 Our spirits, chained to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall we rise,
 To chant thy praise above the skies !

Timsbury, Fawcett.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Grateful review of life.

1 **LORD**, while our thoughts survey the past,
 And all our years review,
O, let each scene of light and shade
 Our humble praise renew.

2 Thousands, to whom our natal hour
 Imparted vital breath,
 Caught but a glimpse of earthly joy,
 And closed their eyes in death.

- 3 Thousands who climbed to manhood's stage
 Through life's unnumbered snares,
 Travelled not far before they sunk
 Amid its thorns and cares.
- 4 Followed through every changing stage
 With goodness all our days,
 Grant us, O Lord, a heart to love,
 A tongue to speak thy praise.
- 5 Yes, let our feet with joy pursue,
 The high, celestial road :
 Thus may we join those endless songs,
 That fill thy blessed abode.

Devizes, Penrose. A.

HYMN 213. C. M.

- a* 1 LONG as we live we 'll bless thy name,
 Our father, God of love :
 Our work and joy shall be the same,
 When crowned with life above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
 And let his praise be great.
 We 'll sing the honors of thy throne,
 Thy words of grace repeat.
- 3 Grace shall employ our happy tongues ;
 And, while our lips rejoice,
 The men, that hear our sacred songs,
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways ;
 Remotest times thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.

2 Broomsgrove, Braintree, H.

HYMN 214. C. M.

- 1 OUR souls shall praise thee, O our God,
 Through all our mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
 A father's bounty see ;
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,
 Estrange our hearts from thee.
- 3 Through every changing scene of life,
 Each bright, each clouded scene,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A spirit still serene.
- 4 And though these lips shall cease to move,
 Though death shall close these eyes,
 Yet shall our soul to nobler heights
 Of joy and transport rise.

3 Blandford, Montrose.

HYMN 215. C. M.

- a 1 O God, while nature speaks thy praise
 With all her numerous tongues,
 Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
 And love inspire their songs.
- 2 Thy vast dominion ever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
 And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.
- 3 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its unexhausted store ;
 And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power.

- 4 From thee the breath of life we drew ;
 That breath thy power maintains.
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 This brittle frame sustains.
- 5 Yet nobler favors claim our praise,
 Of reason's light possessed ;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blessed.
- 6 Thy praises then, delightful theme,
 Shall fill our heart and tongue.
 Let all creation bless thy name
 In one eternal song.

1 Saco, Clarendon.

HYMN 216. C. M.

- a* 1 O God, thy goodness fills all space ;
 Thy glory warms the world.
 Thy attributes we joy to trace,
 In every thing unfurled.
- c* 2 O, what can live, or breathe, or move,
 But thou hast made and blessed ?
 Thy very chastisements are love,
 And sufferers know thee best.
- t* 3 No creature breathes a plaintive sigh,
 That does not reach thy throne.
 When danger, grief, or pain is nigh,
 To thee each grief is known.
- a* 4 In earth, in air, in sea, in sky,
 Are blessings freely poured :
 And thy resplendent Deity
 In all shall be adored.

1 St Ann's, St James'.

HYMN 217. L. M. A.

Praise for the pleasures of natural vision.

- a 1 GREAT Fountain of being, thy glories we trace
 In all the effulgence that beams in the skies ;
 Nor less in our nature thy wonders appear :
 How frail the materials ! The structure how wise !
- 2 Ineffable wisdom ! that forms from the dust
 The organ of vision, illustrious and bright ;
 Which guards us from danger, and guides all
 our ways,
 And opens an inlet to joy and delight !
- 3 How blessed the e^ye, for whose pleasure alone,
 The earth is adorned with such beauty divine !
 With everything fair both in figure and hue,
 The sense to regale, and the soul to refine !
- 4 How blessed the e^ye, which with range uncon-
 fined,
 Darts swifter than lightning o'er infinite space !
 Surveys in a moment a myriad of worlds,
 With all their profusion of grandeur and grace !
- 5 How blessed the e^ye, on whose vision is poured
 A radiance surpassing all natural light !
 The beams of the gospel, sufficient alone,
 To cheer and illumine our spiritual night !
- 6 For talents and pleasures, so rich and sublime,
 Lord, help us our cordial thanksgiving to bring ;
 And while we contemplate thy works and thy
 word,
 Thy wisdom and goodness forever we 'll sing.

Castle Street, Winchelsea.

HYMN 218. 7s. M.

Praise for the gift of hearing.

- a* 1 PRAISE to thee, immortal King,
Fervent praise to thee we bring.
Every gift, thy hand bestows,
Wondrous power and goodness shows.
- 2 Thou hast formed the conscious ear ;
Made th' elastic clay to hear :
Tuned its chords with matchless art,
Each t' excite or soothe the heart.
- 3 All the works of God rejoice :
Thanks for nature's cheerful voice ;
While ten thousand happy tongues
Jointly raise their grateful songs.
- 4 Happy we, who hear thy word !
Hear the voice of mercy, Lord !
Teach us all thy holy ways ;
Tune our noblest powers to praise.

Saxony, Savannah, Addison.

HYMN 219. L. M.

- a* 1 Thy praise, O God, may well employ
Our grateful hearts and cheerful tongues.
Our vocal powers to thee we owe ;
To thee our highest praise belongs.
- m* 2 A prompt interpreter of thought,
The tongue the inward man reveals ;
Advice in time of need imparts,
- t* And soothes the grief a brother feels.
- a* 3 Thy hands have formed th' harmonious chord ;
Thy breath inspires each tuneful voice ;
In sacred songs let every heart
And all harmonious tongues rejoice.

1 Clinton. Pilesgrove.

HYMN 220. L. M.

- a* 1 To thee, O God, we render praise
 For all the good thy love displays.
 Our infant years thy bounties share,
 Our withering age is still thy care.
- 2 In every scene of toil we tread,
 Thy mercy cheers our fainting head :
 Our humble cries thine ear attends ;
 From threatening ills thine arm defends.
- 3 How large the debt of love we owe
 For all the gifts thy hands bestow !
 Inspire us then with grateful zeal,
 To accomplish all our Father's will.

1 Leyden, Proctor.

HYMN 221. H. M.

- c* 1 How great the debt we owe
 To God, our heavenly Friend ;
 Who soothes our every wo ;
 From whom our joys descend !
 His tender love and faithful care
 Preserve our feet from every snare.
- 2 The God who built the earth,
 How much should mortals fear ;
 Who gave all nature birth,
 Whom all the blessed revere !
 His sovereign will we 'll keep in sight,
 To guide our steps by day and night.
- 3 In all our business, Lord,
 We 'll ask advice of thee ;
 And let each thought and word
 With thy commands agree.
 In every work, in every joy,
 Let God and heaven our thoughts employ.

1 Bethesda, Swithin.

HYMN 222. L. M.

- 1 Is thëre a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
Our Fåthér, let us turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is thëre a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ?
Our Fåthér, break the cheerless gloom,
And bid our hearts their calm resume.
- 3 Is thëre an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all our soul's employ ?
Our Fåthér, still our hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay, even the dying hour
Shall own our Father's grace and power.

Green's Hundredth.

HYMN 223. L. M.

- 1 THY favor, Lord, shall cheer the soul ;
Thy precepts guide, thy fear control :
Within thy kind protecting arms
We 'll rest, secure from all alarms.
- 2 With thee in solitude we walk ;
With thee in crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own thy power ;
In each event thy will adore.

Timsbury, Fawcett.

HYMN 224. C. M.

1 THEE in remembrance, Lord, we 'll bear,
 To thee our tribute raise ;
 Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
 And wake each morn with praise.

2 Thus through our lives may we approve
 The gratitude we owe ;
 And share at length thy bliss above,
 Whose laws we 've kept below.

2 Broomsgrove, H. Portsea.

HYMN 225. C. M.

a 1 THRICE happy men, who, born from heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Each day of life with God begin,
 And spend with holy fear.

c 2 'Mid hourly cares may we present
 Ourselves before thy throne ;
 And while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
 By each successive providence,
 Some heavenly truth be taught.

4 As different scenes of life arise,
 Our grateful hearts would be
 With thee amid the social band,
 In solitude with thee.

- 5 In solid, pure delights, like these,
 Let all our days be passed :
 Nor shall we then impatient wish,
 Nor shall we fear the last.

1 Blandford, London, H.

HYMN 226. C. M.

- c 1 WHILE thee we seek, protecting power,
 Each vain desire be stilled ;
 And O, may this devoted hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
 To thee our thoughts would soar.
 Thy mercy o'er our life has flowed ;
 That mercy we adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand we see !
 The dearest blessings, still more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns our days,
 In every pain we bear,
 Our hearts shall find delight in praise ;
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- a 5 When gladness wings our favored hour,
 Thy love our thoughts shall fill :
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
 Our souls shall meet thy will.
- 6 Our lifted eyes, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see.
 Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear ;
 Those hearts will rest on thee.

Brattle street. Tolland.

HYMN 227. C. M.

- c 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
 With rays of mercy shine ;
 May loving kindness crown our days,
 And all their rounds be thine.
- 2 With thee let every week begin ;
 With thee each day be spent ;
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
 Till all our labors cease ;
 And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

Clarendon, Dundee.

HYMN 228. C. M.

- c 1 WHEN gloomy care, or keen distress
 Invades the throbbing breast,
 O, teach us, Lord, to speak thy praise,
 And soothe our pains to rest.
- a 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope
 Be this our sweet employ.
 Devotion heightens all our bliss,
 And sanctifies our joy.

Howard's, St John's.

HYMN 229. L. M.

- 1 KNEEL down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through him, who died.

Large drops of anguish are seen thick on his brow ;
 O, what is earth and its pleasures now ?
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

- 2 Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith.
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends.
 There is peace in his eye, that upward bends ;
 There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words
 prayer.

Music, Morning Hymn.

HYMN 230. L. M.

- 1 THE voice of prayer at the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer !
 It commends the spirit to God, who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
 It points to the glory where He shall reign,
 Who whispered, ‘ Thy brother shall rise again.’
- 2 The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
 But gladder, purer than rose from this !
 The ransomed shout to their glorious king,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.
- 3 Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength,
 To join that holy band at length.
 To Him, who unceasing love displays,
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
 To him thy heart and thy hours be given,
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

Music, Morning Hymn.

HYMN 231. c. m.

- a* 1 PRAYER is our life and strength, O God,
 Our best relief from care ;
 Smoothing the road Thousands have trod,
 To regions bright and fair.
- 2 Prayer will the best designs inspire,
 The best designs succeed.
 Warmed with its fire, Every desire
 Ensures some noble deed.
- 3 While we present the prayer of faith,
 Our sorrows pass away.
 Cheered by thy breath, Danger and death
 Will meet without dismay.

6 Arundel.

HYMN 232. c. m.

- c* 1 FATHER of light, conduct our feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road.
 Let each advancing step still bring
 Us nearer thee, our God.
- 2 O, let discretion be our guide ;
 And when we go astray,
 Recal our feet from folly's path,
 To wisdom's better way.
- m* 3 Teach us in every various scene
 To keep our end in sight ;
 And while we tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide us right : }
- c* 4 Till it shall bring us near to thee, }
 Great Source of bliss and love ;
 And all our darkness be dispersed
 In endless light above.

2 Ashley, Portsea.

HYMN 233. S. M.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But christian truths the test invite ;
They bid us search and try.
- 2 A meek, inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain,
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.
- 3 O, grant the light we need ;
Our minds with knowledge fill :
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 4 The truth thy love imparts,
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring all evasive arts,
And fearing thee alone.

Hudson, St Thomas.

HYMN 234. L. M.

- 1 LORD, may we feel the power of truth
Through our whole life in age and youth.
While in thy holy place we stand,
Help us to bow at thy command.
- 2 Grant us each day the grace we need ;
Onward each hour our footsteps lead :
Thus may we ne'er forget our God ;
Never forsake the heavenly road.

6 Park Street, Geneva.

HYMN 235. S. M.

- a* 1 All the delights of youth,
 Its vigōr, health, and ease,
 Are the effusions of his love,
 Who formed the earth and seas.
- c* 2 All the supports of age
 Descend from God most high.
 He is our refuge, while we live,
 Our safety, though we die.
- 3 O, may we ne'er refuse
 The tribute God requires ;
 Never be weary in the praise,
 Celestial love inspires.
- 4 God be our early choice ;
 His work our chief employ ;
 Wisdom and virtue be our guide
 In every earthly joy.

Dover.

HYMN 236. L. M.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light,
 Fountain of reason, Judge of right,
 Without whose kind directing ray,
t In everlasting night we stray : }
- m* 2 Assist us, Lord, to act and be
 All that thy sacred laws decree ;
 And let us ne'er disown thy name,
 From whom our vital spirits came. }

- 3 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
 O, may our steadfast bosoms bear
 The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
 Above the mean disguise of art.
- 4 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
 Give us the daily aids we want :
- c To know our God, to serve and love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

Pilesgrove.

HYMN 237. C. M.

- c 1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord ;
 How good thy works appear !
 Unclose our eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there.
- 2 Our hearts were formed by thy command ;
 From thee our breath we drew.
 O, make thy servants understand
 The duties we must do.
- 3 Since we are strangers here below,
 Thy path let nothing hide ;
 But mark the road our feet should go,
 And be our constant guide.
- 4 If God to us his statutes show,
 And heavenly truth impart,
 His work forever we 'll pursue ;
 His law shall rule our heart.
- 5 When we have learnt our Father's will,
 We 'll teach the world his ways ;
 Our thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
 Shall loud pronounce his praise.

1 Ormond, Swanwick.

HYMN 238. L. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O teach us, Lord, thy way ;
 And thus, till life's remotest day,
 By thy unerring precepts led,
 Our feet the heavenly paths shall tread.
- 2 Taught by thy word, with sacred awe
 Our hearts shall meditate thy law ;
 With pure celestial wisdom filled,
 To thee a pure obedience yield.
- 3 Give us to know thy will aright,
 a Thy will, our joy and chief delight ;
 That, raised above the world, the mind
 In thee its highest good may find.

2 Truro, Marietta.

HYMN 239. L. M.

- a 1 WELCOME the words of life and peace,
 Balm for each wo, till woes shall cease !
 Lord, while we hear the alluring voice,
 O, may we make thy will our choice.
- 2 Christ hath redeemed our souls from death ;
 Then may we breathe his heavenly breath ;
 Though the vain world may charm or chide,
 Still be thy laws our daily guide.
- 3 Joys all divine thy word displays ;
 Light, to direct and cheer our ways ;
 Full in our view a glorious end,
 Thither may all our motions tend.
- 4 Strong in the Lord, in faith and prayer,
 Dangers and toils we 'll calmly bear.
 All things shall fire our holy zeal ;
 All things thy great designs fulfil.

6 Ellenthorpe, Duke street, Orland.

HYMN 240. C. M.

- a 1 THOU art our portion, O our God ;
 When first we know thy way,
 Our hearts make haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffer no delay.
- 2 Happy the paths of heavenly truth ;
 Be these our early choice.
 Not all the richest mines on earth
 Could make us so rejoice.
- 3 Now we are thine, forever thine ;
 O, save thy servants, Lord.
 Be thou our shield, our hiding place,
 And every aid afford.

2 Broomsgrove, Eddington.

HYMN 241. L. M.

- s 1 PAUSE, weak and thoughtless sinner, pause ;
 For once thy careless steps review :
 No more neglect those sacred laws,
 To which thy first regard is due.
- t 2 No more His tender love abuse,
 From whom thy every joy descends.
 His pard'ning grace no more refuse,
 On whom thy final hope depends.
- s 3 No more his awful power oppose,
 Who formed the world, and still sustains ;
 S Whose look can blast his mightiest foes,
 And pierce them through with endless pains.
- s 4 Pause, weak and thoughtless sinner, pause ;
 For once thy careless life review :
 No more neglect those sacred laws,
 To which thy first regard is due.

Bath, Medway.

HYMN 242. C. M.

- 1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough ;
 Break up your fallow ground.
 Behold the sower comes to sow,
 And scatter blessings round.
- t 2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
 Shoots forth a tender blade ;
 But ill repays the sower's toil,
 Soon withered, scorched, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
 All hopes of harvest there :
 We find a tall and sickly stalk,
 But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway side
 Receive the trust in vain ;
 The watchful birds the prey divide,
 And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But where devotion's genial power
 Has blessed the happy field,
 How precious then the golden store,
 The deep wrought furrows yield !

Elgin, Chester.

HYMN 243. C. M.

- t 1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;
 But still how weak our faith is found
 In thine almighty word !
- 2 Though we frequent thy holy place,
 We hear too oft in vain ;
 So few the words of truth and grace
 Our fickle hearts retain.

3 Father, thy gracious aid impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Inscribe thy law on every heart,
 And deep thy truth impress.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high ;
 Where virtue grows without decay,
 And zeal shall never die.

2 Dedham, Nazareth.

HYMN 244. C. M.

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee :
 Thine ever watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see ;
 Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide.
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fear beside.

3 Since by temptation's power subdued,
 Too oft with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill ; } }

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good, unasked, O Father, grant,
 The ill, though asked, deny.

2 Ashley, Braintree.

HYMN 245. C. M.

- 1 CONSIDER all our sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send :
Our souls for thy salvation faint,
Whēn will our troubles end?
- 2 But still we 've found 't is good for us
To bear our Father's rod :
Afflictions make us learn thy law,
And live to thee, O God.
- 3 This comfort, Lord, our hearts enjoy,
When new distress begins ;
We read thy word, we run thy ways,
And shun our former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been our delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
Our souls, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
- 5 We know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Although they seem severe.
The sharpest sufferings we endure,
Attest thy faithful care.

1 Windsor, St Austin's.

HYMN 246. C. M. A.

- 1 LORD, teach us with cheerful submission to bear
Whatever thy counsels ordain.
In all the vexations and troubles we share,
Lord, suffer us ne'er to complain.
- 2 Bereaved of the blessings and comforts of life,
Assist us each good to resign.
In seasons of darkness, and danger, and strife,
Inspire us with courage divine.

3 From Jesus, our Saviour and Guide, may we learn
Our transient afflictions t' endure.

Be this our most anxious, our only concern,
Thy favor and love to secure.

4 Whatever we suffer, whatever enjoy,
c Thy goodness we still would adore ;
a Till anthems of glory our tongues shall employ,
And sorrows approach us no more.

Buckingham, St Martin's.

HYMN 247. C. M.

s 1 IN all thy dealings, gracious God,
We own thy sovereign power ;
And humbly kiss thy chastening rod,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

2 For sore affliction's sharpest sting
In mercy oft is given,
Our thoughtless, erring steps to bring
The safest road to heaven.

3 Alike thy providence supplies
Each blessing which we share.
Though clouds obscure our morning skies,
The evening may be fair.

4 Since then, our lot of good or ill
Is sent with wise design,
We'll pay thee cheerful homage still,
And bend our wills to thine.

5 To thee, our God, resigned, we pray,
Whate'er our path may be,
O, guide our feet that peaceful way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

1 Clarendon, Winter.

HYMN 248. C. M.

- 1** It is the Lord, enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who has an undisputed right,
 To govern me and mine.
- 2** It is the Lord, who governs all ;
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties may recal
 Whatever part he please.
- 3** It is the Lord ; should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will ?
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still ?

2 Braintree, Portsea.

HYMN 249. L. M.

- g* **1** O THOU, whose glory far outshines
 The brilliant rays of solar fire,
- m* Teach us to reverence thy designs,
 And ne'er above our lot aspire.
- g* **2** 'T is thine to rule the starry spheres,
 And fix for angels their degrees ;
 Nor saint nor seraph interferes
 With thy immutable decrees.
- t* **3** Shall man, a child of feeble dust,
 Presume to controvert thy will ?
 Rebuke, O Lord, our vain distrust ;
 Bid every murmuring thought be still.
- c* **4** Whate'er thy sovereign will ordains,
 Let us with cheerfulness endure ;
 Unmoved by losses, toils, and pains,
 Of thy paternal love secure.

1 Monmouth, Medway.

HYMN 250. L. M.

- t* 1 O, may we hope that every tear
 May be a beam of bliss above ;
 And every silent suffering here,
 A precious pledge of heavenly love.
- s* 2 Then will we calmly bear our pain,
s The piercing pain, that wounds the breast ;
 Nor any sorrows think in vain,
a That end in everlasting rest.

2 Marietta, Medford.

HYMN 251. L. M.

- 1 'T is wisdom, mercy, love divine,
 Which mingle earthly joys and cares ;
 O then may not our hearts repine,
 That we obtain not all our prayers.
- t* 2 From want of faith our sorrows flow ;
 Short sighted mortals, weak and blind,
 Bend down their eyes to earth and wo,
 And doubt if Providence be kind.
- 3 Should heaven with every wish comply,
 Would such a grant relieve our care ?
 Perhaps the good, for which we sigh,
 Might change its name, and prove a snare.
- m* 4 Were once our vain desires subdued,
 The will resigned, the heart at rest ;
 In every scene we should conclude,
 The will of heaven is right, is best.

1 Hague, Fawcett.

HYMN 252. C. M.

- c 1 How tender, Lord, thy love and grace !
 s Thy justice, how august !
 Hence all their fear our souls derive,
 s There anchor all their trust.
- t 2 He bids distress forget to groan,
 The sick from anguish cease ;
 In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
 s And softly whispers peace.
- g 3 His power directs the rushing wind,
 Or tips the bolt with flame.
- c His goodness breathes in every breeze,
 And warms in every beam.
- 4 For us, O Lord, whatever lot
 The hours commissioned bring ;
- t Do all our withering blessings die,
 c Or fairer clusters spring ; }
 5 O grant, that still with grateful heart }
 Our years resigned may run.
- 'T is thine to give, or take away,
 And māy thy will be done.

1 St John's, London.

HYMN 253. C. M.

- s 1 KEEP sīlēnce, all created things,
 And own your maker God.
 The trembling soul with reverence sings,
 And spreads his name abroad.
- g 2 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be ;
 But earth and skies and worlds unknown
 Depend on his decree.

3 All future scenes before him stand,
 Arrayed in perfect light ;
 Events roll on at his command,
 And every end is right.

m 4 O God, we would not wish to see
 Our lot with curious eyes ;
 How dark the page of life may be,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 Be this our care and highest aim,
 Our destined place to fill ;
 While heavenly hopes our zeal inflame,
 To do thy holy will.

1 St Ann's, Swanwick.

HYMN 254. L. M.

1 LORD, bid our vain disquiets cease,
 And point our path to endless peace.
 Set us from earthly bondage free ;
 Still every wish that strays from thee.

2 If in the vale of tears we stray,
 Where wounding thorns perplex our way,
 O, let our souls thy goodness see,
 And faith and hope repose in thee.

3 Thus, when the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes before the eye,
 Still from each gloomy terror free,
 We'll feel omnipotent in thee.

Rothwell, Warrington.

HYMN 255. S. M.

- c* 1 Our fears, O God, control,
And bid our sorrows fly.
What real harm can reach the soul
Beneath our Father's eye?
- 2 Whate'er thy will denies,
We calmly would resign :
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
O, bend our wills to thine.
- 3 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O, give us strength to bear ;
Still let us know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.
- s* 4 If anguish rend our frame,
And life almost depart ;
- c* Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer the drooping heart?
- 5 Thy ways are little known
To our weak, erring sight ;
- c* But still with humble faith we own
That all thy ways are right.

I Thacher, Hudson.

HYMN 256. L. M.

- 1 O, let our trembling souls be still,
While darkness veils the mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery.
We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.
- 2 When mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy chastening spirits down,
We still discern thy light afar,

Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And should we faint a moment, then
 We think of thee, and smile again.

- 3 Thus cheered by love divine, we tread
 The narrow path of duty on.
 What, though some cherished joys are fled ?
 What, though some flattering dreams are gone ?
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
 Why should our spirits then complain ?

Eaton, Morning Hymn.

HYMN 257. C. M.

- c 1 O God, on thee we all depend,
 On thy paternal care.
 Wilt thou, our Father, God, and Friend,
 In every scene appear.
- 2 With open hand and liberal heart,
 Wilt thou our wants supply,
 Thy heavenly blessings still impart,
 And no good thing deny.
- 3 Thou know'st, O God, what's good and fit,
 And wisdom guides thy love.
 To thine appointments we submit,
 And every choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
 With cheerful heart we trust.
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,
 And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want while God provides,
 What he allots is best ;
 And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
 Will give eternal rest.

Howard's, Swanwick.

HYMN 258. L. M.

- 1 Who, gracious Father, can complain
Beneath thy mild and gentle reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
Beyond his aids or power to bear?
- 2 With differing climes and differing lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thou hast ordained this earthly round,
And given to every tribe its bound.
- 3 So various, thy celestial ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day ;
Father of all, unkind to none,
Thy saving grace to all is shown.
- 4 The more thy bounteous hands bestow,
The more of duty, Lord, we owe.
Then let our souls their work pursue,
And keep the heavenly prize in view.

3 Luton.

* HYMN 259. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour.
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his works in vain.
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

Chant.

* HYMN 260. L. M.

- 1 WHEN love divine, in human form,
 Hushed into peace the raging storm,
 In soothing accents, Jesus said,
 ‘Lö ! it is I ; be not afraid.’
- 2 So whēn in silence nature sleeps,
 And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
 These words shall every fear remove,
 Trust, feeble man, thy Maker’s love.
- 3 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
 He rules the séraph and the worm :
 No creature is by him forgot,
 Of those who know, or know him not.
- 4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
 And shuddering nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall wake the pious dead ;
 ‘Lö ! it is I ; be not afraid.’

Green's Hundredth.

HYMN 261. L. M.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view
And days are dark and friends are few ;
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 When sickening thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening pains of dark despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 3 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And, O ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed ; for thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

1 Eaton, Music.

HYMN 262. C. M.

The Purifying Influence of hope.

- 1 AND do we entertain the hope
Of future life and peace ?
Expect to dwell with Christ above
In pure and perfect bliss ?

t 2 And do we still indulge a taste
 For any sinful joy ?
 Do earthly cares engross our minds,
 And all our zeal employ ?

s 3 Vain are our hopes, and more than vain,
 If still enslaved to lust :
 The christian hope exalts the soul,
 And purifies our dust.

Dedham, Nazareth.

HYMN 263. S. M.

The cheering influence of hope.

- c* 1 HOPE sheds a cheering light
 Amid the darkest scene.
 Her voice can soothe the raging storm,
 And make the sky serene.
- 2 She gives us strength to bear
 Our toils, and cares, and pains ;
 Inspires the languid heart with zeal,
 The tottering step sustains.
- 3 Before her balmy breath
 Disease and anguish fly ;
 And kind relief for every want
 Her bounteous hands supply.
- 4 May hope with cheering smiles
 Attend the paths we tread ;
 And o'er the clouds of grief and pain,
 A heavenly radiance spread.
- t* 5 Preserve us, Lord, from sin,
 The source of every fear ;
c That we in every scene of life,
 May find our Father near.

Thacher, Elysium.

HYMN 264. C. M.

- a* 1 **L**ORD, how resplendent shines thy grace
 Through sorrow's darkest sky :
 While we devoutly seek thy face,
 And on thy love rely !
- 2 If wealth take wings and fly away,
 They still have stores divine ;
 Treasures that never can decay,
 A pure exhaustless mine.
- t* 3 When death has slain their earthly joys,
 Not hopeless they deplore ;

c While on that world they fix their eyes,
 Where friends shall part no more.

t 4 And when, with conscious guilt oppressed,
 They own their sins to thee,

c Thou dost revive the fainting breast,
 With pardon full and free.

3 Newton, Mear.

HYMN 265. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE gifts indulgent heaven bestows
 Are variously conveyed :
 The mind, like outward nature, knows
 Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,
 Can we expect to find
 Unclouded sunshine all the year,
 Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
 When wintry storms are o'er ;
 Retreating sorrows thus may bring
a Delights unknown before.

4 Then, christian, send thy fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care :
 Though clouds o'erspread the scene today,
 Tomorrow may be fair.

1 Clarendon, London, H.

HYMN 266. L. M.

s 1 WHEN stern affliction waves her rod,
 c Our hearts confide in thee, O God ;
 a Affliction flies, and hope returns,
 a Her lamp with brighter splendor burns ;
 And love with all his smiling train,
 And peace and joy are here again.

2 These, these we knew 'twas thine to give,
 By whose unceasing care we live :
 That care permit us still to prove,
 And grant us gratitude and love.
 Let thy good spirit guide our heart,
 Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.

Eaton, Morning Hymn.

HYMN 267. C. M. A.

a 1 ETERNAL, immortal, unchangeable God,
 Thine infinite glories we sing.
 May all our affections conspire with our tongue,
 To honor our Maker and King.

c 2 Our fathers have proved thee in every distress
 A faithful Preserver and Friend ;
 a And all the rich blessings, our fathers enjoyed,
 To us and our children descend.

3 Encouraged by happy experience, O Lord,
 On thee may we ever rely ;
 Assured, that when danger or trouble assails,
 Almighty protection is nigh.

Wareham, St Martin's.

HYMN 268. L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy wealth the needy world supplies.
On thee alone the whole depends ;
Thy care to every part extends.
- 2 **T**o thee we cheerful homage bring,
In grateful hymns thy praises sing ;
Direct to thee our waiting eyes,
And humbly look for fresh supplies.
- 3 **W**e still are indigent and poor ;
Indebted much, and wanting more ;
Yet still on thee our souls depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend.
- 4 **A**nd should thy measures seem severe,
With patience we'll correction bear ;
Without complaint to thee submit,
Unerring Judge of what is fit.

Brentford, Kent.

HYMN 269. L. M.

- T**HOUGH waves and storms beat o'er our head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn ;
- g** On this firm ground the soul relies,
O God, thy mercy never dies.
- m** **2** In this assurance we 'll remain,
When heart shall fail and flesh decay ;
- g** This rock shall still our souls sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away.
- a** With peace and joy we then shall prove,
The fruits of everlasting love.

Eaton, Morning Hymn.

HYMN 270. L. M.

- 1 LORD, dost thou show a corner stone,
 For us to build our hopes upon,
 That the fair edifice may rise
 Sublime in light beyond the skies ?
- g* 2 What, though tremendous storms prevail,
 And winds and thunder, fire and hail ?
 Here shall our trembling spirits hide,
 And here in perfect peace abide.

Warrington, A. Rothwell.

HYMN 271. L. M.

- t* 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
 Extend her desolating reign ;
 Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
 Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain ; }

 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep }
 Around their famished master die,
 And hope itself despairing weep,
 While life deplores its last supply ; }

 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene, }
 If cheered, O God, by light divine,
 The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline. }

 4 The God of our salvation lives ;
 Our nobler life will he sustain :
 His word immortal vigor gives,
 Nor shall our glorious hopes be vain. }

 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer the heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die :
 Thy smile can bid our pains depart,
 And raise our sacred pleasures high.

1 Medway, Monmouth.

HYMN 272. C. M.

- 1** THE lowliest flowers, that deck the field,
Our mute instructors are ;
And wholesome admonitions yield,
Against corroding care.
- 2** Lord, turn our ears to nature's voice ;
To heaven direct our eyes ;
There nobler objects claim our choice,
And brighter prospects rise.
- 3** Remote from every anxious care,
We 'll seek that blissful shore,
Where discontent and dark despair
Shall rend our hearts no more.

1 Dundee, Medfield, Mather's.

HYMN 273. C. M.

- 1** WHEN storms hang o'er the christian's head,
He flies to meet his God ;
And under his refreshing shade
He finds a safe abode.
- 2** When foes without, and fears within
Conspire to break his peace,
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.
- 3** His mighty power shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way ;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.

1 St John's, Bedford.

HYMN 274. S. M.

- s 1 Ah, why do we perplex
Our life with fruitless care?
With fears, and hopes which idly vex,
And oft the heart ensnare?
- 2 Can anxious thoughts increase
Our days' appointed sum?
Why waste we then our health and peace,
To hoard for years to come?
- 3 Then let tomorrow's cares
Until tomorrow stay:
The trouble which today prepares,
Suffices for today.

Dunbar, St Brides.

HYMN 275. 8s. & 7s. M.

- t 1 Cease, my heart, to dread the morrow;
Hush thine anxious cares to rest:
Let no unavailing sorrow
Ever throb within my breast.
- 2 All his love and grace confessing,
Whence thy present comforts flow,
Humbly wait each future blessing;
Leave with him each future wo.
- 3 Under his all wise direction,
Guard against impending harm;
Still with his divine protection,
Cease from every vain alarm.

Worthing, Sicily.

HYMN 276. C. M.

- 1 No more an anxious thought expend,
 Nor seek in vain to know,
 Or how, or when thy life shall end,
 Or what thy fate below.
- 2 The power whose watchful goodness feeds
 The warblers of the air,
 And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,
 Shalt thou not be his care?
- 3 The bounties every hour supplies,
 Receive with grateful mind ;
 And, when thy fairest pleasure dies,
 Be humble, be resigned.
- t* 4 Contract thy hopes ; how short at best,
 The term of earthly bliss !
- a* Let brighter worlds fill all thy breast ;
- m* We're only born in this.
- t* 5 How swift our moments steal away !
 E'en while we speak they fly :
- m* Trust not the morrow ; seize today ;
 And only live to die.

St James', Winter.

HYMN 277. S. M.

- t* 1 O, why should anxious thoughts,
 Oppress the sinking mind ?
 Go fall before your Father's throne,
 And sweet relief you 'll find.
- 2 Devoutly fear his name,
 And know no other fear,
- c* In every scene of life and death
 Your helper will be near.

1 Shirland, Thacher.

HYMN 278. S. M. A.

- a* 1 THE Lord is our hope and our trust,
 The light and the joy of our heart.
 His favor can shield us from every assault,
 And courage and comfort impart.
- 2 'The Lord is the strength of our life,'
 Why then should we tremble with fear,
 Though evils unnumbered encircle us round,
 Since God, our Protector, is near?
- c* 3 To him will we humbly resort,
 When troubles or dangers impend.
 He 'll quiet our terrors, and solace our griefs,
 And all our best wishes attend.

Sutton, Thessalia.

HYMN 279. S. M. A.

- a* 1 'THE Lord is our refuge and strength,'
 Our faithful Protector and Friend ;
 His presence can cheer us in every distress,
 In every exposure defend.
- s* 2 Believing in him we repose,
 And nothing our fears can alarm.
- a* His favor can fill us with courage divine,
 And death of its terrors disarm.
- S* 3 Though mountains be merged in the deep,
 And oceans be waved to the skies,
 Though tempests and earthquakes their horrors
 unite,
 O'erwhelming the world with surprise ; }

g 4 Undaunted, in God we 'll confide, }

c Protected by infinite love ;
 Assured, though we perish, we 're destined to
 live,

a In happier regions above.

Sutton, Peckham.

HYMN 280. C. M.

In a thunder storm.

S 1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
 To sheltering caverns fly ;
 And justly dread th' almighty power,
 That thunders through the sky.

c 2 Beneath His care, whose sovereign law
 The threatening storms obey,
 Intrepid virtue, still secure,
 Enjoys a peaceful day.

S 3 In clouds that darken all the sky,
 In lightning's horrid glare,

c It views the same all gracious power,
 Which breathes the vernal air.

S 4 When through creation's vast expanse,
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the guilty soul ; }

G 5 Unmoved, may we the final storm }
 Of jarring worlds survey,

c That ushers in the tranquil morn
 Of everlasting day.

1 St Ann's, Nottingham.

HYMN 281. C. M.

1 BLESSED is the man, who fears thee, Lord ;
 His well established mind,
 In every varying scene of life,
 Shall true composure find.

- 2 Dark though his present prospects be,
 And sorrows round him dwell,
 Thy word inspires the cheering hope
 That all shall issue well.
- 3 Safe in the care of God most high,
 Through every scene he goes ;
 And fearing him, no other fear
 His steadfast bosom knows.
- 4 Dangers no more his soul alarm,
 Nor gloomy views affright ;
 For faith assures his humble heart,
 Whatever is, is right.

Chesterfield, Braintree.

HYMN 282. L. M.

- c* 1 LORD, how secure and blessed are they,
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
- S* Should storms convulse the earth and seas,
 s Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- c* 2 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away.
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 S And calm, as summer evenings be.
- 3 Oft they survey the heavenly hills,
 c Where groves of living pleasures grow ;
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 s Sit undisturbed upon their brow.
- c* 4 Scorning to seek our golden toys,
 They spend the day and share the night
 a In numbering o'er the richer joys,
 That heaven prepares for their delight.

2 Dunstan, Marietta.

HYMN 283. C. M.

- c* 1 Lord, 't is enough ; thy bounteous hands
 For all our wants provide :
 With wholesome food our board is crowned,
 Our temperate cup supplied.
- 2 Lord, 't is enough ; our daily toils
 The welcome night relieves :
 Such rest our lowly couch affords,
 As luxury never gives.
- 3 Lord, 't is enough ; our feeling hearts
 Have never lacked a friend,
 To bear their burdens, soothe their cares,
 And every wish attend.
- 4 Lord, 't is enough ; thy gospel cheers
 Our prospect far before :
a A happy end awaits our course,
 And we can ask no more.

Braintree, Ashley.

HYMN 284. L. M.

- a* 1 O happy, more than happy he,
 Who lives devoted, Lord, to thee !
- s* What peace thy love and grace impart
 To every pure and pious heart !
- t* 2 Though oft, by hope or fear misled,
 His feet too far from thee have strayed,
 Divine compassion still forgives,
 And still the penitent receives.

- m* 3 The storms of fear and grief are o'er,
 And boisterous passions reign no more :
S A sacred calmness fills the breast,
 A type and pledge of heavenly rest.
- c* 4 Hope smiles in every dawning beam,
 And cheers in nature's fading gleam.
 The God of peace his arm reveals,
 And every humble wish fulfils.

Clinton, Fawcett.

HYMN 285. C. M.

- c* 1 WHEN we survey life's varied scene,
 Amid the darkest hours,
 Bright rays of comfort shine between,
 And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 This thought can all our fears control,
 And bid our sorrows fly ;
 No harm can ever reach the soul,
 Beneath our Father's eye.
- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O, give us strength to bear ;
 And let us know our Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.
- a* 4 Is blooming health our happy share,
 O, may we bless our God.
 Thy goodness let our songs declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 While such delightful gifts as these,
 Compose our happy lot,
 May every hour of health and ease,
 Thy great designs promote.

1 Covington, St John's.

HYMN 286. C. M. A.

- c* 1 THE Lord is our shepherd, we never shall want ;
 In him may we safely confide.
 He 'll guard us in danger, direct us in doubt,
 And everything needful provide.
- 2 Beside the still waters our footsteps he leads
 To regions all fruitful and fair ;
 Where plenty and safety their influence unite,
 To banish disquieting care.
- 3 Beneath the green covert we find a retreat
 From summer's meridian blaze.
 To screen us from tempests, the prominent rock
 Its kindly protection displays.
- S 4 Though death and its horrors o'ershadow our path,
 Our spirits shall feel no dismay ;
c For God, who attends us in life and in death,
 Will scatter all evils away.

Salem. Wareham.

HYMN 287. S. M.

- a* 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known.
 Unite in songs of sweet accord,
 And thus surround his throne.
- 2 A tranquil, happy mind
 Becomes this sacred place.
 The christian faith was ne'er designed
 To make our pleasures less.

- 3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

1 St Thomas, Hudson.

HYMN 288. S. M.

- 1 Now let our voices join
 To form a sacred song.
 Ye pilgrim bands in wisdom's way,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears !
 How open, smooth, and fair !
 No lurking snares t' entrap our feet ;
 No fierce destroyer there !
- 3 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring.
 The sun of glory gilds the path,
 And happy spirits sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise ;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear
 Beam through the distant skies.
- 5 Let glory crown His name,
 Who marks the shining way,
 And leads the feeble wanderers on
 To realms of endless day.

Paddington, St Thomas.

HYMN 289. S. M.

- 1 LORD, we approach thy face,
s And humbly bow the knee.
 O, grant us here to imbibe thy grace,
 While we converse with thee.
- 2 Thou art the only just,
 No wrong thy throne shall stain ;
 And none, who make thy word their trust,
 Shall find their promise vain.
- c* 3 Great is thy mercy, Lord,
 To endless years the same.
- a* In beams of light the heavens record
 Thine ever glorious name.
- 4 Teach us how great and wise,
 How just and kind thou art.
 On thee we'd fix our ravished eyes,
 To thee devote our heart.
- c* 5 O, like thy children dear,
 We'll imitate thy ways ;
 In all our words and works sincere,
 We'll act and live thy praise.

2 Watchman. Silver street.

HYMN 290. L. M.

- 1 LORD, thou art ever just and true,
 Sincere in all thy words and ways ;
 Then may we learn, whate'er we do,
 To copy what demands our praise.

- 2 While we converse with God or man,
Let truth attend each word and deed.
Teach us the book of life to scan,
And let our works proclaim our creed.
- i 3 Keep us from guile and falsehood free,
From every low evasive art.
O, may our words and thoughts agree,
And every look disclose the heart.
- 4 Deep in our minds may we record,
Whate'er our hands or lips engage ;
And, as we prize thy favor, Lord,
With punctual faith redeem the pledge.

4 Rothwell, Saybrook, A.

HYMN 291. L. M.

- m 1 To thee, O God, we lift our eyes :
On thee alone our hope relies ;
While friends desert and foes invade,
Afford us thine almighty aid.
- 2 O guide us, Lord, in ways of peace ;
Our hearts from wrath and pride release ;
Restrain our hands from every wrong ;
From evil words withhold our tongue.
- 3 Whatever wrongs we still endure,
From all revenge preserve us pure :
To thee our cause we still commit,
And seek in thee a calm retreat.
- 4 Thy blessed influence, Lord, impart ;
Diffuse thy love through every heart :
s Subdue the sons of strife abroad
s To peace with man and peace with God,

St Austin's, Elgin.

HYMN 292. s. m.

- c 1 'Blessed are the meek,' He said,
 Whose words were all divine ;
 The humble minded earth possess,
 And bright in heaven will shine.
- a 2 While here on earth they stay,
 Calm peace with them shall dwell ;
 And cheerful hope, and heavenly joy,
 Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs,
 They own his gracious sway ;
 And yielding all their wills to him,
 His sovereign laws obey.
- m 4 No angry passions move,
 No envy fires their breast.
- c The hope of future joy and peace
 Bids every trouble rest.

St Thomas.

HYMN 293. s. m.

- c 1 FATHER and Friend of man,
 Forever good and kind,
 Whose love supplies our outward wants,
 And cheers the drooping mind : }

 2 O, may we love, like thee,
 And copy grace divine. }

 May all we think, and say, and do,
 Promote some kind design.

 3 Kindred and neighbors claim
 A place within our hearts.
 May not self love engross the gifts,
 Thy bounteous hand imparts.

- 4 All we expect, or ask,
 Or wish from fellow men,
 May we in turn for others do,
 Nor think our labor vain.
- 5 Thus may we ever prove
 Our pious love to thee ;
- a And thus the fruits of heavenly grace
 In endless glory see.

Silver Street, Watchman.

HYMN 294. C. M.

1 BLESSED be the man, whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain :

a 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
 A stranger's wo to feel ;
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
 He wants the power to heal.

t 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To every child of grief ;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.

m 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow.

t He views through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

5 To him protection shall be shown,
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those, who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.

Elgin, St Austin's.

HYMN 295. C. M.

- 1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
 A strong embracing force ;
 The drops that sparkle in the shower,
 The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus, in the universe of mind
 Is felt the law of love ;
 The charity, both strong and kind,
 For all that live and move.
- 3 More perfect bond, the christian plan
 Attaches soul to soul.
 Our neighbor is the suffering man,
 Though at the farthest pole.
- 4 To earth below, from heaven above,
 The faith in Christ professed,
 More clear reveals that God is love,
 And whom he loves is blessed.

Dundee.

HYMN 296. C. P. M.

- c 1 HAIL, Source of pleasures ever new !
 While thy kind dictate we pursue,
 We taste a joy sincere ;
 Too high for sordid minds to know,
 Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their labor, zeal, and care.
- a 2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
 In blessing others only blessed,
 With kindness large and free,
- t Delights the widow's tears to stay,
 To teach the blind their smoothest way,
 And aid the feeble knee.

m 3 O God, with sympathetic care,
 In others' joys and griefs to share,
 Do thou our hearts incline ;
A Each low, each selfish wish control ;
 With generous warmth inspire the soul,
 And make us wholly thine.

Columbia, Clyde.

HYMN 297. C. M.

s 1 O, how can they look up to heaven,
 Or ask for mercy there,
 Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
 Nor dried the orphan's tear ?

2 The dread Omnipotence of heaven
 We every hour provoke ;
t Yet still our kind forgiving God
 Withholds the avenging stroke.

3 And Christ was still the healing friend
 Of poverty and pain ;
 And ne'er did one imploring wretch
 His garment touch in vain.

m 4 May we with humble effort take
 Example from above ;
 And thence the active lesson learn
 Of charity and love.

5 But chiefly be the labor ours,
 To shade the early plant ;
 To guard from ignorance and guilt
 The infancy of want ;

6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
 The canker worm has gnawed ;
 And teach the rescued child to lisp

c Its gratitude to God.

Dundee, Dunchurch.

HYMN 298. C. M.

- c 1 Most gracious God, may all our breasts
 The generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share another's joys,
 t And weep for others' wo.
- 2 Where'er the hapless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft bē our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- m 3 Each angry passion be suppressed,
 Each selfish view forgot ;
 a O, bē the law of love fulfilled
 In every act and thought.
- 4 Be ḡerī heart dilated wide
 With this kind social grace,
 And in ḡone grasp of fervent love
 All earth and heaven embrace.

Newton.

HYMN 299. L. M.

- T 1 LORD, we will weep for human wo,
 And every kind relief bestow ;
 Listen to ḡerī tender moan,
 And make a brother's grief our own.
- m 2 Thus may we prove a filial claim,
 To bear, O God, thy sacred name ;
 Children of Him, whose gracious care
 Attends to every humble prayer.

- 3 Merit oppressed we 'll not desert ;
T Our eyes from suffering ne 'er avert ;
 Rather we 'll seek the wretch forlorn,
 Whom others shun, or treat with scorn.
- 4 Orphans bereft shall be our care,
 And virtuous want our pity share ;
 Lingering disease, and dying pains,
 And secret grief, that ne'er complains.
- 5 Yes, we will weep for sinners too,
 Who still their downward course pursue,
 Deaf to the awful warnings given,
 And all the gracious calls of heaven.

Carthage.

HYMN 300. C. M. A.

- c** 1 THOU Father of mercy and Fountain of grace,
 Thy spirit we humbly implore.
O teach us thine infinite kindness to trace,
 And copy the love we adore.
- 2 Lord, help us to cherish a generous concern
 For all men of every degree.
 This lesson of kindness from Jesus we learn,
 The brightest resemblance of thee.
- 3 The numberless comforts our brethren enjoy,
 Our brethren possess not alone :
- a** Our grateful thanksgiving for them we 'll employ,
 And thus we will make them our own.
- 4 The greater the favors on others bestowed,
 The more shall our pleasure increase,
 While grace shall assist us in tracing the road,
 That leads to perfection of bliss.

Wareham, Salem.

HYMN 301. S. M. A.

- c* 1 BENIGNANT Creator, on thee
 The brutal creation depends.
*T*he goodness, which formed them, continues to
 bless,
a And wide its kind influence extends.
- 2 Thou openest thy bountiful hand,
 To satiate the wishes of all :
 On beast, bird, and insect, thy care is bestowed :
- t* Thou hearest the lowliest call.
- i* 3 O, suffer us ne'er to invade
 The rights they derive from their God ;
 To envy their pleasures, or sport with their pains,
 Or trifle with innocent blood.
- t* 4 Let mercy our bosoms inspire,
 A sympathy generous and kind :
c To see their enjoyments affords a delight
 Becoming a spirit refined.
- 5 While lords of all creatures on earth,
i Our power may we never abuse ;
c But O, may our empire, benignant and mild,
 Promote thy benevolent views.
- m* 6 Thus, Lord, may we ever enjoy
 Our native distinctions below ;
a And thus may thy favor in regions above,
 Still nobler preferments bestow.

Sutton, Thessalia.

HYMN 302. 8s. & 7s. M.

- s* 1 CHRISTIAN love is meek and lowly,
 Patient, candid, frank, and fair ;
s Though averse to deeds unholy,
 Human weakness prone to spare.

m 2 While no evil she devises,
 Naught against her neighbor's weal,
 She is slow t' indulge surmises,
 Where the eye detects no ill.

s 3 Every just pretence receiving,
 Candor rules her heart and tongue ;
 Hoping still, and still believing,
 Though she often suffers wrong.

a 4 Grant us, Lord, thine inspiration ;
 Breathe this love through every breast ;
 Breathe it through each tribe and nation,
 Till the world is truly blessed.

Sicilian Hymn, Saxony.

HYMN 303. L. M.

1 LORD, may we act a candid part
 Toward all with whom we have to do.
s Tender and kind be every thought,
m And all our actions just and true.

2 Ne'er may we vent an idle word
 Against an absent friend or foe ;
 But may we rather hide their faults,
 And thus a nobler spirit show.

3 Yes, may we turn away our ears
 From commonon rumors, false or vain ;
 Slow to believe an ill report ;
 Still more t' inflict a causeless pain.

s 4 So may we live in constant peace,
 And aid the cause of peace around ;
m So may our names without a stain
 In heaven's eternal roll be found.

Rothwell, Litchfield.

HYMN 304. L. M.

- s 1 THOUGH with an air of pious zeal
 Our lips the purest faith proclaim,
 If charity bē wanting still,
 Our zeal is all an empty name.
- 2 Knowledge may fail t' improve the mind,
 And zeal may set the world on fire ;
 But charity is calm and kind,
 And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- t 3 Patient and meek she suffers long,
 And slowly her resentments rise :
 She soon forgets the greatest wrong,
 And rage retires, and malice dies.
- c 4 This is the grace that fills the skies,
 And there forever brightly burns,
 When hope in full fruition dies,
 A And faith to sight triumphant turns.

Truro, Marietta.

HYMN 305. S. M.

Forgiveness.

- t 1 I hear the voice of wo ;
 I hear a brother's sigh :
 Then let my heart with pity flow,
 With tears of love mine eye.
- 2 The debtor humbly sues,
 Who would, but cannot pay ;
 And shall I lenity refuse,
 Who need it every day ?

3 Shall not my heart relent
 At that affecting strain,
 My brother crying, ‘I repent,
 Nor will offend again?’

s 4 If not, how shall I dare
 Appear before thy face,
 Great God? and how present the prayer
 For thy forgiving grace?

t 5 For those, who here below
 No tender pardon grant,

s Shall unrelenting justice know,
 t When mercy most they want.

1 St Bride's, Brookfield.

HYMN 306. C. M.

For enemies.

t 1 ‘FATHER, forgive them,’ Jesus prayed,
 And bowed his head, and died;
 ‘Forgive the men, who cause my death,
 s And all my pains deride.’

t 2 Father, forgive them, be our prayer
 For those who do us wrong.

m Let no revenge our hands employ,
 Nor wrath inflame our tongue.

t 3 Soon must the wicked sleep in dust,
 And all their triumphs end.

O teach them, Lord, in works of peace,
 Their transient life to spend.

c 4 Thus may we all unite at last
 In realms of peace above;

Where harmony and concord reign,
 And everlasting love.

2 Nazareth, Dedham.

HYMN 307. C. M.

Intercession for thoughtless sinners.

- t* 1 INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
 The sons of men survey.
 Alas ! how thoughtless mortals sport
 In sin's destructive way !
- 2 Reclaim, O Lord, their wandering minds,
 Amused by airy dreams ;
 That heavenly wisdom may dispel
 Their visionary schemes.
- i* 3 Great God, unseal their slumbering eyes,
 Their dangerous state to see ;
 That they may seek and find the path,
 That leads to heaven and thee.
- c*

1 Windsor, Chester.

HYMN 308. S. M. A.

For the bereaved.

- t* 1 OUR brethren and friends in distress
 To thee we devoutly commend :
 Thou Father of mercies and Fountain of grace,
 Our kind intercessions attend.
- 2 To thee may the widow resort,
 On thee may she calmly depend.
 Be thou her protector, her counsel, and guide,
 Her sure and unchangeable friend.
- 3 O, pity these orphans forlorn,
 Deprived of a parent so dear.
 Preserve them in danger, supply them in need,
 And teach them thy will to revere.

- 4 Bereft of their liveliest hopes,
On thee may the parents repose.
The hand that afflicts them still grants them sup-
port
c And blessings unnumbered bestows.
- t* 5 Lord, teach the afflicted to pray,
And listen to every request.
May losses and sorrows attach them to thee,
c And fit them for mansions of rest.

Little Marlborough.

HYMN 309. L. M.

For a Minister dangerously sick.

- t* 1 O Thou, before whose gracious throne,
We bow the suppliant spirit down,
To thee we raise a weeping eye,
Attend, O God, thy people's cry.
- 2 Thou knowest the tender cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell ;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our anxious hearts relief.
- 3 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside our fervent prayer.
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the man who feeds thy flock.
- 4 Allied to us by sacred ties,
In every breast his image lies.
O grant him, Lord, a kind reprieve,
And let our friend and father live.
- 5 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
c Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

1 Middlebury, Kirke.

HYMN 310. S. M.

For the Sick.

- t* 1 O Thou, who hearest prayer,
To thee we raise our eyes.
Attend our intercessions, Lord,
Regard our suppliant cries.
- 2 Thy hands have formed this clay ;
Thy spirit gives it breath ;
And thou alone hast power to save
From sickness, pain, and death.
- 3 Behold thy servant sick,
And graciously restore.
Pronounce the word, and mortal pains
Shall waste his strength no more.
- 4 Yet give him patience, Lord,
To suffer all thy will ;
And O, may all his sighs and tears
Some wise design fulfil.
- 5 Redeem his soul from wo
By power and grace divine.
Redeem his soul from every sin,
And make him wholly thine.
- s* 6 When dust to dust descends,
May Christ his life appear,
To dissipate the shades of death,
And quiet every fear.

St Brides, Dunbar.

HYMN 311. 7S. M.

For our Country and its Rulers.

- c* 1 BLESS our country, gracious God,
Still be thou her God and friend ;
Ever make her thine abode ;
All her sacred rights defend.

- 2 Make thy people wise and just,
 Peaceful, happy, great, and free ;
 While thine arm is all their trust,
 While they seek repose in thee.
- 3 Bless our civil fathers, Lord ;
 Let uprightness guide their ways :
 All their worthy deeds reward,
 Smile on all their future days.

Rotterdam, Savannah.

HYMN 312. C. M.

For all Nations.

- t* 1 GREAT God of grace, arise and shine
 With beams of heavenly light :
t From this dark world of sin dispel
 The long and dreary night.
- m* 2 Let no inferior being share
 The honors, due to thee.
 May every nation know thy name,
 And thy salvation see.
- i* 3 No more may persecution dare
 To lift her iron rod ;
 No longer shed the blood of saints
 And plead a zeal for God.
- a* 4 While heaven born truth her charms reveals,
 May love each breast inspire ;
 Nor one base passion ever mix
 To quench this sacred fire.

Christmas, Saco.

HYMN 313. L. M.

For all Nations.

- c* 1 WHERE'ER the sun his power displays,
Or moon, or stars relieve the night,
a May Jesus shed diviner rays,
And brighter visions bless the sight.
- 2 Shine forth, eternal Source of light,
And far and wide thy truth display.
May all the shades of ancient night
Retire before the spreading day.
- m* 3 The heathen nations, Lord, are thine,
t Though long estranged, alas, from thee :
i May heathens own thy claim divine,
And Jews thy great salvation see.
- c* 4 May grass the desert soon adorn,
And blossoms deck the dreary waste ;
The tree of life supplant the thorn,
And heavenly fruits regale the taste.
- 5 May peace, and truth, and virtue reign
Through all the nations far and near :
May earth and heaven be one again,
And every evil disappear.

Fawcett, Hague, Clinton.

HYMN 314. H. M.

For the peace of the world.

- a* 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of grace
Begins his joyful reign :
Ten thousand sons of peace
Compose his spotless train.
- s* The bloody sword
Let mortals sheathe,
Nor dare to breathe
A murderous word.

i 2 Eternal Source of life,
 Thy gracious power reveal,
 To quell our raging strife,
 And all our miseries heal.

c May peace and love
 All hearts unite,
 Like heirs of light
 In worlds above.

Swithin, Shaftesbury.

HYMN 315. 7s. M.

For the peace of the Church.

a 1 Lo, they come from east and west ;
 Come t' enjoy the heavenly rest :
 North and south, in bliss complete,
 Round the eternal altar meet.

2 Distant times and ages come ;
 Find in heaven one common home ;
 Patriarchs, prophets, christians, all
 Prompt to obey the general call.

g 3 Countless host ! how great ! how blessed !
 Wondrous joy, and peace, and rest !

m What shall fit us, Lord, for this ?
 Fit our souls for heavenly bliss ?

4 Peace on earth and peace alone ;
 Peace, which makes all churches one :
 Peace, the fruit of christian love,
 Fits the soul for peace above.

i 5 Lord, thy love and grace impart ;
 Pure and kind be every heart :
 Thus on earth may heaven begin ;
 Spread a charm o'er every scene.

Rotterdam, Savannah.

HYMN 316. S. M.

- c* 1 LET party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread.
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- m* 2 Let wrath and strife be gone,
 And only kindness shown,
 While the same God we all adore,
 One common Master own.
- a* 3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where the pure streams of pleasure flow,
 And every heart is love.

Fairfield.

HYMN 317. C. M.

- a* 1 WE come to Zion's sacred hill,
 Our Father's blessed abode ;
 Where mildest words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 2 Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light,
 And happy throngs of spirits just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight.
- 3 The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make ;
 All joined in Christ, their living head,
 His wondrous grace partake.
- 4 In such society as this,
 My weary soul would rest.
 The man, who dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be forever blessed.

St Ann's.

HYMN 318. S. M.

- c* 1 BLESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- a* 2 Blessed is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet :
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above ;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 319. S. M.

- a* 1 How pleasing, Lord, to see
That scene of pure delight,
Where mutual love and love to thee
A family unite !
- 2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 In all their griefs and joys,
By one desire possessed,
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blessed.
- 4 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet :
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.

HYMN 320. 8s. & 7s. M.

Happiness to be sought at Home.

s 1 RESTLESS spirits, faint and weary,
Tell me whither, why you roam ;
Leave your dwelling void and dreary,
Always wretched when at home.

2 While you rove for distant pleasures,
Peace and comfort wing their flight ;
Nor can all your golden treasures
Purchase one sincere delight.

3 Look at home for true enjoyment ;
Bless your bosom friends around ;
Make their comfort your employment ;
Ne'er desert them, never wound.

c 4 Cultivate each pure emotion ;
Let your minds be richly stored :

a Chiefly cherish that devotion,
Which can every joy afford.

Worthing, Sicily.

HYMN 321. L. M.

c 1 How blessed the sacred tie, that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How sweet the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

a 2 To each the soul of each how dear !

t What jealous love ! what holy fear !

a How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

- t* 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo.
i Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
m 4 Together both they seek the place,
s Where God reveals his smiling face.
A How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
m 5 This sacred flame shall ne'er expire ;
Not death itself shall quench its fire :
a 'T is then they rise to worlds above,
To scenes of perfect joy and love.

I Fawcett, Clinton, St Paul's.

HYMN 322. C. M.

- c* 1 On these, thy servants, Lord, look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union let thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
a 2 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
 3 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
s 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
a May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

Christmas, Blandford.

HYMN 323. C. P. M.

- a 1 BEHOLD**, what beauties clothe the field !
 How rich the fruits the gardens yield
 To industry and prayer !
 Yet fairer blossoms deck the mind,
 And nobler treasures there we find,
 If sought with equal care.
- 2** Each infant thought, an embryo vine,
 Around the tree of life to twine
 The parent's hand invites.
 Well pruned and blessed of thee, O God,
 It rises high, and spreads abroad
 Ten thousand pure delights.
- 3** This mental vineyard, Father, bless
 With genial warmth, and light, and grace.
 These plants immortal own,
 When earthly scenes no longer charm,
 When fears the fruitless heart alarm,
 And virtue blooms alone.

1 Columbia, Clyde, Rapture.

HYMN 324. C. M.

- 1 LET** children hear the mighty deeds,
 Which God performed of old ;
 What we in early years beheld,
 And what our fathers told.
- 2** He bids us make his glories known,
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we 'll convey his wonders down,
 Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs ;
 That generations, yet unborn,
 May well instruct their heirs.

4 May all be taught in God alone
 Their help securely stands,
 And O, may none forget his word,
 But practise his commands.

St Ann's, Blandford.

HYMN 325. L. M.

- a* 1 THE infant spirit, Lord, is thine,
 Thine offspring, thy paternal care ;
 A spark, ordained to rise, and shine
 With light and grace forever fair.
- 2 To man from age to age is given
 To feed and fan the new born fire ;
 Till raised t' illume the arch of heaven,
 When sun, and moon, and stars expire.
- 3 This work divine shall be our joy
 'Mid every care our bosoms feel ;
 Command our thoughts, our wealth employ,
 Nor aught but death shall quench our zeal.
- 4 Assist our humble efforts, Lord ;
 O fill our minds with radiant light.
 In every doubt thy grace afford,
 That we may teach our children right.
- 5 Within these walls let wisdom reign,
 And deck her paths with new blown flowers.
 Let zeal inspire the youthful train,
 And give them here their happiest hours.

1 Hague, Fawcett, Clinton.

HYMN 326. L. M.

- c* 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprung, on thee depend ;
a From thee ten thousand gifts descend.
- 2 Morning and night, let every house
To thee present their daily vows ;
Our servants there and rising race
Be taught the truths of heavenly grace.
- A* 3 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow,
With joys that parents only know.
- c* 4 O, may each future age proclaim
Thy ever great and glorious name ;
While pleased, and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

2 Truro, Leeds.

HYMN 327. C. M.

- c* 1 FATHER of all the human race,
All wise, and good, and kind,
Teach us to guide the infant step,
And form the tender mind.
- 2 Called to perform the parent's part,
And parents' joys to share,
O, may our children's welfare be
Our first and final care.

3 Early may we instruct them, Lord,
 To love and fear their God ;
 Early to tread that sacred path,
 Which Christ, their Saviour, trod.

4 Nor may our words alone describe
 The way their feet should go,
 But may our lives, our every deed
 The path of wisdom show.

5 Well may our prudence guard their ways
 From every hurtful snare ;
 While to our watchfulness we join
 The aids of fervent prayer.

6 Long may our children live, and prove
 The joy of all around ;
 And in the great decisive day
 Among the saints be found.

4 Devizes, Cheshire, C.

HYMN 328. s. m.

1 GREAT God, now condescend,
 To bless our rising race :
 Soon may their willing spirits bend
 To thy victorious grace.

a 2 O, what a vast delight,
 Their happiness to see !
 All our best wishes, Lord, unite
 To lead their souls to thee.

m 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
 The means of grace divine ;
 Send thy good spirit from above,
 And make these children thine.

3 Fairfield, Southwell

HYMN 329. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God
 In everlasting bands ;
 And seize the blessings he bestows,
 With eager hearts and hands.

2 Thus may our rising offspring haste
 To seek their fathers' God ;
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path
 Their youthful feet have trod.

2 Broomsgrove, H. Nazareth.

HYMN 330. C. M.

c 1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
 With all engaging charms :
 Behold, he calls the tender lambs,
 And takes them in his arms.

m 2 'Forbid them not to come,' he cries,
 'Nor scorn their humble name :
 To save and bless their infant souls,
 Your Lord and Master came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
 And yield them up to thee :
 Rejoiced that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

c 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,
 Ye children, seek his face ;
 A And fly with transport to receive
 The fruits of heavenly grace.

Blandford.

HYMN 331. C. M.

- c* 1 CHILDREN, who know a father's love,
 Or mother's kindness share ;
 Nurtured and clothed, and cheered and taught,
 With unremitting care ; }

m 2 Hear and observe their just commands,
 Receive their kind advice ;
 Nor from the path of duty swerve,
 Whatever joys entice. }

c 3 Cherish a filial love for those,
t Who've lived and toiled for you :
c 4 Be it a chief delight to pay
 A debt, so justly due.

 4 Copy with care each moral grace,
 Their riper age displays ;
 So shall the beams of peace and hope
 Illumine all your ways.

 5 So shall your heavenly Father smile
 On each advancing year ;
 So shall his love and tender care
 Your dying moments cheer.

4 Penrose, Litchfield, C. Devizes.

HYMN 332. C. M.

- 1 CHILDREN, obey the mild commands
 Of those who gave you birth ;
 Who will direct you how to pass
 A happy life on earth.

 2 While they pursue a heavenly course,
 Attend and cheer their way :
 Thus you will share and crown their bliss
 In worlds of endless day.

4 Litchfield, Middletown, A. Devizes.

HYMN 333. S. M. A.

- a* 1 To parents, so faithful and kind,
How sacred the duties we owe !
Their numberless favors shall dwell on the mind,
Our hearts with affection o'erflow.
- m* 2 We 'll reverence and honor their name,
Their wisdom and prudence respect ;
Their rightful authority never disclaim,
Nor treat their requests with neglect.
- a* 3 Their kindness we 'll seek to requite,
Their labor, and suffering, and care :
Their comfort and pleasure shall be our delight,
Our labor, and study, and prayer.
- 4 Great Father of all, we commend
Our parents to goodness divine :
Support them in mercy, in mercy defend,
And cheer them in nature's decline.
- 5 O, grant them their greatest desire,
To see us engaged in the truth.
To wisdom, the solace of age, we 'll aspire,
And make it the pleasure of youth.

Froome, Thessalia.

HYMN 334. 7s. & 6s. M.

- 1 GOD of wisdom, God of love,
Thy gracious aids impart ;
Help us all the arts t' improve,
That win the jealous heart.
When we see our neighbor rove,
When a brother goes astray,
Help us, Lord, with christian love
To show the better way.

- 2 Fervent love can never shrink
 From offices so kind ;
 t Leave a friend on ruin's brink,
 To every danger blind.
 m While from death or guilt we save,
 Though by ways and means severe,
 Every needful pain we give,
 But proves our love sincere.

Amsterdam.

HYMN 335. 8s. & 7s. M.

- t 1 LORD, what frail and erring creatures
 Men of all conditions are !
 Frailties form their moral features,
 Far from all perfection, far.
 2 Wisdom oft is marked with folly ;
 Virtue wears a doubtful form :
 Earthly zeal, or flames unholy,
 Oft the unconscious bosom warm.
 3 Such defects we see in others,
 Though to them perhaps unknown ;
 Let us then, as christian brothers,
 Bear our neighbor's, mend our own.
 - 4 Let not admonition grieve us ;
 Never prompt to quit a friend.
 Pride and self conceit deceive us,
 If we think we ne'er offend.
 m 5 Rather let us hear with meekness,
 While our bitter foes inveigh :
 They perhaps may show some weakness ;
 Teach us where to mend our way.

Stanley, Sicilian Hymn.

HYMN 336. 7s. M.

- 1 THOU hast formed this wondrous frame,
Parent Power, eternal Name :
Every gift from thee descends ;
Life on thee alone depends.
- 2 Long before thou gavest me birth,
Thou didst fix my term on earth :
Thou, whom angel hosts revere,
Mark'st my round of duty here.
- 3 Teach me then thy holy will ;
Let me all my course fulfil :
Cherish every vital power,
Till my last appointed hour : }
4 Well thy various gifts apply,
Like the saints above the sky :
Thus, when time with me shall cease,
Crown me, Lord, with life and peace. }

Naples, H. Savannah, B.

HYMN 337. L. M.

Prudence and divine Protection.

- 1 TEACH us, Lord, in every station,
What we owe ourselves and thee.
Guard our hearts against temptation,
Keep our minds from error free.
- t* 2 Let not wisdom be denied us,
While these mortal paths we tread :
- m* O, may prudence ever guide us,
Safe from all the ills we dread.

- t* 3 Numerous changes, sad reverses
Earthly hopes and joys impend.
m Then may thine unfailing mercies
Every scene of life attend.

Stanley, Sicilian Hymn.

HYMN 338. C. M. A.

- 1 THOU Fountain of knowledge and Father of light,
In beaming compassion descend ;
Disperse from our eyelids the shadows of night,
And every true vision extend.
- 2 With mental discernment and reason endowed,
Lord, teach us our minds to apply ;
Yet never permit us, presumptuous or proud,
Too much on ourselves to rely.
- t* 3 O, teach us how narrow the impassable bounds,
That limit our widest surveys ;
What darkness our region of knowledge surrounds ;
What frailty our wisdom betrays.
- m* 4 To Jesus, the messenger sent from on high,
To help us thy wonder to trace,
Dispose us with reverent regard to apply,
And all his instructions t' embrace.
- 5 Our brethren, as masters, we dare not confess,
Yet teach us their labors to prize ;
From all the endowments and means they possess,
May general improvement arise.
- 6 From obstinate error preserve us, O Lord,
From folly's dark thraldom defend ;
p While meekness and candor, inspired by thy word,
m Our holy profession attend.

St Martin's, Salem.

HYMN 339. C. M.

- 1 O, may we learn the sacred use
Of all our talents, Lord :
O, may our views and all our deeds
With thy designs accord.
- 2 Things without life fulfil the ends,
Thy sovereign will ordains.
Over the brutes of every name
Their great Creator reigns.
- 3 Man is endowed with reasoning powers ;
These heavenly gifts we prize :
Help us to use our reason well,
And make us truly wise.
- 4 Teach us to read and understand
The truths thy works unfold :
There may we view thy goodness, Lord,
And there thy power behold.
- 5 Still may we hear thy living word,
And ne'er mistake thy voice ;
a While in the course thy law prescribes
Our noblest powers rejoice.

4 Devizes, Penrose.

HYMN 340. L. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O God, in every state,
To act our destined part aright.
May heavenly truth direct our steps,
And virtue be our chief delight.
- 2 While we increase in days and years,
May every year and every day
a Enlarge our hearts, expand our views,
Advance our souls in wisdom's way.

f 3 O, may we quit ourselves, like men ;
 Examine all we see and hear ;
 Discern, embrace, hold fast the truth,
 Unmoved by earthly hope or fear.

4 Father of all, thou parent mind,
 Our minds, thine offspring, feeble still,
 Support, and feed with heavenly food,
 And all our growing wishes fill.

2 Marietta, Medford, Leeds.

HYMN 341. L. M.

1 THEE we confess, almighty God,
 The source of every human power ;
 Thy hands, which formed our bodies first,
 Repair the wastes of every hour.

m 2 O, may we learn to value, Lord,
 The various gifts thy love bestows,
 Thy purpose learn, and keep in view,
 Nor waste our strength in vain repose.

3 Whether the part we 're born to act,
 Be high or low in man's esteem,
 To act that part, be this our care,
 In all the cares of life supreme.

4 Thus may we pass our mortal days,
 Exempt from every needless ill,

a And thus ensure the high reward,
 Prepared for those, who do thy will.

2 Truro, Leeds, Brighton.

HYMN 342. L. M.

- c 1 TEACH me, O God, to know my heart,
 To seek and find my foes within ;
 To take a firm and candid part,
 And ne'er indulge a favorite sin.
- 2 O, may each trivial thought be gone,
 With every low and mean desire ;
 And while I stand before thy throne,
 May I with humble zeal inquire ;
- 3 Do I not often wander wide
 From what is holy, just, or fit?
 Give place to envy, wrath, or pride,
 Ambition, avarice, or deceit?
- 4 Do I devote my thoughts to God,
 And order all my speech aright ?
 Pursue the path my Saviour trod,
 And make his work my chief delight ?
- 5 Teach me, O God, to know my heart ;
 Thy erring, grieving child forgive :
- t m Thy heavenly strength and grace impart,
 That I with thee and thine may live.

2 Medford.

HYMN 343. L. M.

- s 1 THOU vain intruding world, depart ;
 No more allure, or vex the heart ;
 Let every vanity be gone ;
 We would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let us search the inmost mind,
 And try its real state to find ;
 The secret springs of thought explore,
 And call our words and actions o'er.

- 3 Reflect how soon this life will end,
And think on what our hopes depend ;
What aim our busy thoughts pursue,
What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;
And shall we waste the ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw our fleeting time away ?
- 5 Be this our chief, our only care,
Our high pursuit, our ardent prayer,
To stand approved of God above,
And share his everlasting love.

1 Medway, Monmouth.

HYMN 344. S. M. A.

- t* 2 How little we know of our God,
His character, will, and designs !
How much we've neglected his works and his
word,
- c* Where infinite holiness shines !
- t* 2 How often we rove from ourselves,
On trifles too fondly employed !
By idle amusements beguiled and seduced,
Or labor, as fruitless and void !
- 3 How seldom we enter the place,
Where wisdom would teach us to dwell !
The bosom, where order and virtue should reign,
And every corruption expel !
- m* 4 O thou, whom no art can illude,
Our secret transgressions disclose :
Our real condition we gladly would know,
Nor slumber in guilty repose.

Little Marlborough.

HYMN 345. S. M. A.

- c 1 As morning and evening recur,
 Assist us, O God, to retire
 From all that engages the men of the world,
 And cherish a nobler desire.
- 2 The closet, how blessed a retreat,
 Where nought but Omniscience beholds,
 While every emotion of sorrow and joy
 The heart in devotion unfolds !
- 3 The closet our freedom restores,
 And every vexation allays.
 The closet acquaints us with God and ourselves,
 And prospects of glory displays.
- 4 The closet 's a nursery of grace,
 Where virtues, yet tender and frail,
 Are nurtured and fitted for scenes more enlarged,
 Where dangers unnumbered assail.
- 5 There, Lord, may we daily be found ;
 There daily contemplate thy love ;
 And still in the wider departments of life
 Be ripened for regions above.

Sutton, Froome.

HYMN 346. L. M.

- c 1 FAR from the busy scenes abroad
 We hail this hour of private rest :
 With cheerful hearts we meet our God ;
 His presence makes us truly blessed.

- 2 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light,
 Whose smiling beams direct our way ;
 Disclose the world to mortal sight,
 And all its heavenly charms display.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
 The touching charities of man ;
 Friend, fellow, child, and parent rise,
 Endearing life's progressive plan.
- 4 But light and life would soon be vile,
 And all their dearest pleasures fall ;
 Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile,
 Without thy presence gladd'ning all.

Brighton, Dunstan.

HYMN 347. L. M.

- t* 1 NEVER permit us, Lord, to be
 In heart or life estranged from thee ;
 In sin's delusive paths to rove,
 And disregard thy heavenly love.
- 2 Why should our passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase our heavenly birth ?
 Ah ! why adhere to things below,
 And let our God and Saviour go ?
- m* 3 Call us away from flesh and sense ;
 Let winning grace allure us thence.
 We 'll fain obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Earth and its scenes be all withdrawn ;
 Let noise and vanity be gone :
s Within a calm and thoughtful mind
 Our heaven and there our God we find.

Leeds, Medford, Marietta.

HYMN 348. C. M.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye,
 Shoots through the darkest night :
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
 Our dutious homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.

3 O, may thy own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame,
 While our warm vows to thee aspire,
 Through our Redeemer's name.

Broomsgrove, Nazareth.

HYMN 349. L. M.

t 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 The purest pleasures dwell at home,
 Retired and silent seek them there ;
 Thy restless passions overcome,
 And break the tempter's fatal snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
 Distinct surveys each deep recess,
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
 And all my humble efforts bless.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide.
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be searched and purified.

c 5 Then, Lord, with thy paternal love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Middlebury, Medway.

HYMN 350. L. M.

s 1 FROM earthly scenes, my God, I flee ;
From all that pains or pleases most ;
To recollect myself and thee ;

t To weep o'er days and seasons lost.

S 2 How long I've lived ! how little done !
How little thought, or felt aright !
And while my years are rolling on,
Does earth, or heaven yield most delight ?

3 Think, O my soul, how short thy time,
To strive, and run, and win the crown :

g Arise, my soul, on wings sublime,
And soar to God's eternal throne.

Leyden, Costellow.

HYMN 351. L. M.

g 1 O Thou, whose scales the mountains weigh,
Whose will the raging seas obey ;
Thou who canst boisterous winds control,

i Allay the storms that vex my soul.

2 May we with equal mind sustain
Our every loss, our every gain ;
Calm may our joys and sorrows flow,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

3 O, when shall our still wavering mind
The sweetest self possession find ?

a Fountain of joy, we long to see

s In thee our peace, our heaven in thee.

HYMN 352. S. M. A.

Government of the Affections and Thoughts.

- g* 1 GREAT Author and Lord of the world,
 O'er all things forever supreme,
 The lightnings and tempests, obedient to thee,
 Thy sovereign dominion proclaim.
- m* 2 So teach us our passions to rule,
 And all their disorders restrain :
 Each earthly affection let conscience control,
 And reason her empire maintain.
- 3 Lord, help us to govern our thoughts,
 With constant, with absolute sway ;
 To guide all their motions, and quicken their
 sloth,
 And banish confusion away.
- i* 4 O, suffer us never to muse
 On folly, profaneness, or sin :
 Our outward deportment be pure and devout,
 And all our affections within.

Peckham, Thessalia.

HYMN 353. S. M.

Government of the Tongue.

- c* 1 AUTHOR of every good,
 To thee our praise we bring ;
 The power that formed our lips to speak,
 Our grateful voices sing.
- s* 2 Ne'er may those lips offend
 Against thy holy law ;
 Nor dare pronounce thy glorious name,
 Without the deepest awe.

i 3 Ne'er may a thoughtless tongue
Debase the human frame :
Let no surprise, nor malice, Lord,
Our vocal breath inflame.

c 4 O, may we rightly use
A talent so divine.
To thee our lips and voice belong,
May all our words be thine.

2 Watchman, Silver street.

HYMN 354. S. M. A.

- c 1 BENIGNANT Creator, we own
Our constant dependence on thee.
The blessings we daily derive from thy throne,
Though frugal, are ample and free.
- a 2 Thou openest thy bountiful hand,
To satiate each craving desire,
Where grateful emotions the bosom expand,
And generous affections inspire.
- m 3 As stewards of goodness divine,
Thy will may we ever regard :
Let temperance and kindness in all things com-
bine,
And thoughtless profusion discard.
- i 4 O, suffer us never to waste
The fruits of thy provident care ;
Those sordid excesses forbid us to taste,
Which noble exertions impair.
- c 5 May prudence our treasures enlarge,
And crown us with plenty and ease ;
And while the great duties of life we discharge,
Our heavenly possessions increase.

Froome.

HYMN 355. c. m.

- a 1** FATHER of all, thy tender care
 Demands our thankful songs.
 From thee ten thousand gifts descend,
 To thee all praise belongs.
- m 2** Teach us the worth of all the fruits
 Of thy paternal love ;
 But while the sweets of life we taste,
 Still raise our hearts above.
- 3** Free from the guilt of all abuse,
 May we the world enjoy,
 And all our means of doing good
 Religiously employ.
- 4** Thus may we hope for kind relief
 In every time of need ;
 And thus may every earthly joy
 To higher pleasures lead.

Ashley, Portsea.

HYMN 356. c. p. m.

- 1** If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,
 And they mistake who roam.
 The world but little can bestow ;
 From secret founts our joys must flow,
 Our bliss begin at home.
- 2** We'll therefore use with calm content
 Whate'er kind providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power :
 And if our store of wealth be small,
 With thankful heart improve it all,
 Nor waste the present hour.

- 3 Through all the scenes of life we 'll go ;
 Its chequered paths of joy and wo
 With cautious steps we 'll tread ;
 Resign our breath without a tear,
 Without a sigh, or anxious fear,
 And rest among the dead :
- 4 While conscience, still our faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 When other comforts all shall cease,
 In gentle accents whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

Columbia, Kew.

HYMN 357. C. M.

- 1 O God, we ask not fortune's smile,
 Exhaustless source of care ;
 Not all her fancied gay delights
 Can claim a serious prayer.
- 2 Not pleasure's soft alluring form,
 With ardent wish, we seek ;
 Far less the captivating bloom,
 That glows on beauty's cheek.
- 3 We ask not that in calm repose
 Our even days may flow,
 Secure from every common ill,
 Exempt from human wo.
- 4 But grant us that blessed state of mind,
 Where no vain thoughts intrude ;
 s That pure serenity, which springs
 From conscious rectitude.

1 Christmas.

HYMN 358. c. m.

- a 1** A land unseen, O God, we seek,
 A bright, ethereal clime :
 Our eyes, our hopes are fixed on things
 Beyond the bounds of time.
- 2** We bid the world a prompt farewell,
 And take our journey hence.
 We rise above mere earthly things,
 Above the joys of sense.
- 3** The word of God inspires our faith,
 And Jesus leads the way :
 From day to day we travel on
 To joys, that ne'er decay.

Swanwick, New York, Covington.

HYMN 359. 8s. & 7s. M.

- 1** EARTH, unlock thy richest treasures ;
 Spread thy gifts profusely round :
 Not for these we 'll yield those pleasures,
 Which in virtue's ways are found.
- s 2** Earthly joys are transitory ;
 Scarce possessed before their flight :
 While the sun of worldly glory
 Soon must set in endless night.
- m 3** Grant us, Lord, thy love and favor ;
 This alone can make us blessed ;
 Give to earthly joys a savor ;
 Satisfy our craving breast.

Stanley, Sicilian Hymn, Saxony.

HYMN 360. L. M.

- 1 FROM sinful joys and thoughtless mirth,
O come, my soul, in haste retire.
- a* Remember thy superior birth ;
To heaven thy native place aspire.
- 2 'T is heaven alone can make thee blessed ;
Can every wish and want supply :
Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.
- 3 There dwells the sovereign Lord of all,
That God, whom all the worlds adore ;
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for evermore.

1 Timsbury, Monmouth, Hamburg.

HYMN 361. 8s. 7s. & 11s. M.

- 1 KINDLE, Lord, our best affections,
Fervent love and holy zeal.
Ever grant us thy directions ;
All thy gracious truth reveal :
- t* God of mercy, this our humble prayer fulfil.
- m* 2 Health, and fame, and earthly treasures,
While we ever duly prize,
- a* May we seek those purer pleasures,
Which in future prospects rise ;
Endless glory, life and joy above the skies.
- t* 3 Earthly good is doomed to perish ;
Life itself must soon decay ;
- m* Be it then our care to cherish
Hopes that never pass away ;
- a* Hopes that brighten more and more to perfect day.

14†

Tamworth, Bethany, Greece.

HYMN 362. C. M.

- 1 Our souls forsake each vain delight,
 And bid the earth farewell ;
 Ascend above the realms of night,
 In purer scenes to dwell.
- s 2 Vain world ! no more we ask thy love,
 Nor seek thy friendship more ;
 The happiness that we approve,
 Lies not within thy power.
- g 3 There 's nothing round this spacious earth,
 That suits our large desire :
 To boundless joy and solid mirth
 Our nobler thoughts aspire :
- a 4 Where pleasure flows in living streams,
 From sin and dross refined ;
 And everlasting glory beams
 On each enraptured mind.
- t 5 The God, who now invites our prayer,
 And guides our wandering feet,
 A Will bring his all sufficiency there,
 To make our bliss complete.

Swanwick, Kendall.

HYMN 363. C. M.

- 1 Now let a true ambition rise,
 And ardor fire our breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In endless glories dressed.
- g 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and suns decay.

- s 3 Away each grovelling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's thought :
 a We spring to seize immortal joys,
To human vision brought.
- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

I Christmas, Blandford, Saco.

HYMN 364. c. m.

- 1 To thee, O God, our prayers ascend,
But not for golden stores :
Nor covet we the brightest gems
The earthly mind adores : }
 2 Nor that deluding, empty joy,
Men call a glorious name ;
Nor power, with all its pomp and state,
Our restless thoughts inflame : }
 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
Our fond desire allure ;
But nobler things, than these, from thee,
Our wishes would secure.
 a 4 The faith and hope of things unseen
Our best affections move ;
Thy light, thy kind paternal smiles,
Thine everlasting love.
 5 Let gifts like these, O God, be ours,
And every wish refine ;
Then all the joys the earth can give,
We'll cheerfully resign.

Christmas, Saco.

HYMN 365. 7s. & 6s. M.

- a* 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace :
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place.
- s* Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
- A* Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- m* 2 Rivers toward the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both hasten to their source :
- a* Thus the soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Amsterdam.

HYMN 366. C. M.

- s* 1 WHEN in the light of faith divine,
I look on things below ;
On wealth, and fame, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too !
- m* 2 God be my all sufficient good,
My early, happy choice ;
In him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.
- 3 Pleasures in vain their charms display,
And tempt my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

Brooms-grove, Nazareth.

HYMN 367. C. M.

- 1 GUIDE us, O God, in all our ways ;
 Save us from sin and shame.
 Grant us the best of earthly gifts,
 Pure and unsullied fame.
- 2 Still may we aim at higher ends
 Than the applause of men.
 Ever that sacred course pursue
 Which will thy favor gain.
- 3 O, may thy spirit, heavenly King,
 Kindle our pious zeal ;
 Raise us above all mortal praise
 While we perform thy will.

6 Cambridge, Patmos.

HYMN 368. L. M.

- 1 LORD of the world, eternal King,
 Whose power thy saints in glory sing,
 Kindly descend, Father and Friend,
 Deign to accept the praise we bring.
- 2 O, may we keep thee still in view,
 Where'er we go, whate'er we do ;
 Faithful and wise, Free from disguise,
 Ever the paths of truth pursue.
- 3 Ne'er may the love of human praise
 Seduce our feet from virtue's ways ;
 Popular fame Is but a name,
 Glory on earth a transient blaze.
- a 4 Help us o'er earth and time to rise,
 And seek that fame which never dies ;
 That in the end, We may ascend,
 Sure to possess so rich a prize.

Blendon.

HYMN 369. S. M. A.

- 1 OMNISCIENT Creator, we own
 Thy sovereign dominion and power ;
 The angels pay reverence and homage to thee,
 And creatures on earth should adore.
- 2 In all the transactions of life
 Thou claimest our highest regard ;
 Thy righteous decisions our motives survey,
 And nought but true virtue reward.
- 3 Then teach us to canvass our thoughts,
 And rule our affections within ;
 To rise above human reproach and applause,
 Contented thy favor to win.

Sutton, Froome.

HYMN 370. L. M.

- A* 1 AWAKE, my soul, rouse every power ;
 Thy native dignity display.
s Let lust and passion reign no more ;
 No longer own their lawless sway.
- s* 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
 Content and pleased with every state ;
 From dire revenge and envy free,
 And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites ;
 From this vain world withdraw thine eyes.
a Aspire to those divine delights,
 Reserved for saints above the skies.
- 4 With eager zeal pursue the prize ;
 Each fleeting hour of life improve.
 This course will speak thee truly wise,
 And bear thee safe to worlds above.

Fawcett, Timsbury.

HYMN 371. L. M.

- 1 ENVY and wrong, and wrath and pride,
And every vice should be denied ;
Justice and temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
Thy saving truth, almighty God,
When our religion reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 So may our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess :
So may our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

4 Rothwell, Warrington.

HYMN 372. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, thy gracious aid impart,
To bend our wills to thine ;
Melt our whole souls, and let them flow,
And take the mould divine.
- 2 Deeply impress that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives ;
O, may it all our hearts refine,
And sanctify our lives.
- 3 Then shall our feet, with cheerful steps,
By thy direction move ;
Then shall devotion fire the breast,
And all our souls be love.
- 4 Then shall the sun, no more than we,
O'erflow with fervent zeal ;
Nor with a swifter duty fly
To obey thy sovereign will.

4 Penrose, Devizes, Marlow.

HYMN 373. L. M.

- 1 Lord, in our hearts thy power display ;
There wilt thou condescend to reign :
s There may thy kind parental sway
Order, and peace, and truth maintain.
- a 2 There may thy word, with rays divine,
Kindle a pure celestial day.
There may the light of virtue shine,
'Till the last gleam of life decay.'
- m 3 Lord, may thy sovereign power within
Guide and control whate'er we do ;
Keep us aloof from vice and sin ;
Prompt us to all that's kind and true.
- a 4 Yes, may this inward light and grace
Shine through the vale of flesh and blood,
Till it be read in every face,
This is indeed a child of God.

6 China, Ellenthorpe, Orland.

HYMN 374. C. M.

- c 1 O God, our Father, ever kind,
Whose bounty all things share,
Lēt us thy grace our portion find,
All else beneath our care.
- 2 We ask not titles, wealth, or state,
By worldly men possessed ;
Yēt shāll wē still be rich and great,
If virtue fill our breast.

c 3 With patience fortify our mind
 To bear each future ill ;
 Living or dying, still resigned
 To thy unerring will.

3 Montrose, Blandford.

HYMN 375. L. M.

- 1 YE, that indulge in slumber still,
 a Rouse and exert each dormant power :
 Hēar and obey His sovereign will,
 Who is your life from hour to hour.
- 2 Lo, the deep shades of night dissolve ;
 High in the east the morning beams.
 Hē, at whose word the heavens revolve,
 Bids you awake from idle dreams.
- 3 Turn to the light a grateful eye,
 Open to every kindling ray ;
 O, may the truth illumine your sky
 Till the last shade have passed away.
- g 4 Children of God, and heirs of light,
 Born for a high, and glorious end,
 Hate and avoid the deeds of night,
 Nor for mere toys your God offend.
- m 5 Chaste and devout be every thought,
 Kind and sincere your every word :
 O, bē your life without a blot,
 Sacred to Christ, your heavenly Lord.
- 6 Thus, when the sun shall fade away,
 And the fair heavens shall cease to be,
 You shall enjoy a brighter day,
 Glowing to all eternity.

6 Park Street, Geneva.

HYMN 376. S. P. M.

- s* 1 ETERNAL God, to thee
 We 'll bow a reverent knee,
 And trembling raise our suppliant cry :
- t* Before thy glorious face
 We 'll take a lowly place,
 Nor dare to aim a look too high.
- 2 Lord, what have we to boast,
 Children of feeble dust,
 From wisdom's path so prone to stray ?
- s* Rebuke our guilty pride ;
 Our vain ambition chide ;
- s* In humble robes our souls array.
- 3 Let meekness form our dress,
 And spread a winning grace
 O'er all our intercourse with men.
 In every scene of life,
 We 'll flee from wrath and strife ;
 From every vaunting air refrain.

Dalston.

HYMN 377. L. M.

- t* 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Of nature's favors boast aloud ?
 Who scarce survives an insect's day,
 Ah ! why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 All as bright visions just appear,
 And vanished soon, no more are found.
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear
 A breath may level with the ground.

- 3 Often perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling steps he seeks his way.
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Crowd thick within life's little span.
 How ill, alas ! does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man !
- m* 5 God of our life, thou Power divine,
 Give us a meek and lowly mind.
- c* In modest worth, O let us shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

2 Leeds, Brighton, Medford.

HYMN 378. 8s. 7s. & 11s. M.

- s* 1 WHILE we pass our dread probation
 Under thine all-seeing eye,
 Save us, Lord, from all temptation,
 Teach us where our dangers lie :
 Kind Protector, let almighty grace be nigh.
- 2 Teach us what our high profession,
 What our holy faith requires :
 Fill our minds with that discretion,
 Which thy breath alone inspires :
 Gracious Father, hear and answer these desires.
- 3 Turn away our eyes from evil ;
 Turn our ears from words profane ;
 Never let a thoughtless revel
 Pierce our hearts with guilt or pain :
 Holy Father, guard our lives from every stain.
- 4 Friends of sober conversation
 Be our chief, our only choice ;
- c* Those who look for thy salvation,
 Who in wisdom's ways rejoice ;
- a* While religion every nobler power employs.

Tamworth, Greece.

HYMN 379. C. M.

- a* 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod :
 Aspiring, view those holy men,
 Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 Their bright examples live ;
 Their faith, and hope, and pious deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 Dispose me, Lord, to keep in view,
 The patterns thou hast given ;
 And ne'er forsake that blessed road,
 That led them safe to heaven.

Swanwick, Mear.

HYMN 380. L. M.

- a* 1 WE read the sacerd pages, Lord,
 Where wisdom, truth, and virtue shine :
 In all our minds thy word record,
 And teach us lessons so divine.
- 2 What bright exemplēs there we view
 Of every grace thy laws demand ;
 While saints, from age to age, pursue
 The path, that leads to thy right hand !
- A* 3 Triumphant faith, and fervent love,
 And ardent zeal inspire the train ;
 Their eyes still fixed on things above,
 In every change of joy and pain.
- 4 O grant us, Lord, a faith like theirs ;
 Inspire our hearts with equal zeal ;
m With humble hope inspire our prayers,
 And every pious wish fulfil.

- a* 5 From day to day, from year to year,
May we the sacred course pursue ;
Demean ourselves, like pilgrims here,
And keep our glorious end in view.

1 Proctor, Fawcett, Enfield.

HYMN 381. L. M.

- s* 1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
With all his pale terrific bands :
T There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- S* 3 See, where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage.
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands wounded, thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Unnumbered snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, a false and treacherous heart.
- a* 5 Come then, my soul, and learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield :
Put on the arms, prepared above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- g* 6 The terror meet, the charm repel,
The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell.
Our glorious Leader triumphed here,
Nor need his faithful followers fear.

Costellow, Leyden.

HYMN 382. s. m.

- 1 LORD, thou art all our hope ;
 On thee we cast our care ;
 With humble confidence look up
 To thee who hearest prayer.
- 2 Let us with sacred joy
 The work assigned fulfil,
 And all our power and zeal employ,
 To do our Father's will.
- 3 Grant us a sober mind,
 A quick discerning eye,
 The first approach of sin to find,
 And all temptations fly.
- s 4 O may we be prepared,
 And armed with jealous care ;
 Forever standing on our guard,
 And watching still to prayer.
- 5 Fill us with godly fear,
 And guide us while we live ;
 And, O, thy servants, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

Watchman, Silver Street

HYMN 383. c. m.

- 1 LORD, may we read th' historic page,
 And scan thy judgments o'er ;
 Where we behold Sinners of old
 O'erthrown, to rise no more.
- 2 There may we fix a docile eye,
 And learn the offender's doom ;
 Make it our prayer, Make it our care,
 To flee from wrath to come.

7 Arundel, Yeovil.

HYMN 384. C. P. M.

- A* 1 ARISE, my slumbering soul, arise ;
 Disperse the shades that veil thine eyes ;
 The glorious prospect view :
 Break forth from all thy sinful bands ;
 A heavenly race thy zeal demands ;
 Thy destined course pursue.
- m* 2 Cast off the weight that bears thee down,
 Nor dare to slight the proffered crown,
 On trifles all intent :
 Let wisdom guide thy steps aright,
 Thy way is marked with beaming light ;
 Press on, and never faint.
- 3 That crown have all the faithful won,
 Whose lustre far outshines the sun,
 When earthly crowns decay :
 Let true ambition fire my breast,
 To rise and reign among the blessed
 In everlasting day.

Rapture, Columbia.

HYMN 385. L. M.

- a* 1 AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone :
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 Through all our course, eternal God,
 Our steadfast hearts on thee rely ;
- m* While such as trust their native strength,
t Soon melt away, and droop, and die.
- A* 3 As eagles soar to heights sublime,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode :
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Pilesgrove, Proctor, Winchelsea.

HYMN 386. C. M.

- A* 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on :
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 A never fading crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Thy daily course survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high :
 His gracious hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
 Shall greater lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend with common dust.
- a* 5 My soul, with all thy wakened powers
 Survey th' immortal prize ;
 Nor let the glittering toys of earth
 Allure thy wandering eyes.

Christmas,

HYMN 387. C. M.

Fight the good fight of faith.

- a* 1 KINDLE in all our bosoms, Lord,
 A pure celestial flame.
 Warmed by thy fire, May we aspire
G - To deeds of deathless fame.

- g* 2 Arm us with strength and fortitude,
 To meet our every foe ;
*N*or may we fear Conflicts severe,
 The lot of all below.
- 3 Jesus sustained the combat once,
 And triumphed, though he fell :
t Yes, while he bled, Terrors o'erspread
 The powers of death and hell.
- a* 4 Then may the hopes of triumph, Lord,
 Our minds and hearts dilate :
G Sceptres and crowns, Empires and thrones,
 His faithful soldiers wait.

7 Arundel.

HYMN 388. C. P. M.

- 1 THE man whose heart from vice is clear,
 Whose words and deeds are all sincere,
 Whom God and goodness guide ;
g With cautious circumspection wise,
 The rudest storms of life defies,
 And stems the mighty tide.
- 2 He hears the winds tumultuous rise,
 In adverse combat 'mid the skies,
c But hears without dismay :
 His pilot, God, the vessel guides,
 And o'er the steady helm presides,
 And points the destined way.
- a* 3 At length he sees the promised land,
 He hails aloud the wished for strand,
 With heavenly joy possessed :
 His labor passed, his toil now o'er,
s He lands, O peace, on thy fair shore,
 In God forever blessed.

HYMN 389. C. P. M.

- a 1 How fair the flowers, that deck the ground !
 The groves and gardens blooming round,
 Unnumbered charms unfold.
 How bright the sun's meridian ray !
 How bright the beams of setting day,
 That robe the clouds in gold !
- 2 Yet far more fair the pious breast,
 In richer robes of goodness dressed,
 Where heaven's own graces shine ;
 And brighter far the prospects rise,
 That burst on faith's delighted eyes,
 From glories all divine.

Rapture, Clyde.

HYMN 390. 8s. & 7s. M.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
 'O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
- 2 Never more shall tribulation
 Overshade your peaceful ways.
 Ye shall name your walls, salvation,
 While your gates resound with praise.
- 3 There in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign :
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 4 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But your grief forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.

5 God will rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night :
 He, the Lord, will be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.'

Saxony, Worthing, Addison.

HYMN 391. 7s. & 8s. M.

1 HE who walks in virtue's way,
 Firm and fearless walketh surely ;
 Diligent while yet 't is day,
 On he speeds, and speeds securely.

2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
 Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
 Memory's joys behind him go,
 Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
 Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
 Softly sinking down in age,
 And at last to death descending.

4 Cradled in its quiet deep,
 Calm as summer's loveliest even,
 He shall sleep the hallowed sleep ;
 Safe beneath the care of heaven.

5 Till that day of days shall come,
 When, the archangel's trumpet breaking
 Through the dark and silent tomb,
 All its slumbering prisoners waking,

6 He shall hear the thundering blast,
 Burst the chilling bands that bound him ;

To the throne of glory haste,
 All Heaven's splendors opening round him.

Rotterdam, Saxony, Savannah.

HYMN 392. L. M.

- 1 How blessed the man, yea, more than blessed,
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ !
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.
- 2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heaven-conducted steps pursue ;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstained his soul, and bright his view.
- 3 By God's almighty arm sustained,
True virtue soon or late shall rise ;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gained,
And share the triumph of the skies.

1 Timsbury. Kent.

HYMN 393.

- 1 I stood on the shore of the ocean,
And saw the dark waves rolling high,
And dashing with raging commotion
On the rocks, that were frowning near by.
 Loudly sighed the shrill blast,
 And with clouds overcast
Was the face of the late smiling sky.
- 2 In torrents the cold rain was pouring ;
The lightning was flashing around ;
And loudly the thunder was roaring ;
The rocks with the echo resound ;
 While the darkness of night
 Drew a veil o'er my sight,
And spread a deep gloom o'er the ground.

3 I saw on the broad swelling billow
 The bark of the fisherman tossed ;
 With the white crested wave for a pillow,
 He thinks to repose his cold dust ;
 And to sleep his last sleep
 In the wide spreading deep ;
 For his hopes of returning are lost.

4 But a star through the darkness is gleaming ;
 The sight with new strength nerves his hand ;
 And now by the aid of its beaming,
 With joy he returns to the land.
 So religion's bright ray
 Shall gladden our way,
 Till arrived at eternity's strand.

HYMN 394. C. M.

- 1 O, happy soul that lives on high,
 While others grovel here !
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 In secret oft he waits on God ;
 His God in secret sees :
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 3 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time ;
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 4 He wants no pomp, nor royal throne
 To raise his honors here ;
 Content and pleased to live unknown,
 Till Christ, his life, appear.

HYMN 395. L. M.

- 1 Th^ere is a power, that soothes the soul,
When storms of care and anguish rise ;
When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And clouds o'ercast life's sunny skies.
- a 2 It breaks the chains which care has bound ;
It charms the heart by grief oppressed ;
And sheds a blissful radiance round,
- s A holy calm, a heavenly rest.
- a 3 'T is blessed religiōn, power divine,
That dissipates the blackest gloom ;
And bids bright hopes of glory shine,
To gild the dark and dreary tomb.

Proctor, Brentford.

HYMN 396. L. M.

- c 1 When mild religion frōm above
Descends, a sweet engaging form ;
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm ; }
s 2 Then guilty passions wing their flight,
And stern remorse and horror cease ; }
s Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace. }
s 3 Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ; }
m She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God. }
a 4 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Wherē bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

5 Baptized with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain ;
 Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
 And reign with God, forever reign.

1 Timsbury, Kent.

HYMN 397. C. M.

- a 1 WHEN true religion gains a place,
 And lives within the mind,
 The sensual life, subdued by grace,
 And all the soul refined ; }
 2 The desert blooms in living green,
 Where thorns and briars grew ;
 The barren waste is fruitful seen,
 And all the prospect new. }
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease ;
 The frozen powers revive ;
 Spring blooms without, within is peace ;
 All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy christian, richly blessed !
 What floods of pleasure roll !
 By God and man he stands confess'd
 In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his every joy ;
 His Maker is his friend ;
 The noblest business his employ,
 And happiness his end.
- 6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud and vain,
 Your airy good pursue :
 Let me religion's pleasures gain,
 I'll leave the world to you.

1 Saco, Christmas.

HYMN 398. C. M.

- 1 WISDOM has trēas̄res greater far
 Than east or west unfold :
 Yes, her rewards more precious are,
 Than all the gain of gold.
- 2 Lo ! her right hand presents to view
 A length of happy years ;
 While in her left the prize of fame
 And honor bright appears.
- 3 Safely she guides the youthful step
 In pleasure's path to tread.
 Honor and grace her hand bestows,
 To crown the hoary head.
- 4 Just as her sacerd̄ labors rise,
 Her blessed rewards increase ;
 Pleasure attends her every way,
 And all her paths are peace.

4 Litchfield, Devizes, Westford, H.

HYMN 399. L. M.

- c 1 How happy he is born and taught,
 Who serveth not another's will !
 Who can express each honest thought,
 And every secret wish reveal !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death !
 Chained to the world by no vain care
 Of public fame, or private breath !
- 3 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great !
 Who has his life from terrors freed,
 Whose breast affords a calm retreat !

4 Who God with chief concern doth pray,
The fruits of heavenly grace to lend !
Who, as he walks in virtue's way,
Fears not to call his God his Friend !

5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He having nothing, yet hath all.

3 Luton, Sabaoth.

HYMN 400. C. M.

s 1 How vain a thought is bliss below !
'T is all an airy dream :
How empty all the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream.

s 2 Transparent now and all serene,
The gentle current flows :

c While fancy draws the flattering scene,
How fair the landscape shows.

t 3 But soon its transient charms decay,
When rustling tempests blow :
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in wo.

i 4 O, let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night :
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight.

m 5 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;

a But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

1 Nottingham, Dundee, Dunchurch.

HYMN 401. C. M.

- 1 O, who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain ?
- 2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies :
That hope unites our souls to heaven
By faith's enduring ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent, in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
- 4 And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

1 Stephen's, Medfield, Dunchurch.

HYMN 402. L. M.

- 1 WERE all our hopes and all our fears
Confined within life's narrow bound ;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond ; }
- 2 Did not a sunbeam break the gloom,
And not a floweret smile beneath ;
Who could exist in such a tomb ?
Who dwell amid the shades of death ? }
- 3 And such were life without the ray
From our divine religion given :
'T is this, that makes our darkness day ;
'T is this, that makes our earth a heaven.

- 4 Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

Timsbury.

*HYMN 403. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the beauteous western light ;
It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'T is like the memory, left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears :
So faith springs in the hearts of those,
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids, that are sealed in death,
Shall ope, to close no more.

HYMN 404. L. M.

- s 1 How calm the scene when virtue dies,
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest !
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 While faith and hope their comfort bring.
 Where, where, O grave, thy victory now ?
 And where, insidious death, thy sting ?
- 4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
 The free, the enraptured spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How sweet the scene, when virtue dies !

1 Timsbury, Medway, Hamburg.

HYMN 405. L. M.

- c 1 THE day is come, the welcome day,
 That calls my weary soul away ;
 That bids me lay my burden down,
 And rise, and wear a glorious crown.
- s 2 The voice of death brings no alarm,
 Nor earth, nor hell can do me harm :
 I see my guardian angel near ;
 My Saviour soothes each rising fear.

- 3 Fierce pains may yet my vitals rend ;
 But all my pains will shortly end :
 My flesh shall sleep in calm repose,
 Exempt from labors, wants, and woes.
- a 4 Inspired by God's reviving breath,
 I've fought the fight and kept the faith ;
 And now I wait thy promise, Lord ;
 I wait the sure, th' immense reward.
- A 5 My soul breaks forth from all her bands,
 And every nobler power expands :
 Come, Lord, and bear me far away
 To realms of everlasting day.

1 Brentford, St Peter's.

HYMN 406. L. M.

- c 1 THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice, that calls me home :
 At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run,
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
 And now my witness reigns on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
 Except for friends, I hold so dear.
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And be their never-failing friend.
- 4 I come, I come, at thy command,
 I yield my spirit to thy hand.
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And soothe my soul in death's alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home :
 Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
 Now let thy servant die in peace.

1 Hamburg, Monmouth, Medway.

HYMN 407.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
 Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
 ‘ Sister spirit, come away.’
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses ; shuts my sight ;
 Drowns my spirits ; draws my breath ;
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
 The world recedes ; it disappears.
 Heaven opens on my eyes. My ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly.
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

Chant, page 346.

HYMN 408. C. M.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
 Each darkening pleasure flies ;
 Phåntôms of bliss no more obscure
 Our long deluded eyes.
- 2 The tottering frame of mortal life
 Shall crumble into dust ;
 Nåture shåll faint, but learn, my soul,
 On nature’s God to trust.
- 3 Him neither pain nor death alarms,
 Whose hope on heaven relies ;
 Chéerful hë lives the appointed time,
 And then serenely dies.



HYMN 409. C. P. M.

- c 1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who lived averse from sin !
 Such peace on virtue's path attends,
 s That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 c The good man's joys begin.
- 2 See, smiling patience smooth his brow ;
 See, bending angels downward bow,
 To lift his soul on high.
 He soars to their divine abode ;
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.

Columbia, Clyde.

HYMN 410. C. M.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light !
 Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
 Ordained to cheer the night :
- 2 And thou resplendent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed ;
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 The living Source of life and light
 Will there his beams display ;
 And not a moment's shade shall rest
 On that eternal day.
- 4 There all the saints, a countless throng,
 In one glad song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

1 Stephen's, Canterbury, Dunchurch.
 16

HYMN 411.

- 1 BEHOLD an hour of heavenly rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
A kind relief for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'T is found above, in heaven.
- 2 Behold a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear, but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene, in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and silent tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 412. c. m.

- a*
- 1 BLESSED hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more ;
And all with mutual welcome greet
On heaven's immortal shore !
 - 2 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned,
For lo, the dead are risen again,
And what was lost is found.

- 3 And while remembrance, lingering still,
 Draws joys from sorrowing hours,
 New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 The soul's expanded powers.
- 4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
 Nor cease, with ever new delight,
 On wings of love to range.
- 5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down :
 The smile that owns their filial claim,
 Is their immortal crown.

1 Dunchurch, Medfield, Nottingham.

HYMN 413. S. M.

- a 1 FAR from these scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There shall no sickness come,
 There grief no more complains :
 There health and peace forever bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 There are no shades of night,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
 But light and glory more divine
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 4 O, may this prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love ;
 And lively faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

2 Watchman, Silver Street.

HYMN 414. L. M.

- 1 O, could we soar to worlds above,
Those blessed abodes of peace and love,
How gladly would we mount and fly
On angel's wings to joys on high !
- 2 But ah, still longer must we stay,
Ere darksome night is changed to day ;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Exposed to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Then let these troubles still abound ;
Let thorns and briers strew the ground :
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till we arrive at heaven our home.
- 4 Our Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest :
To him we cheerful give our all,
Go where he guides, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands our souls away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt our stay ;
With rapture we shall wake and rise,
To join our friends above the skies.

Timsbury, Kent.

HYMN 415. L. M.

- 1 O, stay thy tears ; for they are blessed,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done :
Here midnight cares disturb our rest ;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.
- 2 How blessed are they, whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight ;
Nor dark with guilt, nor dim with tears ;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright !

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom ;
Streams down from everlasting day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 Then stay those tears ; the blessed above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth ;
Sung a new song of joy and love,
And why should anguish reign on earth ?

Bath.

HYMN 416. L. M.

i 1 O, when shall our spirits exchange
These cells of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day ?

s 2 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest us again ;
Perfection of glory reigns there.

A 3 This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God all his riches displays.

g 4 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain we survey ;

s Your pomp is but shadows and sounds,
Which pass in a moment away.

A 5 The crown which our Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
Our joy everlasting flows,
From sources all pure and divine.

St Philips, 1st part.

HYMN 417. C. M.

- 1 'STAND still, refulgent orb of day,'
 The Jewish victor cries ;
 'Dark bē thy beams,' our Judge shall say,
 And night shall veil the skies.
- 2 A flame, intenser than the sun,
 Shall melt his golden urn ;
 Time's empty glass no more shall run,
 Nor human years return.
- 3 But lo ! with splendors far more bright
 That glorious orb shall rise,
 Which through eternity shall light
 The new created skies.
- 4 On all the host of happy souls
 Those blissful beams shall shine,
 While the loud song of triumph rolls
 In harmony divine.

3 Barby, Newton, Mount Zion.

HYMN 418. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign :
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours,

- 3 Still do our timid spirits shrink
 To cross this narrow sea :
 Trembling we linger on the brink,
 Nor dare to launch away.
- 4 Lord, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
 Could we behold the land we love
 With unclouded eyes ; }
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Ne'er should the dread of death's cold flood
 Affect our spirits more. }

4 Devizes, Penrose, Marlow.

HYMN 419. L. M.

- 1 Why weep for those, frail child of wo,
 Who've fled, and left thee mourning here ?
 Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
 They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them ; beside thee now
 Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
 And witness tears that idly flow
 O'er those, who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Weep, weep no more ; their voices raise
 The song of triumph high to God ;
 And, wouldst thou join their song of praise,
 Pursue the sacred path they trod.

1 Medway, Hamburg.

HYMN 420. H. M.

- s 1 THE toils of life are past ;
 The pains of death are o'er ;
 No more diseases waste ;
 Oppression grieves no more :
- a The soul, released from mortal bands,
 Now spreads her wings for distant lands.
- g 2 Behold she soars on high
 To realms of light and peace ;
 Where God is ever nigh,
 To consummate our bliss :
 Where scenes of joy and wonder rise,
 To charm and bless immortal eyes.
- a 3 There songs of grateful praise
 To God, o'er all supreme,
 Ten thousand voices raise,
 Enraptured by the theme :
- m But mortal tongues attempt in vain,
 To represent the blissful scene.
- A 4 To such a glorious state,
 Ye sons of men, aspire ;
 And let a prize, so great,
 A generous ardor fire.
- g Let earth and time be all forgot,
 Or all absorbed in such a thought.

Bethesda, Shaftesbury.

*HYMN 421. C. M.

- 1 While to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains !

- 2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes :
 Ah, let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upward learn to rise.
- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a healing ray ;
 And guides us, from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.
- 4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
 The tears forget to flow :
 Hope views our absent, happy friends,
 And calms the swelling wo.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
 That earthly comfort dies ;
 But future happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.

Dunchurch, Mather's.

HYMN 422. C. M.

- t 1 WHEN life's appointed course is run,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains, within the tomb,
 Shall sleep the years away.
- s 2 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this, our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 3 This ashes, then, this little dust
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till Christ, the Judge, descends, and breaks
 The long and dreary sleep.
- c 4 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays ;
- a And silent tongues shall wake and sing,
 With shouts of endless praise.

Dunchurch, Mather's, Mear.

HYMN 423. C. M.

- s 1 How still and peaceful, Lord, the grave,
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 The appointed house by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last !
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
 There passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the prisoners, now released
 From slavery's sad abode :
 No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
 Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small, and great
 Partake the same repose ;
 And there in peace the ashes mix
 Of those, who once were foes.
- 5 All undistinguished meet in death,
 And sleep within the tomb ;
- s Till God in judgment call them forth,
 To meet their righteous doom.

1 Medfield, Mather's, Dundee.

HYMN 424. S. M.

- s 1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
 Which thou, my soul, must tread ;
 Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
 That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
 Which I so long have known !
 My friends, a long farewell to you !
 For I must pass alone.

- a 3 But see, a ray of light,
 With splendors all divine,
 Breaks through the dreary realms of night,
 And makes its horrors shine.
- c 4 Where death, where darkness reigns,
 Jehovah is my stay :
 His rod my trembling feet sustains,
 His staff defends my way.
- 5 Great Shepherd, lead me on ;
 My soul despairs to fear.
 Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
 Now life's great Lord is near.

1 St Thomas, Utica, H.

HYMN 425. L. M.

- t 1 Like some sweet flower, that cheers the morn,
 But dies beneath the rising day,
 Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn ;
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- s 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death timely came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it bloom forever there.
- 3 It died, before its infant soul
 Had ever burned with wrong desire ;
 Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
 Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 4 It died to sin, it died to care,
 For one short moment felt the rod ;
 Then springing on the viewless air,
 Sprèad its light wings, and soared to God.

1 Brentford.

HYMN 426. C. M.

- c* 1 We 've seen the blushing flower of spring
 Unfold its beauteous form :
t We 've seen that transient flower decay
 Beneath a blighting storm.
- c* 2 We 've seen the rosy dawn expand,
 And smile through all the east :
t But soon, in dismal clouds enwrapped,
 Its every smile has ceased.
- a* 3 We 've seen the blooming infant rise,
 In brighter charms arrayed :
t Alas ! in one illusive day,
 That vital bloom has fled.
- a* 4 We 've seen the ruddy youth advance,
 With joyful hopes elate :
t Behold him now, disease and death
 Have closed that hopeful state.
- a* 5 Behold, the nuptial morning beam
 With light, and love, and joy :
t How soon the shades of endless night
 May all that bliss destroy !
- 6 How fleeting all our earthly hopes !
 Our earthly joys how frail !
- m* Be this our wisdom, then, to seek
 Those hopes, which never fail.
- 7 Religion be our chief concern,
 And God our early choice ;
And thus, amid all outward griefs,
 Our hearts shall still rejoice.

c 8 The flowers of heaven shall never fade,
 Nor clouds obscure that day ;
 Nor mortal dangers enter there,
 To bear our joys away.

9 But God will wipe the falling tear
 From every pious eye ;
 A And we shall drink seraphic bliss
 From streams, which never dry.

1 St Austin's, Greenwalk, Dunchurch.

HYMN 427. C. M.

t 1 THIS life's a dream, a fleeting hour ;
 How soon the vapor flies !
 And man's a tender, transient flower,
 Which oft in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.

c 3 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo, stern winter flies ;
 And dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore,
 a Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom, to fade no more.

c 5 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
 Religion points on high :
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys, that never die.

St Austin's, Greenwalk, Elgin.

HYMN 428. L. M.

- T 1** How short the term of human life !
 How insecure each fond delight !
 Our sun may rise without a cloud,
 And soon be wrapped in shades of night.
- 2** All flesh is formed of earth at first,
 And all descends to earth again :
 Like flowers, exposed to each rude blast,
 Our strength and beauty all are vain.
- 3** How oft, assailed by stern disease,
 The health and hope of youth decay !
 How oft the child, in all its charms,
 From weeping friends is torn away !
- 4** Look down in mercy, Lord, and see
 The deep distress we now endure :
 With pitying eye our tears regard,
 And let our prayers thy grace procure.
- 5** O, make us all, both old and young,
 To know and keep our end in view :
 Resigned in all that's dear on earth,
 May we the better part pursue.

Limehouse, Middlebury.

HYMN 429. S. M.

- s 1** OUR fathers, where are they,
 With all they called their own ?
 Their joys, and griefs, and mingled fears,
 And wealth, and honor gone !
- 2** There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell ;
 No other heritage possess,
 But such a gloomy cell.

t 3 Our fathers' Father, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

c 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace ;
Till, joined with them in worlds of light,
We dwell before thy face.

Shirland, St Bride's.

HYMN 430. L. M.

- T* 1 HE dies, he dies, alas ! he dies ;
The pure celestial spirit flies :
The star, that shone with beams so bright,
Forever veiled from mortal sight !
- 2 The friends of truth and knowledge mourn ;
The virtues weep around his urn :
His death has hushed the voice of mirth,
And mingled sighs proclaim his worth.
- 3 Yet, mighty God, thy will be done ;
Our friend his destined course had run :
- c* With tears of joy we see him rise
To happier scenes above the skies.
- 4 His footsteps, Lord, may we pursue ;
His bright example keep in view :
Imbibe the same seraphic zeal,
To do our heavenly Father's will.
- 5 And thus, when death shall close our days,
May these our sighs be changed to praise
To Him, whose name is still our trust,
When feeble flesh returns to dust.

Frisbie, Middlebury.

HYMN 431. S. M.

- t* 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Yes, it was brittle clay,
That built our bodies first ;
And every month, and every day,
'T is moulderling back to dust.
- 3 Time, like a mighty stream,
Bears all its suns away.
They scarce survive the morning dream,
That dies at opening day.
- m* 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- c* 5 Sooner they 'll waft us o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
And land us safely on the shore
Of blessed eternity.

Watchman.

HYMN 432. 7S. M.

- s* 1 SINFUL man is doomed to death,
Soon to yield his vital breath.
- t* While we live, we live to mourn ;
When we die, to dust return.
- 2 Formed at first of feeble clay,
All we are must fade away.
Life, a frail and tender flower,
Scarce survives the morning hour.

- 3** Yet how much on life depends !
 Joy, which mortal thought transcends !
- S** Pains too great for words to tell !
 Joys of heaven, or pains of hell !
- T 4** Teach us, Lord, how frail we are ;
 Keep our feet from every snare ;
 Be our portion, while we live ;
 All our numerous sins forgive.
- 5** When we pass the shades of death,
 O, support our trembling faith :
a Let us then thy mercy see ;
 Leave the earth, to dwell with thee.

Fairfax, Norwich, Abb ot.

HYMN 433. C. M.

- 1** CHILDREN of men, the tomb survey,
 Where you must quickly dwell.
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
 In every funeral knell !
- 2** Once you must die, and once for all ;
 The solemn purport weigh :
 For O, what joy or grief depends
 On that eventful day.
- 3** Eyes, that in death have long been closed,
 Must wake, the Judge to see ;
 And every word, and every thought
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 4** Lord, may we then thy mercy share,
 And find our Judge our friend ;
 And far beyond the reach of death
 With all thy saints ascend.

HYMN 434. L. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things :
s Think on the great and awful day,
When this vain world shall pass away.
- S 2 The wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound
Lou'd the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 3 Ye sons of Adam, all appear,
The great decisive sentence hear ;
For as his lips pronounce, ye go
To realms of bliss, or realms of wo.
- 4 In prospect, Lord, may we survey
This awful scene, from day to day :
c Thus may thy grace our souls prepare
To meet their full redemption there.

3 Bath, Green's Hundredth.

HYMN 435. C. P. M.

- g 1 HEAR, O ye dead ! awake, arise,
The sounding trumpet shakes the skies ;
The awful Judge is near ;
Angels of light attend him down,
And flaming round his fiery throne,
A thousand terrors glare.
- S 2 Pale guilt looks up in sad amaze ;
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells her doom :
Struck with unutterable dread,
The sinner fain would hide his head,
And shrink within the tomb.

- c* 3 But ye, his happy saints, rejoice ;
 No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
 His looks no frowns for you :
- a* He will your happy souls convey
 To realms of everlasting day,
 To joys forever new.
- 4 'Come, all ye blessed of God,' he cries ;
 'In shining triumph mount the skies,
 To nobler worlds above :
 There shall ye share my blissful sight,
 And taste the fullness of delight,
 In my eternal love.'
- Aithlone.
- HYMN 436. 8s. & 7s.**
- 1 Lo, he comes, from heaven descending,
 Sent to judge both quick and dead ;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
 See our great exalted Head :
 Hallelujah ! welcome, welcome, son of God !
- 2 Full of awful expectation,
 All before the Judge appear :
 Truth and justice go before him.
 Now the joyful sentence hear.
 Hallelujah ! welcome, welcome, Judge divine.
- 3 'Come, ye blessed of God, my Father,
 Enter into life and joy ;
 Banish all your fear and sorrow ;
 Endless praise be your employ.
 Hallelujah ! welcome, welcome, to the skies !'

HYMN 437. C. M.

- S 1** WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies ;
While blended ruin, clouds, and fire,
In harsh disorder rise :
- G 2** Confiding, Lord, in thee we 'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song ;
Our harps all trembling in the hand,
And all inspired the tongue.
- c 3** Come quickly, blessed Lord, appear,
O bid thy chariot fly ;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And bear our souls on high.
- A 4** Around thy wheels, in that glad throng,
We 'll bear a joyful part ;
While hallelujahs fill the tongue,
And raptures fill the heart.

Christmas, Nottingham.

HYMN 438. L. M.

- S 1** THE day approaches, O my soul,
The eventful hour must soon arrive,
When thou must stand before thy Judge,
To every hope or fear alive.
- 2** Think then, O think, how much depends
On that august, that dreadful hour.
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy God
In all his awful pomp and power.
- 3** For all thy talents, all thy gifts,
A strict account must then be given ;
And those, who live remiss on earth,
Will seek in vain the bliss of heaven.

1 Medway, Monmouth, St Peter's.

HYMN 439. L. M.

- s* 1 HEAVEN is a pure and awful place,
Where God in all his glory reigns.
m Who shall approach so near his face,
And sing his name in endless strains ?
- 2 Those, who on earth have walked by faith ;
That faith, which operates by love ;
Who have inspired a heavenly breath,
And felt and lived, like saints above.
- s* 3 Sinners shall ne'er behold his face,
Nor join to sing the angelic strains.
Heaven is a pure and awful place,
Where God in all his glory reigns.

4 Saybrook, Rothwell, Warrington.

HYMN 440. C. M.

- 1 PURE are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace :
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see, or taste the bliss.
- s* 2 None shall obtain admittance there,
But men of spotless fame :
Those holy gates forever bar,
Pollution, sin, and shame.
- c* 3 Christ will his trembling saints revive,
s But sinners' hopes confound :
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

2 Dedham, Nazareth.

HYMN 441. 7s. M.

- s* 1 WRETCHED sinner, where's thy gain ?
 All thy triumphs, ah, how vain !
 All thy dear bought joys are fled ;
 All thy hopes are turned to dread.
- t* 2 Lo, thy final day is come ;
 Deadly chills thy powers benumb :
 Frozen all the streams of life,
 Nature soon must yield the strife.
- s* 3 Yet one moral power awakes ;
 Conscience now in thunder speaks.
 Conscience now, though long remiss,
 Draws the veil from hell's abyss.
- 4 O, what horrors cloud the scene !
 Scarce one ray of light between !
 Guilt and folly stain the past ;
 All before a hideous waste.
- I* 5 Gracious God, thine arm reveal ;
 O, forgive and save him still ;
 Soothe his soul in deep dismay ;
 Wash, O, wash his sins away.
- s* 6 Warned by such a scene of wo,
 Let the living tremble too ;

m Walk by faith, and not by sight ;
 Live on earth, as sons of light.

Fairfax, Norwich, Abbot.

HYMN 442. S. M.

- s* 1 GOD in his mercy calls,
 Let careless souls attend :
 Let giddy youth, and guilty age,
 Their sinful ways amend.

- m* 2 Pardon is offered now,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord ;
 And all who seek their God in truth,
 Shall reap a rich reward.
- 3 Those who have wandered long,
 May yet acceptance find:
 The God of grace is waiting still,
 To mercy still inclined.
- 4 Now is the accepted time ;
 Behold the day of grace :
 Today submit to heaven's command,
 And life and peace embrace.

Watchman.

HYMN 443. C. M.

- s* 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
 Repent, thy end is nigh.
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far :
 O, think, before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save :
 Thy sins how high they mount !
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
 How stands that dread account ?
- 3 When death arrives, there's no defence ;
 His time there's none can name.
 Soon may he come, and bear thee hence,
 In all thy guilt and shame.
- 4 Today the gospel calls ; today
c It kindly calls to you ;
s Sinner, forsake each evil way,
c And mercy will ensue.

HYMN 444. L. M.

- 1 God of eternitÿ, from thee
Did infant time its being draw :
Moments and days, and months and years
Revolve by thy unvaried law.
- s 2 Silent, but swift they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Till in eternitÿ absorbed,
The boundless gulf, from which it rose.
- 3 Thousands with scarce one serious thought,
Before the rapid stream, are borne
On to their ev̄erlasting home,
The country whence there 's no return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
Lost in the enchanting view, they pass,
Nor heed the world to which they go.
- 5 Fountain of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour :
Time then shall bear us on to joys,
Beyond its bounds, beyond its power.

4 Rothwell, Saybrook.

HYMN 445. L. M.

- s 1 O time, how few thy value weigh !
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months, and years, are rolling on,
The soul neglected, lost, undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
While death is ever near our side,
And prompt to stop the living tide.

- 3 'T was not for this, ye mortal race,
 Your Maker gave you here a place :
 'T was for this, his thought designed
 The frame of your immortal mind.
- m* 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
 He fashioned all the sons of time ;
 Sojourners here, but soon to be
 The heirs of immortality.
- 5 Then let us every day review,
 And never fail to search it through ;
 And while probation's minutes last,
 Let every day amend the past.

1 Hamburg, Medway, Monmouth.

HYMN 446. C. M.

- s* 1 TIME is a rich, but transient gift;
 How soon the phantom flies !
 Our years, and months, and days, and hours,
 Lord, teach us well to prize.
- m* 2 All that is good in future worlds,
 Should be secured in this :
 Each hour, each moment, well applied,
 Augments our final bliss.
- s* 3 So does each hour that runs to waste,
 Increase our dread account :
 Of all our days and hours mispent,
 Alas, how great the amount !
- i* 4 O, may we bear in mind, how soon
 Our time on earth will end ;
 And let each fleeting day we pass
 Our former lives amend.

17†

2 Dedham, Nazareth.

HYMN 447. L. M.

- s 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Shall cease to interest our eyes.
- 2 Think, O our souls, how much depends
 On a short hour, or transient day.
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away?
- a 3 The remnant minutes strive to use ;
 Rouse into action every power ;
- s And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little, this important hour.
- 4 O, teach us, Lord, with heavenly skill,
 Life and its various gifts to improve ;
 And while our days are shortening still,
 Prepare our souls for joys above,
- Old Hundred.

HYMN 448. C. M.

- s 1 THE time draws near, when thou, my soul,
 Thy last account must give ;
 When all thy life shall be surveyed
 By Him, who bade thee live.
- 2 How many precious weeks I've lost !
 How many years mispent !
 How much o'erlooked my grand concern !
 On trifles how intent !
- 3 O, may the slothful servant's doom
 My holy care excite ;
 Each talent may I well improve,
 And in thy work delight.
- Canterbury, Stephen's, Dunchurch.

HYMN 449. S. M.

- a* 1 WELCOME the humblest flowers,
Which meet us first in spring :
So to our God our new born powers
In sacrifice we bring.
- 2 Fair is the flush of morn,
And fair the bloom of youth ;
Graces more fair the child adorn,
Who knows and loves the truth.
- 3 How we delight to view
A tree of infant size,
Bending with fruit of richest hue,
Matured by favoring skies !
- 4 Thus let us early give
Our hearts, O God, to thee :
Serve thee with pleasure while we live,
From sin and folly free.

3 Fairfield, Southfield.

HYMN 450. S. M. A.

- c* 1 YE infants and children, draw near,
The voice of instruction attend ;
To lessons of wisdom and virtue give ear,
And make your Creator your friend.
- 2 Your Father in heaven requires
Your early devotion and love :
From sinful enjoyments withhold your desires,
And set your affections above.
- 3 From God all your blessings descend ;
To him your best service be given :
- a* Thus pleasure and safety this life shall attend,
And bring you triumphant to heaven.

Froome, Sutton.

HYMN 451. C. P. M.

- a* 1 AMID the gayest scenes of youth,
 The voice of everlasting truth
 Demands your first regard :
 While earthly schemes your zeal inspire,
 Let no corrupt nor vain desire,
 Your heavenly course retard.
- 2 Though earth array herself in charms,
 Or thunder out her fierce alarms,
 Be calm and sober still.
 The paths of truth and virtue shine,
 With riches, honors, joys divine,
 Your every wish to fill.
- 3 Your warmest thoughts be fixed on heaven ;
 To God your happiest hours be given,
 Your early, constant friend ;
 From whom your joys and pleasures flow ;
 Whose love can soothe in every wo,
 In death itself defend.

Rapture, Clyde.

HYMN 452. C. M.

- c* 1 IN all the gayest scenes of youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
- t* Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb :
- c* 2 Remember thy Creator, God,
 For him thy powers employ,
 And make him all thy hope and fear,
 Thy confidence and joy.



3 He 'll guide and guard thy dangerous course
 Through life's uncertain sea ;
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blessed eternity.

Dundee.

* HYMN 453. C. M.

- 1 PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
 Life's opening scene surveyed :
 I viewed its ills of various kind
 Afflicted and afraid :
- 2 But chief my fear the dangers moved,
 That virtue's path inclose ;
 My heart the wise pursuit approved,
 But O, what toils oppose !
- 3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
 With doubtful steps I tread,
 A hostile world its terrors raise,
 Its snares delusive spread.
- 4 O, how shall I, with heart prepared,
 Those terrors learn to meet ?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My inexperienced feet ?
- 5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 Each anxious doubt exclude :
 My Maker's will has placed me here,
 A Maker wise and good.
- 6 He to my every trial knows
 Its just restraint to give ;
 Attentive to behold my woes,
 And faithful to relieve.

HYMN 454. L. M.

- 1 Fåther ôf åll, thy name I sing,
To thee my humble praises bring.
Thy grace shall tune my faltering voice,
And make my withered powers rejoice.
- 2 Wh n I r view my former days,
And meditate on all thy ways,
A countless train of mercies rise,
And wake anew my glad surprise.
- 3 E rly I kn w thy word of truth,
The best support of age or youth ;
My infant cries thy pity moved,
And every year thy goodness proved.
- 4 N w,  s I 'm old and feeble, Lord,
Thine all sufficient grace afford :
Support the steps of trembling age,
Till called to quit this mortal stage.
- 5 And in th  last, the expiring hour,
Renew my soul with life and power,
To rise, and sing a loftier lay,
When nature knows no more decay.

Green's Hundredth, Bath.

HYMN 455. C. M.

- 1 Lo, we behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- g* 2 We see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room ;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

- 3 We hear the voice, ‘ Ye dead, arise,’
And lo, the dead obey ;
a And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.
- a* 4 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love’s triumphant wing !

Bethlehem, Tolland.

HYMN 456. C. M.

- t* 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again ;
The flowers, that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain’s brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign each fair, engaging form,
At winter’s stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolating waste.
- c* 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 Thus man must fade, decay, and die,
And sleep in death’s dark gloom,
- c* Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O, may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blessed.

1 Dunchurch, Dundee.

HYMN 457. L. M.

- c* 1 THE wintry storms have ceased to roar,
 The northern blast is felt no more,
 The smiling sun returns again,
 And mirth and beauty cheer the plain.
- a* 2 The opening bud, the fragrant flower,
 Afford new charms for every hour ;
 While man and beast and bird conspire
 In one harmonious happy choir.
- 3 Benignant God, the work is thine ;
 These joyous scenes are all divine :
 The rolling sun obeys thy word,
 And winds and waters own thee, Lord.
- c* 4 And thou canst soothe the fiercer winds,
 That chill and overcloud our minds ;
 The wintry storm within allay,
 And give our souls a vernal day.
- 5 A few more days, or rapid years
 Will end our present sighs and tears,
a And tune the pious heart to sing
 The joys of everlasting spring.

1 Hague, Enfield, Fawcett.

HYMN 458. C. M.

- c* 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms deck the spray,
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 Hark, how the feathered warblers sing !
 'T is nature's cheerful voice ;
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,
 And woods and fields rejoice.

- 3 Then let my wondering heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
- a Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the immortal mind.

1 Christmas, Saco, Winter.

HYMN 459. C. M.

- c 1 BEHOLD the fields in bright array,
 Adorned with various flowers ;
 Behold a thousand sportive things
 Enjoy the passing hours.
- t 2 But ah, how soon the scene must change !
 These flowers must fade and die,
 And every voice of mirth be hushed
 Beneath a chilling sky.
- 3 So all the glow of youth must fade,
 Its pleasures soon decay :
 The wheels, that roll the seasons on,
 Bear life itself away.
- c 4 But nature still her course pursues,
 Nor meets a final doom :
 To winter, spring anew succeeds,
 And earth anew shall bloom.
- 5 So man, decayed and long consumed,
 Shall rise to life again ;
 By faith in Him, who sin subdues,
 To endless life attain.

1 St John's, Howard's, Bedford.

HYMN 460. C. M. A.

- t* 1 ANOTHER brief summer has taken its flight,
 The phantom no longer appears,
 No longer its beauties our vision delight,
 Nor melodies gladden our ears.
- 2 The flowers are all faded and withered away.
 Their odors regale us no more.
 Frail graces and pleasures, that quickly decay
 When all the delusion is o'er !
- 3 How naked the forest, so lately arrayed
 In robes of the liveliest green !
 What glooms the fair visage of nature o'ershade !
 How silent and cheerless the scene !
- 4 But wherefore this sadness for nature's decays ?
c The Author of nature survives,
 Who still is entitled to glory and praise
 In every event of our lives.
- 5 His power is unchanging ; his mercy endures
 To endless duration the same :
 His promise protection and comfort ensures
 To all who confide in his name.

Burford, Buckingham.

HYMN 461. L. M.

- t* 1 THE blooming summer now is past ;
 The cheerful harvest hours are o'er :
 The fields present a dreary waste,
 Where nature smiles and charms no more.
- 2 The sun withdraws his powerful beams,
 And night extends her dark domain :
 Increasing cold congeals the streams,
 And snows enshroud the blighted plain.

- 3 So there's a winter too in life,
 When all the flowers of youth decay ;
 And all the fruits of toil and strife,
 Like withered leaves, are driven away.
- 4 In that dread season, mighty God,
 Thy cheering influence o'er me shed ;
 Be thou my sun, my safe abode,
 From every storm protect my head.
- 5 Thy mercy cheered my youthful days ;
 From sorrow thou alone canst save :
 Let mercy guide my future ways,
 c Till I shall find a peaceful grave.

Middlebury, Frisbie.

HYMN 462. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call,
 At first arose this beauteous frame,
 Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
 The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
 From wintry storms recovered, rise ;
 When thousand grateful scenes appear,
 Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
 And light and genial heat conveys ;
 And, while he leads the seasons on,
 From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 4 Indulgent God, from every part,
 Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
 We see, we taste ; let every heart
 With grateful love and duty glow.

HYMN 463. H. M.

1 REJOICE ; the Lord is king ;
 Your Lord and King adore :
 Ye sons of Adam, sing,
 And triumph evermore.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 He wakes the genial spring,
 Perfumes the balmy air ;
 The vales their tribute bring ;
 All regions own his care.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He leads the circling year,
 His flocks the hills adorn ;
 He fills the golden ear,
 And loads the fields with corn.

O happy mortals, raise your voice ;
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 Lead on your fleeting train,
 Ye years, ye months, and days :
 O bring th' ethereal reign
 Of love, and joy, and praise.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

Shaftesbury, Portsmouth.

HYMN 464. C. M.

1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
 Attune the adoring hymn :
 All-wise, all-holy, thou art praised
 In song of seraphim.

- 2 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
 Unite to worship thee ;
 While thy majestic greatness fills
 Space, time, eternity.
- 3 A song of gratitude is sung
 By spring's awakening hours ;
 And summer offers round thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers.
- 4 Lo, autumn brings its ripened fruits,
 In glorious luxury given ;
 While winter's silver heights reflect
 Thy brightness back to heaven.
- 5 Inspired with holy raptures, Lord,
 Let men thine altars throng ;
 And, while the seasons run their rounds,
 Their grateful hymns prolong.

1 Christmas, Eustis, Saco.

*HYMN 465. 7s. M.

- a 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise !
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 All that spring, with generous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :

- 3 These to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- s* 4 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall : } }
- 5 Should thine altered hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy : } }
- c* 6 Still to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone. } }

HYMN 466. S. M.

- (c) 1 All hail the smiling rays
 Of this my natal day !
 Awake, my soul, to sound His praise,
 Who formed this living clay.)
- 2 How many tranquil years
 I've passed beneath His care,
 Whose love has oft assuaged my fears,
 And heard my fervent prayer !
- 3 My soul, with humble joy,
 Review the season past.
 Let thankful songs my lips employ,
 While life and being last.

4 My father's God, on thee
 My only hopes depend :
 From every sin preserve me free,
 From every ill defend.

5 With thee I leave my cares,
 To thee my soul entrust ;
 To thee devote my future years,
 Till nature sleep in dust.

1 Athol, Hudson, Bolton.

HYMN 467. C. M.

- s 1 And now, my soul, another year
 Of my short life is past.
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my fleeting moments run,
 The few, which yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with all thy care,
 Thy true condition learn.
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ?
 And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins ;
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 Through Christ, so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend.
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

Bangor, Windsor.

HYMN 468. 7s. M.

- s* 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hastened through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
N  vr more to meet us here :
- 2 Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait ;
Ah ! h  w little none can know.
- c* 3 Happy souls, who fear the Lord,
Time is not too swift for you :
When your Maker gives the word,
Gl  d y   'll bid the world adieu.
- 4 Then he 'll wipe away your tears,
Near himself appoint your place.
- a* Swifter fly, ye rolling years ;
Lord, we long to see thy face.

Savannah, Benevento.

HYMN 469. C. M.

- 1 LORD, grant us every public good,
Our common wants supply :
To thee, when dangers thicken round,
Permit us still to fly.
- m* 2 Direct the course of nature still,
And bless the current year :
At thy command the opening bud
And ripening fruits appear.
- 3 May earth, and air, and seas conspire,
To advance the public wealth,
And every change, the seasons bring,
Promote the general health.

4 Preserve the weak from every harm,
 And plead the widow's cause:
 Let pride, and wrath, and wrong be checked
 By wise and equal laws.

5 O, bless our schools of learning, Lord,
 And teach our rising race,
 And train them up in virtue's school,
 To dwell before thy face.

I Stephen's, Dunchurch.

HYMN 470. C. M. A.

a 1 Be joyful, ye servants and children of God,
 And sing of his mercy and might :
 With grateful devotion, attend in his courts,
 While duty and pleasure invite.

2 The seasons revolving his goodness display :
 He smiles in the blossoms of spring ;
 While summer and autumn, enriched by his care,
 A harvest to industry bring.

t 3 He pardons our follies and cleanses our sins,
 Through Jesus, the son of his love :
 His gospel assuages our sorrows and fears,
 a And guides us to glory above.

t 4 Though fruitless, we long have neglected his grace,
 a That grace still abundant is given :
 His sabbath, his temple, his worship remain,
 The kindest appointments of heaven.

A 5 With hearts overflowing with sacred delight,
 We'll sound forth the praise of our God :
 His goodness and mercy aloud we'll extol,
 And publish his glory abroad.

HYMN 471. L. P. M.

- a* 1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
 From thee our public blessings spring :
 The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
 The treasures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 From thine unbounded goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
 That pours from every foreign shore,
 And various arts their charms display :
 Religion teaches us to raise
 The heart and voice in sacred praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- g* 3 While moon and stars their courses run,
 Or man beholds the circling sun,
 May God in this our nation reign ;
 Give all her just designs success,
 With peace and joy her borders bless,
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

Martin's Lane.

HYMN 472. H. M.

- a* 1 LORD, wilt thou here attend
 Thy people's humble cries ;
 And hence let praise ascend,
 And reach the lofty skies :
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.

- 2 Here may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love ;
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above ;

And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joys, and sweet accord.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like precious stones,
Through long succeeding days :
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

HYMN 473. L. M.

- 1 O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with joyful tongue ; }
- 2 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
From hearts devoted, Lord, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 3 In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp with reverent air,
Its praise and humble prayer to thee.
- 5 O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

Old Hundred.

HYMN 474. L. M.

- 1 THIS house, to thee we now devote ;
Accept, O God, and own it thine ;
Within these walls thy name record,
And here dispense thy love divine.
- 2 Be this thy rest, thy sure abode,
Where we may come, and seek thy face :
O, grant us here with thee to dwell,
To see thy power, and feel thy grace.
- 3 In weeks, and months, and years remote,
May saints still throng this holy place :
Lord, teach our heirs to worship here,
When we in heaven review thy grace.

1 Old Hundred.

HYMN 475. C. M.

- 1 By thine unchanging mercy, Lord,
We still enjoy the light ;
That light, which beams from Zion's hill,
To cheer these realms of night.
- 2 Forever sure thy word remains,
To endless years the same :
From age to age the Church survives,
To celebrate thy fame.
- T** 3 What, though the messengers of grace,
Like other men, decay ?
Resign their transitory lives,
And moulder back to clay ?
- g** 4 Thy voice, which life and death obey,
Can every void supply ;
The long succession still prolong,
Till time and nature die.

c 5 This joyful day, these solemn rites
 Attest thy constant care ;
 Thine eye has watched this orphan flock ;
 Thine ear has heard their prayer.

6 To them another Pastor, Lord,
 Thy mercy now has given ;
 O, make him long their joy on earth,
 Their faithful guide to heaven.

1 Covington, Kendall.

HYMN 476. L. M.

- 1 O thou, who art above all height,
 Our God, our Father, and our friend,
 Beneath thy throne of love and light,
 Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
 A vine, that by thy culture grew :
 We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldest wet
 Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath given
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
 To the great cause of truth and heaven,
 Be thou his guide, O God of truth.
- 4 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
 His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
 Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
 Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And, when he sinks in death, by care,
 Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,
 O God, remember then our prayer,
 And take his spirit to thy rest.

Timsbury.

HYMN 477. C. M.

- a* 1 THY love and mercy, gracious God,
 Our joyful lips shall sing :
 For all the various means of grace,
 To thee our praise we bring.
- 2 Thy word, like precious seed, is sown,
 And heavenly fruits arise :
 The barren regions bloom around,
 To cheer our wishful eyes.
- 3 The Church, a fair immortal vine,
 Puts forth new branches still :
 Preserve, O Lord, this tender germ,
 To grace thy holy hill.
- 4 May Israel's Shepherd guard this flock,
m And every ill avert :
 May none, by sinful arts beguiled,
 This christian fold desert.
- 5 To them may Pastors, sent by thee,
 In long succession rise ;
 And numerous saints be fitted here,
 To dwell above the skies.

1 Christmas, Saco.

HYMN 478. 7s. & 6s. M.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ; }
 2 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 3 What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile,
- 4 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 5 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
- 6 Salvation, O salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

HYMN 479. c. m.

- c 1 To Him, from whom our blessings flow,
 Who all our wants supplies,
 This day the choral song and vow
 From grateful hearts shall rise.
- 2 'T was He, who led the pilgrim band
 Across the stormy sea :
 'T was He, that stayed the tyrant's hand,
 And set an empire free.
- 3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
 O'erwhelmed with deep distress,
 Our Fathers looked to God alone,
 To save, protect, and bless.

Medfield, Mather's.

HYMN 480. C. M.

- c* 1 ACCEPT, O God, the praise we bring
 For that unbounded grace,
 In which thy love and power combine,
 To save our sinful race.
- 2 To execute this great design,
 Thy blessed Son appears ;
 The terms of life and peace proclaims,
 And calms our anxious fears.
- 3 His life adorned the rules he taught,
 And wins our souls to thee :
 His death the power of death subverts,
 And sets his captives free.
- 4 For us he lived, and taught, and died ;
 The toils and pains he bore,
 Redeem our souls from sin and death,
 And all our hopes restore.
- a* 5 For love like this, let mortal tongues
 Their loud hosannas raise ;
 And all the choirs of heaven unite,
 To swell our notes of praise.

1 Mear, Swanwick.

HYMN 481. S. M.

- t* 1 BEHOLD the son of God
 Endures the bloody death ;
 Amid a thousand torturing pains,
 Pours out his vital breath.
- 2 May this memorial then
 Some heavenly grace impart ;
 A sight of Jesus crucified
 May well affect the heart.

m 3 In grateful wonder lost,
 On him we fix our eyes :
 In him that mercy shines abroad,
 Whence all our hopes arise.

a 4 Eternal praise be given
 To God, our heavenly king :
 Around this sacred altar, Lord,
 Thy saving grace we sing.

c 5 The name of Jesus too
 Demands a thankful song :
 That name be dear to every heart,
 And dwell on every tongue.

1 St Thomas, Shirland.

HYMN 482. C. M.

c 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
 To see thy glories shine :
 In mercy, Lord, thy table bless,
 And make the feast divine.

2 Here we receive the heavenly bread ;
 We drink the sacred cup :
 With outward forms our sense is fed ;
 Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall be strong to run our race,
 And climb the upper skies,
 Sustained by that almighty grace,
 Which every want supplies.

4 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
 For joy becomes a feast ;
 And be the Saviour's blessed name
 On every heart impressed.

2 Braintree, Nazareth.

HYMN 483. 8s. & 7s. M.

HYMN 484. C. M.

- c 1 How glorious, Lord, this favored place,
 Where bread of life is given !
 This surely is the house of God,
 And this the gate of heaven.
 - 2 The Lord, who spread his sacred feast,
 Vouchsafes his presence here.
 The cup of blessing passes round,
 The pious guests to cheer.
 - 3 Here, Lord, may every heart be filled
 With hope, and joy, and love ;
 And here may we begin the songs,
 That we shall sing above.

HYMN 485. S. M.

- c 1 JESUS, the Son of God,
Appears in human form :
Pity, and love, and generous zeal
His sacred bosom warm.
- 2 How did the virtues shine
Through feeble flesh and blood !
Well may those beams allure our feet,
To tread the paths he trod.
- 3 While in this solemn feast
We bear him still in mind,
O may our bosoms glow like his,
With zeal for human kind.
- 4 May we devote our lives
To works of peace and love ;
Ready to die for men below,
To reign with Christ above.

3 Fairfield Southfield.

HYMN 486. C. M.

- 1 Now I approach thy table, Lord,
With reverent joy and love :
I call to mind my Saviour's word,
And will obedient prove.
- 2 O, shall I not remember one,
Who bled and died for me ?
Nor think on all that he has done,
To make me pure and free ?
- 3 Yes, I'll remember him, and strive
To love him more and more ;
So that I may with Jesus live,
When this short life is o'er.

Braintree.

HYMN 487. 7s. & 6s. M.

t 1 Lo, the blessed Jesus dies,
 To save a world from death ;
 While his intercessions rise
 With his expiring breath :
 Thus he prays for cruel foes,
 Who have spilled his vital blood ;
 Deprecates impending woes,
 And pleads their peace with God.

a 2 Lo, the Saviour lives again,
 And wears a form divine ;
 Boundless joys reward his pain,
 And wide his glories shine.

m Still for us he intercedes,
 Near our heavenly Father's throne ;
 There in love and grace he pleads,
 And makes our cause his own.

3 Let us then approach our God
 With humble hope and trust ;
 Make his house our chief abode,
 Till dust descends to dust :
 Thus when time shall be no more,
 When these rites and forms shall cease,
 May our ready spirits soar
 To everlasting bliss.

Amsterdam.

HYMN 488. C. M.

a 1 O for a song of ardent praise,
 To bear our souls above !
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our heavenly love ?

m 2 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,
 And bring us yet more near :
 Here may we see thy glories shine,
 And taste thy mercies here.

3 O may that love, which spread thy board,
 Inspire each humble guest :
 Here may we feel that generous flame,
 Which glowed in Jesus' breast.

a 4 Fired with his zeal our souls shall rise,
 In such a scene as this ;
 Viewing the happy moment near,
 That consummates our bliss.

4 Marlow, Devizes, Cheshire.

HYMN 489. C. M.

1 O here, if ever, God of love,
 Let strife and tumult cease ;
 And every thought harmonious move,
 And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him,
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been :
 The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.

4 Thy 'kingdom come ;' we watch, we wait,
 To hear thy cheering call ;

a When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

1 Medfield, London.

HYMN 490. C. M.

- 1 PARDON and peace to dying men
 Are here most freely given ;
 And strengthening aid for all who seek,
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 2 Thousands of souls in glory now
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And thousands more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 3 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the wide assembling world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 4 All things are ready ; enter in,
 Nor weak excuses frame :
 With joy attend this sacred feast,
 And bless the founder's name.

Braintree.

HYMN 491. L. M.

- a* 1 THE name of Jesus I'll proclaim ;
m Can any blush to own his name ?
s Abhor the thought, ye rich and poor ;
 Let me despise it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ? sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star :
c He sheds the beams of life divine
 On this benighted soul of mine.
- t* 3 Ashamed of Jesus ? that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 Whene'er I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may,
 When I've no sins to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.

t 5 His dying sorrows give me pain,
m But still I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

1 Medway, Portugal.

HYMN 492. 7s. & 6s. M.

c 1 THOU hast spread the sacred board,
 Great Lord of earth and heaven:
 Here the fruits of life are stored,
 To man so freely given.
 Here may we thy goodness see,
 Here thy presence long enjoy,
 While unceasing thanks to thee
 Our hearts and tongues employ.

2 Here may Christ the Saviour dwell,
 And make his grace appear;
 Every gloomy doubt dispel,
 And solace every fear.

t While in this affecting rite,
 We his wondrous love survey,
c Fill our minds with heavenly light,
 The dawn of perfect day.

m 3 Here may envy, wrath, and strife,
 And all commotions cease,
c While we consecrate our life
 To works of love and peace.

Thus may we thy glory show;
 Thus our high profession prove:
 Fitted thus by grace below
 For endless joys above.

HYMN 493. L. M.

- c 1 To these provisions of our board,
 Which, Lord, thy liberal grace bestows,
 Thy benediction now afford,
 Whence all their power to nourish flows.
- 2 To fill our wants and cheer our hearts,
 The earthly feast its food supplies ;
 But thy refreshing grace imparts
 The means of life, that never dies.
- 3 Thus nurtured, Lord, our souls improve,
 Until an invitation's given,
 To join the happier church above,
 And share the banquet, spread in heaven.

I Old Hundred, Medway.

HYMN 494. L. M.

- t 1 'T was on that dark and dreary night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed him to his foes ; }
- m 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blessed, and broke;
 What love through all his actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace he spoke !
- 3 'Behold my body, broke for sin ;
 Receive and eat the living food ;'
 Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
 That represents his flowing blood.
- 4 'To keep in mind your dying Lord,
 Do this,' he said, 'till time shall end ;
 In this appointed rite record
 The love of your departed friend.'

5 This solemn feast we celebrate,
 We show his death, we sing his name,
 Till he return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the lamb.

1 Monmouth.

HYMN 495. C. P. M.

- c 1 AGAIN the cheerful dawn appears ;
 The voice of joy salutes our ears
 In nature's humble lays :
 The feathered tribes unite their tongues,
 And warbling forth the sweetest songs,
 Allure our souls to praise.
- a 2 To Him who formed this wondrous light,
 Whose mercy cheers the lonely night,
 Our daily songs shall rise :
 Whose word the sun and moon obey ;
 Whose wondrous skill the stars display,
 That deck the darkened skies.
- s 3 We laid us down, O God, and slept ;
 Thy watchful eye hath kindly kept
 Our slumbering life from harm.
- a Great Source of life, eternal King,
 To thee our newborn powers shall sing
 A grateful morning psalm.
- c 4 In all the scenes we pass this day,
 Let mercy guide and guard our way,
 Nor aught disturb our breast :
 And while the toilsome hours roll on,
 May heaven unfold a brighter dawn,
 To make our labors blessed.

1 Rapture, Columbia.

HYMN 496. 8s. & 7s. M.

1 HAIL, once more the cheerful morning !

Lo, the radiant source of light,
Every hill and vale adorning,
Greets again my favored sight.

2 Rise, my soul, break off thy slumber,

Summon forth each dormant power ;
All thy sacred duties number ;
Learn to prize the passing hour.

3 Pure this day be all thy pleasures,

Such as virtue need not fear.

Labor not for earthly treasures,

But by ways and means sincere.

4 Days, and months, and years are fleeting ;

Soon thy final hour must come ;

Daily then from earth retreating,

O, prepare for heaven, thy home.

Saxony, Addison, Greece.

HYMN 497. L. M.

s 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,

We safely passed the silent night :

c Again we see the breaking shade,

Again behold the morning light.

a 2 New born, we bless the waking hour,

Once more with awe rejoice to be ;

Our conscious souls resume their power,

And soar, our guardian God, to thee.

- m* 3 O guide us through the various maze,
 Our doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
s Where dangers press around our head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep our eyes oppress ;
c Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave our eyes ;
a Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the bliss above the skies.

1 Hague, Fawcett, Clinton.

HYMN 498. C. M.

- 1 O God, my grateful soul aspires
 To magnify thy name ;
 My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
 Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my heart, and thou, my voice,
 Thy willing tribute pay ;
 And let a hymn of sacred joy
 Salute the opening day.
- 3 To all the listening world around
 Thy goodness I will sing ;
 While every grateful tongue shall join
 To praise the eternal King.
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heaven transcends ;
 And far beyond the spreading earth
 Thy faithfulness extends.

1 Blandford, Saco.

HYMN 499. 7s. M.

- t 1** Poor and feeble, Lord, we are,
Grant us, then, a Father's care.
Deign to hear our suppliant cry ;
All our daily wants supply.
- 2** Thou canst save from threatening harm,
Bid each rising fear be calm ;
Every boisterous passion still ;
Give us strength to do thy will.
- 3** Too remiss we oft have been ;
Keep us, Lord, this day from sin ;
- c** Prosperous may we go and come,
Pleased abroad and blessed at home.

Norwich, Abbot.

HYMN 500. L. M.

- a 1** RAISED to new life our hearts would soar
To thee, O God, in joyful lays :
O, may this hour Waken each power,
Tuning the voice and soul to praise.
- 2** Thou art our guard by day and night ;
Once more we own thy faithful care.
Oft as the light Gladdens the sight,
Fain would our tongues thy love declare.
- 3** Give us this day our daily bread,
And feed our souls with food divine.
Evils we dread ; Safe may we tread,
Nor from the paths of truth decline.
- 4** Thus when these beams of light decay,
At peace with thee we'll greet the night.
Thus may each day Smile on our way,
Till the last dawn forever bright.

Blendon.

HYMN 501. 8s. & 7s. M.

- a 1 SEE, the sun is brightly beaming
 O'er the waters, o'er the plains :
 'Mid the grass the dew is gleaming ;
 Pleasure o'er the landscape reigns.
- 2 On the morning breeze ascending,
 Hear the notes of joy and love !
 Various tones in union blending,
 Rising sweet to realms above !
- 3 He, in whom each heart rejoices,
 He, from whom our blessings flow,
 Claims our praise in cheerful voices ;
 Grateful praise from all below.

Addison, Saxony.

HYMN 502. C. P. M.

- 1 To prayer, to prayer ; for the morning breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
 His light is on all below and above,
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.
 O, then, on the breath of this early air,
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
- 2 To prayer ; for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
 To shade the couch where his children repose.
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.
- 3 To prayer ; for the day that God has blessed
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the Prince, who burst the tomb.
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

Morning Hymn, Music.

HYMN 503. C. M.

- 1 SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
 My powers are all renewed :
 From idle dreams, my soul, awake,
 With heavenly strength endued.
- s 2 Let sloth and listlessness no more
 My mind imprisoned keep,
 Nor let me waste another hour
 In unavailing sleep.
- 3 Think, O my soul, could dying men
 Some lavished hour retrieve,
 Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
 What treasures wōuld they give !
- i 4 Lord, when thy day of dread account
 For squandered hours shall come,
 O let not this increase the amount,
 And swell the former sum.
- a 5 With all thy wondrous mercies blessed,
 My grateful voice I raise,
 While thus I quit the bed of rest,
 Creation's Lord to praise.

Elgin, Stephen's.

HYMN 504. C. M.

- 1 To thee, eternal Source of light,
 Our early songs we raise ;
 While earth and heaven in chorus join,
 To swell our notes of praise.
- 2 In calm repose we passed the night,
 Beneath thy guardian care ;
 Again to life and peace we wake,
 Thy daily gifts to share.

3 Prepare us, Lord, for each event
 The advancing day may bring ;
 And let the evening tune our hearts
 Thy love and grace to sing.

1 Howard's, St John's.

HYMN 505. L. M.

- a* 1 WHILE nature ushers in the day,
 Our hearts their earliest vows would pay
 To Him, whose care hath kindly kept
 Our lives from danger, while we slept.
- 2 His genial rays the sun renews ;
 How bright the scene with glittering dews !
 The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,
 And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.
- 3 Great Light of lights, our souls adorn,
 And wake within a fairer morn ;
 Assist our every breath to rise,
 Like choice perfumes and sacrifice.
- m* 4 Wilt thou this day our footsteps guide,
 And kindly all we need provide ;
 With strength divine our bosoms arm
 Against temptation's powerful charm.
- s* 5 Where'er we are, O make us feel
 That God is all around us still ;
 That all we say, or do, or mean,
 By his all searching eye is seen.
- a* 6 From day to day may we improve ;
 Increase in faith, and hope, and love ;
 From hour to hour pursue the road,
 That leads to thy divine abode.

HYMN 506. L. M.

- t* 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;
 No more its splendor charms our eyes ;
 But lo, the evening shades come on,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 No more its busy notes we hear ;
 And still with each successive sun
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone,
 To join the fugitives before ;
 And we, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, in time to wake no more.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,
 But soon a fairer day shall rise ;
c A day, whose never setting sun
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

1 Enfield, Fawcett.

HYMN 507. L. M.

- 1 As calm, and cold, as mortal clay
 When life is fled, earth soundly sleeps ;
 When evening veils the eye of day,
 And darkness rules the ocean deeps.
- 2 A thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Are heard in heaven, when earth is still ;
 And cheerful echoes, grateful songs
 The vast extent of nature fill.

- 3 O then thy spirit, Lord, anew
 Enkindles strength in sleeping men ;
 It falls, as falls the evening dew,
 And life's sad waste repairs again.
- 4 While mildly o'er the deep repose,
 Peace smiles from her exalted throne,
 In sleep a million eyelids close,
 Heaven watches still; Heaven wakes alone.
- 5 Let mercy o'er our slumbers shine,
 And lead us gently to the last,
 Until we hear the voice divine,
 'Awake ! for death's long night is past.'

1 Kent, Enfield.

HYMN 508. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, we 've closed another week,
 And all its scenes would now review ;
 For each offence thy pardon seek,
 For all thy gifts our praise renew.
- 2 With joy we hail these sacred shades,
 Which veil the earth, and all her charms :
 Our ears her voice no more invades,
 No more disturbs our grateful psalms.
- 3 We yield, O God, to thy behest ;
 Awhile from toil and care retreat ;
 Ascend, and join the spirits blessed,
 Who bow before thy glorious seat.
- 4 Ere long these shades shall pass away :
 By faith we see the dawn arise ;
 A light divine, an endless day,
 To cheer our hearts, and bless our eyes.

1 Brentford, St Peter's.

HYMN 509. L. M.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, when toilsome day
 With all its cares hath passed away,
 And silent hours waft peace on earth,
 And hush the louder strains of mirth ; }
 2 O, may sweet songs of praise and prayer }
 To thee our spirits' offering bear :
 Yon star, our signal, set on high
 For vesper hymns of piety.
 3 So may thy mercy and thy power
 Protect us through the midnight hour ;
 And balmy sleep and visions blessed
 Smile on thy servants' bed of rest.

2 Brighton, Dunstan.

HYMN 510. L. M.

- c 1 My soul, a hymn of evening praise
 To God, thy kind preserver, raise ;
 Whose hand, this day, hath guarded, fed,
 And round a thousand blessings shed.
- t 2 Forgive my sins this day, O Lord,
 In thought or feeling, deed or word ;
 And if in aught thy law I 've kept,
 My feeble efforts, Lord, accept.
- s 3 While nature round is hushed to rest,
 Let no vain thoughts disturb my breast :
 Shed o'er my soul religion's power ;
 Serenely solemn, as the hour.
- c 4 O, bid thy angels round me keep
 Their watch, to shield me, while I sleep ;
 Till nature's stated hours return,
 And wake anew the vigorous morn.

- s 5 Yet think, my soul, another day
 Of thy short course has rolled away :
 Ah ! think how soon, in deepening shade,
 Thy day of life itself shall fade.
- 6 För that dread scene, that solemn hour,
 May every day prepare me more ;
 c That hope may gild the shades of death,
 And joy attend my latest breath.

Medway, Monmouth.

HYMN 511. L. M.

- 1 THE sun retires, and o'er the scene
 Soft twilight's veil descends serene :
 The plants their dewy blossoms close,
 And nature sleeps in calm repose.
- 2 No scorching heat, nor dazzling ray
 Disturbs our rest, or tires our way ;
 But, gently breathing through the trees,
 We feel the cool, refreshing breeze.
- 3 Let every heart of joyous tone,
 Or spirit sunk in grief alone,
 Bend humbly down in prayer and praise
 To Him, who claims our evening lays.
- 4 He gilds the morning's early ray,
 And veils the closing eye of day ;
 The sunny noon, the midnight hour,
 Display their great Creator's power.
- 5 May love to God each bosom fill ;
 Each care, as summer's eve be still ;
 That we, by Heaven's kind influence blessed,
 May seek in peace our bed of rest.

HYMN 512. c. m.

- 1 WHILE darkness overspreads the earth,
And fills the midnight air,
Protect us, Lord ; and may we sleep
Within thy guardian care.
- 2 And when at morn the sun returns
To cheer our mortal sight,
Be thou the brighter sun, whose beams
Shall fill our souls with light.

1 Christmas.

HYMN 513. c. m.

- c 1 WELCOME, ye deep and silent shades,
That veil the glowing west ;
Hour of repose ! Softly it flows
Diffusing balmy rest.
- c 2 Far from the world we now retire,
And raise our eyes to God,
Who in his love Smiles from above,
And cheers our dark abode.
- g 3 Author of all the countless worlds,
The vault of heaven displays,
- s Awed by thy power, 'Thee we adore,
And chant our evening lays.
- c 4 Under those eyes, which never close,
We lay us down to sleep :
Hearer of prayer, Make us thy care,
And safe our slumbers keep.
- a 5 Soon as the sun, with new born rays,
Relumes the eastern skies,
Source of all light, Beam on our sight,
And bless our waking eyes.

7 Arundel, Yeovil.

HYMN 514. 8s. & 7s. M.

- 1 WHEN, our cares and labors closing,
Faint and weak we sink to rest,
On our Father's arm reposing,
Sweet is sleep, so watched and blessed.
- 2 When the sun bursts forth in glory
Over smiling fields and streams,
And the hills and mountains hoary,
Shine in his resplendent beams,
- 3 Let our joyful notes be blending
With the songs of earth and sky,
Fresh from grateful hearts ascending
Toward our future home on high.

HYMN 515. 7s. M.

- 1 ERE we part with friends so dear,
Lord, in mutual love we pray :
Let thy light these mansions cheer ;
Let thy presence cheer our way.
- 2 Though at home, or far abroad,
Safe in thee we rove, or rest :
Every land is thy abode ;
Countless worlds by thee are blessed.
- 3 Human life is brief and frail ;
All our years and days are few :
Yet thy comforts never fail
Those, who wisdom's path pursue.
- 4 If on earth again we meet,
O, may praise our tongues employ :
If beyond the grave we greet,
Let it be with endless joy.

Rotterdam, Savannah.

HYMN 516.

- i* 1 **LORD**, while in fervent prayer
 We seek thy guardian care,
 For absent friends we intercede :
 Almighty grace be near,
 Their suppliant voice to hear,
 And save in every time of need.
- 2 Our hands cannot relieve ;
 Our love no joy can give ;
 To us their wants are all unknown :
 But thou art present, Lord,
 In every land adored ;
 All regions lie beneath thy throne.
- 3 When dangers threaten round,
 In thee may help be found,
 T' avert, or solace every grief ;
 Be thou their guard and guide,
 For all their wants provide ;
 In every sorrow send relief.
- 4 Preserve their hearts from sin,
 And give them peace within,
 A pledge of future peace and rest :
 O, grant us all to meet
 Around thy glorious seat,
- a* In happy union ever blessed.

Dalston, Worship, Lonsdale.

HYMN 517. 7s. M.

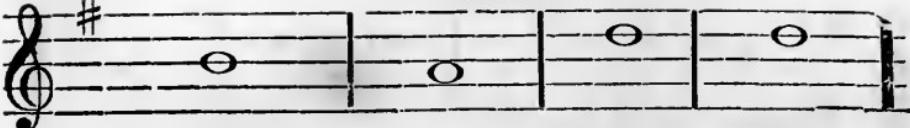
- 1 **FORMED**, O God, with kindred powers,
 Minds, that glow with mutual fire,
 O, may all our social hours
 Pure and heavenly zeal inspire.

- 2 What, though earthly things may claim
Much of care and feeling too ?
Still with loftier, nobler aim,
Let our conversation flow.
- 3 News from heaven, their native land,
Mingling thoughts of heaven, their home,
Best employ the cordial band,
While through humbler scenes they roam.
- 4 Such communion warms the heart ;
Gives new life to every power ;
While reflected joys impart
Light to cheer the lonely hour.

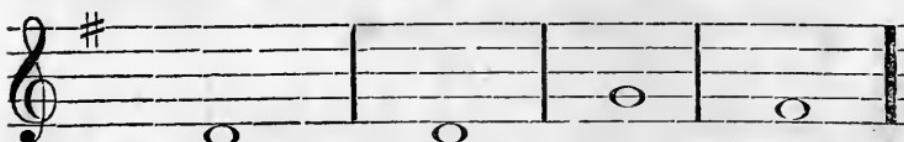
HYMN 518. L. M.

- 1 O God, may no repining thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- c 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay :
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- t 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- m 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

CHANT 1.



1 Thē Lord· is in his holy temple;



2 How sa- crēd is this place! this· is none



3 Great is thē Lord·, and prāised
great·ly to bē



4 Whō shall not fear

thee,

O eyes than

Lord·,
evil,

5 Thou árt of pur-

er

tō behöld

servēr of

6 What then shāll wē

say ūntō

theē, O thou· Pre-

thē

7 Māy wē draw ne-

ar'

to

CHANT 2.

1 Our Fa-

ther,

whō árt in

Hēaven, hal-
lowed be thy

2 Thy king-

dom

come, thy
will be

done·

3 Give

ūs thīs

day· our

brēad,

4 And fōrgive

us

daily
forgive

us our

5 And lead

us

not intō
temp-

tation,

6 Fōr thine

is thē

kingdom,
thine is thē

kingdom,

CHANT 3.

1 Now ūntō

Him

that

loved us,

2 And hāth māde ūs
kings· and priests ūntō

God

and his

Father,

Note. In performing these chants, every note is to be divided into as many parts, as there are syllables between the same perpendicular lines, the length of which is to be determined by the following rules; an italic vowel is to be sung as a quaver; a vowel marked with the number 4, as a crotchet; with the number 1, as a

CHANT 1.



lēt all· thē éarth keep silence be- fore him.



other thān thē house· of this is thē gate of Hēaven.
Gōd, and



in the as- sem- bly of thē saints.



ānd glō·rify thy and	name, for canst not	thou look	only art on in-	holy. i·quity.
men ?	God· be	mērcifūltō	us	sinners.
with a	trūe heart in thē	fūll· assur- ance	of	faith.
nāme,	hallowed be thy	name, hal- lowed	be thy	name.
ōn earth, ās it is in	heaven, on	earth, as it	is in	Hēaven.
Give us this	dāy our daily	bread·, our	daily	bread.
trē·passes, ās	wē forgive those who	tres-	pass a-	against us.
būt dē-	liver us, but	liv·er	ūs	evil.
thē pōwer ānd thē	de- glory, for-	ever,	from A-	men.
ānd washed us frōm our	slns	in his	own	blood,
to him bē glory and	ever and	ever.	A-	men.
dōminion for-				

semibreve; all other syllables as minims. When a syllable is divided between two bars, like the word *said* in the fourth chant, it is to be performed as a slur. A point, or inverted period, is the same as in music.

CHANT 4.

1 How de-lightful are thy tab-er-na-cles, O Lord, God of

2 Happy, happy, happy are those, who dwêl· in thy

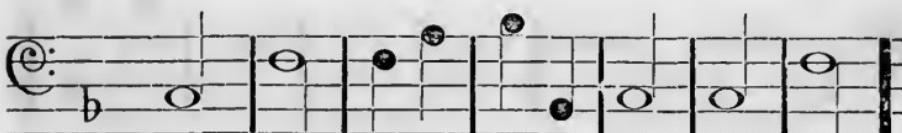
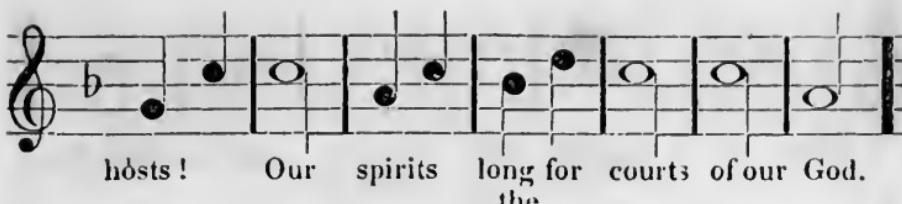
3 For in thy presence i-s fulness of jöy; fulness of

CHANT 5.

1 Lo', the	taberna-clë of	Gòd is	män,	and	hê· will
2 A-	rise, O	Gòd,in-to thy	rest,	thou and	dwell a-
3 Beaü·tiful	for sit-	u-	ation,	the	ark of thy
4 Abûndantly	blessher	pro-	thè	jöy	of thê
5 Wê· will	pray for	visions,	O	Lòrd,	whole
6 For our	thè brethren and	peace	rusalem.	and	satisfy thy
	of Je-	of Je-		Pèace	bê with-in thy
	com-	panions'		sake,	wê· will now

NOTE. For want of numbered vowels some of the short syllables of the following chants are not marked; but they may be learned from the marks over similar words and syllables in the preceding chants, and from the general rule that a pointed minim

CHANT 4.



mong us, he will be our strength,	Father, and	we thou	his and the	sons ark of	and thy	daugh- ters.
earth is Mount poor with walls, and pros- say,	Zion, the bread, pèrity, Pèace,	and the cit- y satis- fy thy pros- pèrity be with-	and the cit- y satis- fy thy pros- pèrity be with-	of the poor with-	great with	stren- gth. King.
				in	thy	palaces.
				in	thy	gates.

is to be followed by a crotchet, and that such words as a, the, and, on, to, of, an, shall, can, especially when two such syllables come together, are short.

CHANT 6.



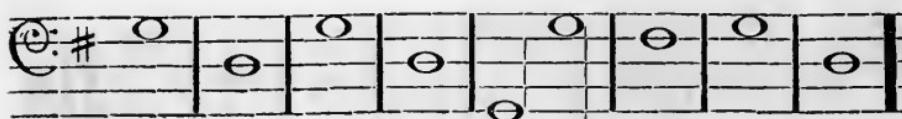
1 Vi-tal spark of heav-enly flâme, quit mortal frâme.



2 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife; & let me lan-guish into life.



3 Hark! they whis-per: angels Sister spirit, come a-way.



4 What is this ab-sorbs quite, senses, shuts sight?

5 The world re-cedes ; it disap-pears. opens ôn my eyes.

6 Lend, lend your wings; mount; fly. O where is thy victory?

CHANT 7.

1 Our souls,	re-peat	His	praise, whose	mer-cies	a re so	great;
2 High as the	heav'ns	are	raised a-	bove the	earth	tread,
3 The pit-y	of	the	Lord to those	who	we	fear his
4 Our days	are	as the	grass, or	like the	morn-ing	name, flower,
5 But thy com-pass-	ions,	Lord, to e-	ndless	years en-	dure;	

CHANT 6.



Trembling, h- oping, flying, O, the bliss of dying !
ling'ring, pain, the



Let me l- anguish, languish, let me lan- guish into life.



Sister sp- it,sister spirit, sister spirit, come-a-way.



Drowns my spirit, breath? tell soul, this death ?
My ears with draws my me, my can be seraphic.
O death, sounds seraphic With sounds where, where thy sting ?

Whose anger is slow to rise, so ready to a-bate.
so

So far the riches of grace our high-est tho't exceed.

his

Is such as ten- der parents he our ble frame.

When blasting sweep field, it withers in an hour.

winds o'er the

And ages yet born shall find thy prom-ised mer- cy

un-

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 To parents so faithful and kind
 To thee, eternal Source of light
 To thee, my heart, eternal King
 To thee, O God, our prayers ascend
 To thee, O God, we lift our eyes
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 To thee, O God, we render praise
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 Wherefore should man, frail child of clay
 Where pointed brambles grew
 Wherewith shall we approach the Lord
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 While nature ushers in the day
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 While to the grave our friends are borne
 While we pass our dread probation
 While with ceaseless course the sun
 Who, gracious Father, can complain
 Wisdom has treasures greater far
 Within thy temple once, O God
 With pleasing wonder, Lord, we view
 Wretched sinner, where's thy gain
 Why weep for those, frail child of wo

		313
Enfield.		377
Doddridge.		179
Browne.	23	
M.	512	
Frishie.	505	
H. M. Williams.	226	
Mrs Steele.	421	
	378	
Newton.	468	
— Lutheran Coll.	258	
Logan.	398	
Cotton.	66	
Doddridge.	63	
	441	
West Boston Coll.	419	

Y.

Ye bright, immortal throng
 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell
 Ye humble souls, who seek the Lord
 Ye infants and children draw near
 Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough
 Ye sons of men, in sacred lays
 Ye that indulge in slumber still
 Ye that obey the immortal King
 Ye tribes of Adam, join
 Yes, we will love thee, blessed God

Doddridge.	173
Doddridge.	410
Doddridge.	172
	450
Cowper.	242
Pope's Coll.	83
	375
	38
Watts.	135
	204

ABBREVIATIONS.

- L. M. Long Metre.
- L. P. M. Long Particular Metre.
- L. M. A. Long Metre Anapæstic.
- C. M. Common Metre.
- C. P. M. Common Particular Metre.
- C. M. A. Common Metre Anapæstic.
- S. M. Short Metre.
- S. P. M. Short Particular Metre.
- S. M. A. Short Metre Anapæstic.
- H. M. Hallelujah Metre.





